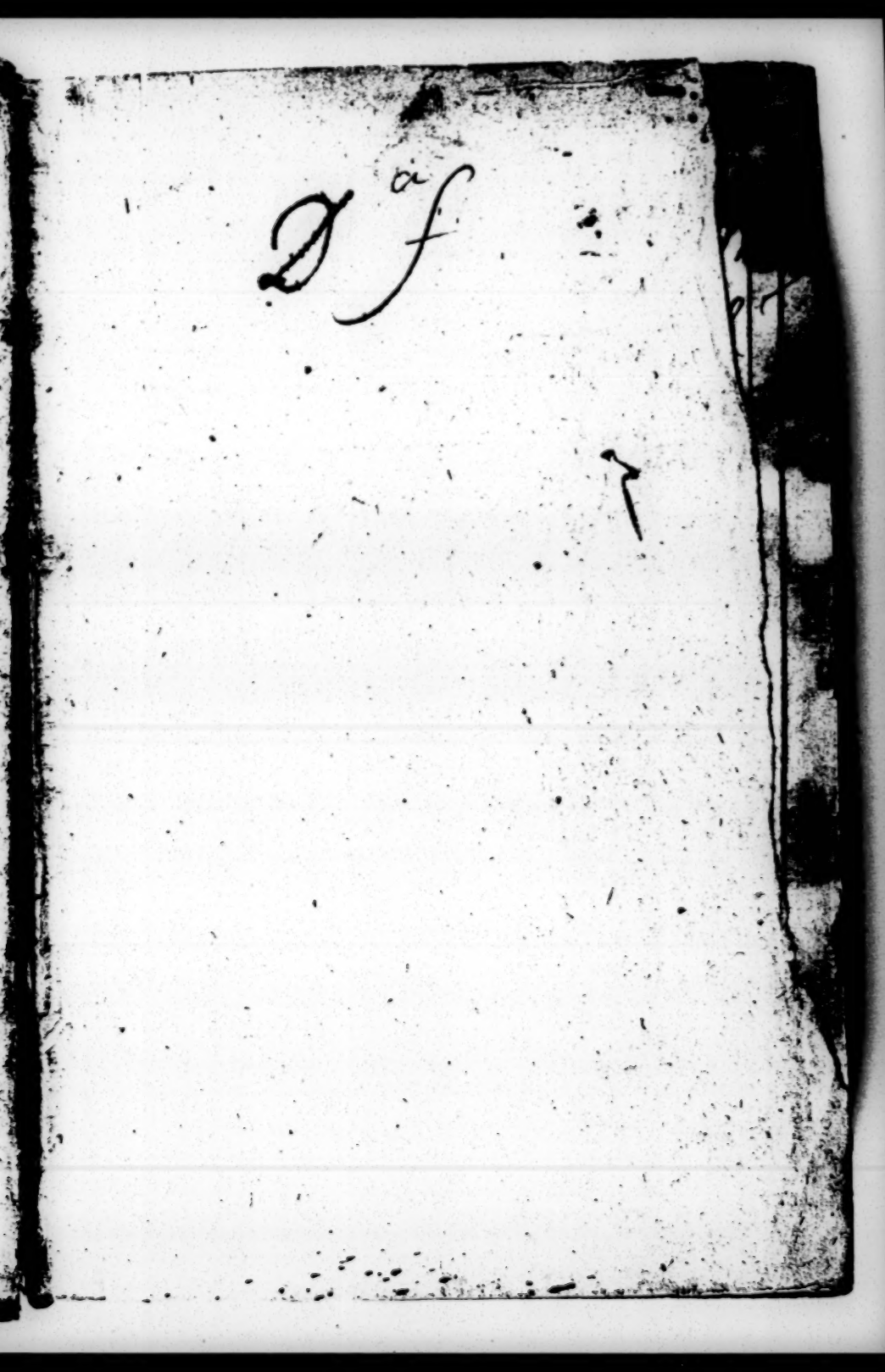
GRACE
ME
GUIDE
Lord Forbes



THE SATYR OF *Titus Petronius Arbiter*,

A *Roman* Knight:

With its Fragments recover'd at

BELGRADE.

Made Engliſh *by* Mr. BURNABY *of the* Middle Temple, *and another Hand.*

Nihil hominum inepta perſuaſione falſius, nec ficta ſeveritate ineptius. Petro.

LONDON,

Printed for *Samuel Briſcoe*, at the Corner of *Charles-Street*, in *Ruſſel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*. 1695.

YALE

To the Right Honourable

HENRY *Earl of* Rumney,

Viſcount Sidney,

Maſter-General of Their Majeſty's Ordnance, one of Their Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy-Council, Conſtable of Dover-*Caſtle, and Lord Warder of the Cinque-Ports.*

My LORD,

GOod Men think the meaneſt Friend no more to be deſpis'd, than the Politick the meaneſt Enemy; and the Gene-

rous would be as inquiſitive to diſcover an unknown Eſteem for 'em, as the Cautious an unknown Hatred: This I ſay to plead my ſelf into the number of thoſe you know for your Admirers; and that the World may know it, give me leave to Preſent you with a Tranſlation of *Petronius*, and to abſolve all my Offences againſt him, by introducing him into ſo agreeable Company. You're happy, my Lord, in the moſt Elegant part of his Character, in the Gallantry and Wit of a Polite Gentleman, mixt with the Obſervation and

and Conduct of a Man of Publick Employments; And ſince all ſhare the Benefit of you, 'tis the Duty of all to confeſs their ſence of it, I had almoſt ſaid, to return, as they could, the Favour, and like a true Author, made that my Gratitude, which may prove your Trouble: But what flatters me moſt out of the Apprehenſions of your Diſlike, is the Gentleman-like Pleaſantry of the Work, where you meet with variety of Ridicule on the Subject of *Nero*'s Court, an agreeable Air of Humour in a Ramble through Schools,

Bagnio's, Temples, and Markets; Wit and Gallantry in Amours, with Moral Reflections on almoſt every Accident of Humane Life. In ſhort, my Lord, I ſhall be very proud to Pleaſe a *Sidney*, an Houſe Fertile, of extraordinary Genio's, whoſe every Member deſerves his own Sir *Philip* to Celebrate him; whoſe Characters are Romances to the reſt of Mankind, but real Life in his own Family.

I am, my LORD,
Your Lordſhip's moſt devoted
Humble Servant,

W. BURNABY.

THE PREFACE.

THE Moors (*'tis ſaid*) *us'd to caſt their new-born Children into the Sea, and only if they Swam would think 'em worth their Care; but mine, with more neglect, I turn into the World; for ſink or ſwim, I have done all I deſign'd for't. I have already, with as much ſatisfaction as* Æneas *in a Cloud heard* Dido *praiſe him, heard the* Beaux-Criticks *condemn*

this Tranſlation before they ſaw it, and with as much Judgment as if they had: And after they had Prophetically diſcover'd all the Flaws in the Turns of Thought, the Cadence of Periods, and had almoſt brought in Epick *and* Drama, *they ſupt their Coffee, took Snuff, and charitably concluded to ſend* Briſcoe *the Pye-Woman to help off with his Books. Well, I have nothing to ſay but that theſe brisk Gentlemen that draw without occaſion, muſt put up without ſatisfaction.*

After the Injury of 1700 *Years or better, and the ſeveral*

veral Editions in Quarto, Octavo, Duodecimo, *&c. with their reſpective Notes, to little Purpoſe; for theſe Annotators upon Matters of no Difficulty, are ſo tedious that you can't get rid of their enlargements without ſleeping, but at any real Knot are too Modeſt to interrupt any Man's Curioſity in the Untying of it. After ſo many Years, I ſay, it happened upon the taking of* Belgrade *this Author was* made *Entire; made ſo becauſe the New is ſuſpected to be Illegitimate: But it has ſo many Features of the lawful Father, that he was at*

leaſt

leaſt thought of when 'twas got. Now the Story's made out the Character of Lycas *alter'd and* Petronius *freed from the Imputation of not making Divine or Humane Juſtice purſue an ill-ſpent Life.*

As to the Tranſlation, the other Hand, I believe, has been very careful; but if my part don't ſatisfie the World, I ſhould be glad to ſee my ſelf revenged in a better Verſion; and tho' it may prove no difficult province to improve what I have done, I ſhall yet have the credit of the firſt Attempt.

If

If any of the Fine Gentlemen ſhould be angry after they have read it, as ſome, to ſave that trouble, have before; and proteſt I've yet debaucht Petronius, *and robb'd him of his Language, his only Purity, I hope we ſhall ſhortly be reconciled, for I have ſome very pretty new Songs ready for the Preſs: If this ſatisfies them, I'll venture to tell others that I have dreſt the meaning of the Original as modeſtly as I could, but to have quite hid the obſcenity, I thought were to invent, not tranſlate.*

As for the Ladies, if any too-diſcerning antiquated Hypocrite

crite (for only ſuch I fear) ſhou'd be angry with the beaſtly Author; let the Work be my Advocate, where the little liberties I take, as modeſtly betray a broad Meaning, as bluſhing when a Man tells the Story.

Thoſe who object, that things of this nature ought not to be Tranſlated, muſt arraign the Verſions of Juvenal, Suetonius, *&c. but what* Suetonius *thought excuſable in* Hiſtory, *any ſober Man will think much more allowable in* Satyr: *Nor can this be offenſive to Good manners, ſince the groſs part here is the diſplaying of Vices of that Dye, that there's an abhorrence*

horrence even in Nature from 'em; nor is it poſſible that any ill Man can talk a good one into a new Frame or Compoſition; nay, perhaps it may be applicable to a good uſe, to ſee our own happineſs, that we know that to be oppoſite to Humanity it ſelf, which ſome of the Ancients were deluded even to practiſe as Wit and Gallantry; thus I'm ſo far from being touch'd in expreſſing thoſe Crimes, that I think it makes the more for me, the more they're deteſted.

If I have alter'd or added to the Author, it was either to render the Cuſtoms of the Romans

mans *that were analogous to ours, by what was more familiar to us, or to prevent a Note by enlarging on others where I found 'em.*

The Verse of both Parts are Mine, and I have taken a great liberty in 'em; and tho' I believe there I have not wrong'd the Original, yet all will not amount to call them Good.

The Money at first I made Engliſh *Coin, but not the exact worth, becauſe it would have been odd in ſome places to have brought in pence and farthings, as when the thouſand Seſterces are offered to diſcover* Gito, *it would not be conſiſtent with the*

the haſte they were in to offer ſo many Pounds, ſo many Shillings, and ſo many Pence: I therefore proportion'd a ſumm to the Story without caſting up the Seſterces; thus they went to the Preſs: But adviſ'd either to give the juſt Value or the Roman *Coin, I reſolved on the latter for the Reaſons I have given, and alter'd the Summs as the Proofs came to my Hands; but truſting the Care of One Sheet to a Friend, the Summ* 2000 *Crowns paſt unalter'd.*

W. B.

THE

THE SATYR OF *Titus Petronius Arbiter*, A *Roman* Knight.

With its Fragments, recover'd at *BUDA*, 1688.

Made Engliſh *by Mr.* BURNABY *of the* Middle-Temple, *and another Hand.*

'I Promis'd you an Account of what befel me, and am now reſolv'd to be as good as my Word, being ſo met to our Deſires; not only to improve our Learning but to be Merry, and put Life in our Diſcourſe with pleaſanter Tales.

'*Fabricius Vejento* has already, and that wittily handled the Juggle of Re-

'ligion, and withal diſcover'd with 'what impudence and ignorance Prieſts 'pretend to be inſpir'd: But are not our wrangling Pleaders poſſeſt with the ſame Frenzy? who cant it; Theſe Wounds I receiv'd in defence of your Liberty; this Eye was loſt in your Service; lend me a Hand to hand me to my Children, for my faltering Hams are not able to ſupport me.

Yet even this might paſs for tolerable, did it put young beginners in the leaſt way to well-ſpeaking. Whereas now, what with the inordinate ſwelling of Matter, and the empty ratling of Words, they only gain this, That when they come to appear in Publick, they think themſelves in another World. And therefore I look upon the young fry of Collegiates as likely to make the moſt hopeful Blockheads, becauſe they neither hear nor ſee any thing that is in uſe among Men: But a company of Pirates with their Chains on the ſhoar; Tyrants iſſuing Proclamations to make Children kill their Fathers; the anſwers of Oracles in a Plague-time, that three or more Virgins be ſacrific'd to appeaſe the Gods; dainty fine Honey-Pellets of Words, and every thing ſo ſaid and done,

done, as if it were all Spice and Garniſh.

Thoſe that are thus bred can no more underſtand, than thoſe that live in a Kitchin not ſtink of the Greaſe: Give me, with your favour, leave to ſay, 'twas you firſt loſt the good grace of ſpeaking; for with light idle gingles of Words to make ſport ye have brought it to this, That the ſubſtance of Oratory is become effeminate and ſunk.

Young Men were not kept to this way of declaiming when *Sophocles* and *Euripides* influenc'd the Age. Nor yet had any blind Alley-Profeſſor foil'd their Inclinations, when *Pindar* and the Nine *Lyricks* durſt not attempt *Homer*'s Numbers: And that I may not bring my Authority from Poets, 'tis certain, neither *Plato* nor *Demoſthenes* ever made it their Practice: A Stile one would value, and as I may call it, a chaſt Oration, is not ſplatchy nor ſwoll'n, but riſes with a natural Beauty.

This windy and irregular way of babling came lately out of *Aſia* into *Athens*; and having, like ſome ill Planet, blaſted the aſpiring Genius of their Youth, at once corrupted and put a period to all true Eloquence.

After this, Who came up to the height of *Thucydides?* Who reach'd the Fame of *Hyperedes?* Nay, there was hardly a Verſe of a right ſtrain: But all, as of the ſame batch, di'd with their Author. Painting alſo made no better an end, after the boldneſs of the *Egyptians* ventur'd to bring ſo great an Art into a narrower compaſs.

At this and the like rate my ſelf once declaim'd, when one *Agamemnon* made up to us, and looking ſharply on him, whom the Mob with ſuch diligence obſerv'd, he would not ſuffer me to declaim longer in the Portico, than he had ſweated in the School; *But, young Man,* ſaid he, *becauſe your Diſcourſe is beyond the common apprehenſion, and, which is not often ſeen, that you are a lover of Underſtanding, I won't deceive you: The Maſters of theſe Schools are not to blame, who think it neceſſary to be mad with mad Men: For unleſs they teach what their Scholars approve, they might, as* Cicero *ſays, keep School to themſelves: like flattering ſmell-Feaſts, who when they come to great Mens Tables ſtudy nothing more than what they think may be moſt agreeable to the Company (as well knowing they ſhall never obtain what they would, unleſs*

unleſs they firſt ſpread a Net for their Ears) *ſo a Maſter of Eloquence, unleſs, fiſherman like, he bait his Hook with what he knows the Fiſh will bite at, may wait long enough on the Rock without hopes of catching any thing.*

Where lies the Fault then? Parents ought to be ſharply reprehended, who will not have their Children come on by any ſtrict Method; but in this, as in all things, are ſo fond of making a Noiſe in the World; and in ſuch haſte to compaſs their Wiſhes, that they hurry them in publick e'er they have digeſted what they have read, and put Children e'er they are well paſt their Sucking-Bottle, upon the good grace of ſpeaking, than which even themſelves confeſs, nothing is greater: Whereas if they would ſuffer them to come up by degrees, that their Studies might be temper'd with grave Lectures; their Affections faſhion'd by the Dictates of Wiſdom; that they might work themſelves into a Maſtery of Words; and for a long time hear, what they're inclined to imitate, nothing that pleas'd Children, wou'd be admir'd by them. But now Boys triſle in the Schools, young Men are laugh'd at in publick, and, which is worſe than both, what every one fooliſhly takes up in his Youth, no one will

confeſs in his Age. But that I may not be thought to condemn Lucilius, *as written in haſte, I alſo will give you my Thoughts in Verſe.*

Who ere wou'd with ambitious juſt deſire,
To Maſtery in ſo fine an Art aſpire,
Muſt all Extreams firſt diligently ſhun,
And in a ſettled courſe of Vertue run.
Let him not Fortune with ſtiff Greatneſs climb,
Nor, Courtier-like, with Cringes undermine;
Nor all the Brother Blockheads of the Pot,
Ever perſuade him to become a Sot;
Nor flatter Poets to acquire the Fame
Of, I proteſt, a pretty Gentleman.
But whether in the War he wou'd be great,
Or, in the gentler Arts that rule a State;
Or, elſe his amorous Breaſt he wou'd improve
Well, to receive the youthful Cares of Love.
In his firſt Years to Poetry inclin'd,
Let Homer's *Spring bedew his fruitful Mind;*
His manlier Years to manlier Studies brought,
Philoſophy muſt next imply his Thought.
Then let his boundleſs Soul new Glories fire,
And to the great Demoſthenes *aſpire.*
When round in throngs the liſt'ning People come,
T' admire what ſprung in Greece *ſo ſlow at home.*
Rais'd to this height, your leiſure hours engage
In ſomething juſt and worthy of the Stage;

Your

Your choice of Words from Cicero *derive;*
And in your Poems you deſign ſhou'd live,
The Joys of Feaſts, and Terrors of a War,
More pleaſing thoſe, and theſe more frightful are,
When told by you, than in their acting were:
And thus, enrich'd with ſuch a golden ſtore,
You're truly fit to be an Orator.

While I was wholly taken up with *Agamemnon*, I did not obſerve how *Aſcyltos* had given me the ſlip, and as I continu'd my diligence, a great crowd of Scholars fill'd the Portico, to hear, (as it appear'd afterwards) an extemporary Declamation, of I know not whom, that was diſcanting on what *Agamemnon* had ſaid; while therefore they ridicul'd his Advice, and condemn'd the order of the whole, I took an opportunity of getting from them, and ran in queſt of *Aſcyltos:* But the hurry I was in, with my ignorance where our Inn lay, ſo diſtracted me, that what way ſoever I went, I return'd by the ſame, till tir'd in the purſuit, and all in a ſweat, I met an old Herb-Woman: And, I beſeech ye Mother, quoth I, do you know whereabouts I dwell? Pleas'd with the ſimplicity of ſuch a home-bred Jeſt, *Why ſhould I not?* anſwer'd ſhe; and getting on her Feet went on before me: I

thought her no leſs than a Witch; But, having led me into a bye Lane, ſhe threw off her Pyebal'd Patch't-Mantle, *and here*, quoth ſhe, *you can't want a Lodging.*

While I was denying I knew the Houſe, I obſerv'd a company of *Beaux* reading the Bills o'er the Cells, on which was inſcrib'd the Name of the Whore and her Price; and others of the ſame Function naked, ſcuttling it here and there, as if they would not, yet would be ſeen: When too late I found my ſelf in a Bawdy-Houſe, curſing the Jade that had trapan'd me thither, I cover'd my Head and was juſt making off through the midſt of them, when in the very Entry *Aſcyltos* met me, but as tir'd as my ſelf, and in a manner dead; you'd have ſworn the ſame old Woman brought him. I could not forbear laughing, but having ſaluted each other, I ask'd him what buſineſs he had in ſo ſcandalous, a place? he wip'd his Face, *And if you knew*, ſaid he, *what has happen'd to me* —— As what? quoth I.

He faintly reply'd; *When I had rov'd the whole City without finding where I had left the Inn, the Maſter of this Houſe came up to me, and kindly profer'd to be my Guide;*

Guide; ſo through many a croſs Lane and blind turning, having brought me to this Houſe, he drew his Weapon and preſt for a cloſer ingagement. In this Affliction the Whore of the Cell alſo demanded Garniſh-Money; and he laid ſuch Hands on me, that had I not been too ſtrong for him, I had gone by the worſt of it.

'While *Aſcyltos* was telling his Tale, 'in come the ſame Fellow, with a Wo- 'man, none of the leaſt agreeable, and 'looking upon *Aſcyltos*, entreated him 'to walk in and fear nothing, for if he 'would not be Paſſive he might be 'Active: The Woman on the other 'hand preſs'd me to go in with her. 'We follow'd therefore, and being led 'among thoſe Bills, we ſaw many of 'both Sexes at work in the Cells *, ſo 'much every of them ſeem'd to have ta- 'ken a Provocative *.

'Nor were we ſooner diſcover'd than 'they wou'd have been at us with the 'like Impudence, and in a trice one of 'them, his Coat tuck'd under his Gir- 'dle, laid hold on *Aſcyltos*, and having 'thrown him athwart a Couch, would 'have been bobbing at him: I preſently 'ran to help the undermoſt, * and put- 'ting our ſtrengths together, we made

no-

'nothing of the troubleſom Fool *. *Aſ-*
'*cyltos* went off, and flying, left me ex-
'poſ'd to the Fury; but, thanks to my
'ſtrength, I got off without hurt.

I had almoſt traverſt the City round, * when through the dusk I ſaw *Gito* on the Beggars-Bench of our Inn *; I made up to him, and going in, ask'd him, what *Aſcyltos* had got us for Dinner? the Boy ſitting down on the Bed, began to wipe the Tears that ſtood in his Eyes; I was much concern'd at it, and ask'd him the occaſion; he was ſlow in his anſwer, and ſeem'd unwilling; but mixing Threats with my Intreaties; *'Twas that Brother or Comrogue of yours*, ſaid he, *that coming ere while into our Lodging, wou'd have been at me, and put hard for it: When I cry'd out, he drew his Sword, and if thou art a* Lucreece, ſaid he, *thou haſt met a* Tarquin.

I heard him, and ſhaking my Fiſt at *Aſcyltos*, what ſaiſt thou, ſaid I, thou Catamite, whoſe very Breath is tainted?

He diſſembled at firſt a great trembling, but preſently throwing my Arms aſide, in a higher Voice cry'd out, *Muſt you be prating, thou ribauldrous Cutthroat* *, *whom, condemn'd for murdring*

thine

thine Hoſt *, *nothing but the fall of the Stage could have ſav'd? You make a noiſe, thou Night-Pad, who when at thy beſt hadſt never to do with any Woman but a Baw'd? On what account, think ye, was I the ſame to you in the Aviary, that the Boy here, now is?*

And who but you, *interrupted I*, gave me that ſlip in the Portico? *Why what, my Man of* Gotham, continu'd he, *muſt I have done, when I was dying for hunger? Hear Sentence forſooth, that is, the ratling of broken Glaſſes, and the expounding of Dreams? So help me* Hercules, *as thou art the greater Rogue of the two, who to get a meals Meat wert not aſham'd to commend an inſipid Rhimer.* When at laſt, having turn'd the humour from Scolding to Laughing, we began to talk ſoberly.

But the late Injury ſtill ſticking in my Stomach, *Aſcyltos, ſaid I*, I find we ſhall never agree together, therefore let's divide the common Stock, and each of us ſet up for himſelf: Thou'rt a piece of a Scholar, and I'll be no hindrance to thee, but think of ſome other way; for otherwiſe we ſhall run into a thouſand miſchiefs, and become Town-talk.

Aſcyltos

Aſcyltos was not againſt it; *And ſince we have promis'd*, ſaid he, *as Scholars, to ſup together, let's husband the Night too; and to morrow I'll get me a new Lodging, and ſome Comerade or other.*

'Tis irkſome, *ſaid I*, to defer what we like, (the itch of the Fleſh occaſion'd this haſty parting, tho' I had been a long time willing to ſhake off ſo troubleſome an obſerver of my Actions, that I might renew my old Intrigue with my *Gito.*)

Aſcyltos taking it as an Affront, without anſwering, went off in a heat: I was too well acquainted with his ſubtle Nature, and the violence of his Love, not to fear the effects of ſo ſuddain a breach, and therefore made after him, both to obſerve his Deſigns and prevent them; but loſing ſight of him, was a long time in purſuit to no purpoſe.

When I had ſearch'd the whole Town, I return'd to my Lodging, where, the Ceremony of Kiſſes ended, I got my Boy to a cloſer hug, and, enjoying my wiſhes, thought my ſelf happy even to Envy: Nor had I done when *Aſcyltos* ſtole to the Door, and ſpringing the Bolt, found us at leap-Frog; upon which, clapping his Hands, he fell a laughing, and turning

ing me out of the Saddle; *What*, ſaid he, *moſt reverend Gentleman, what were you doing, my Brother Sterling?* Nor content with Words only, but untying the Thong that bound his Wallet, he gave me a warning, and with other reproaches, *As you like this, ſo be for parting again.*

'The unexpectedneſs of the thing 'made me take no notice of it, but po- 'litickly turn it off with a laugh; for 'otherwiſe I muſt have been at Loggar- 'heads with my Rival: Whereas ſwee- 'tening him with a counterfeit Mirth, 'I brought him alſo to laugh for com- 'pany: *And you*, Eucolpius, began he, '*are ſo wrapt in Pleaſures, you little con- 'ſider how ſhort our Money grows, and 'what we have left will turn to no ac- 'count: There's nothing to be got in Town 'this Summer-time, we ſhall have better 'luck in the Country; let's viſit our 'Friends.*

'Neceſſity made me approve his Ad- 'vice, as well as conceal the ſmart of his 'Laſh; ſo loading *Gito* with our Bag- 'gage, we left the City, and went to the 'Houſe of one *Lycurgus*, a *Roman* Knight; 'who, becauſe *Aſcyltos* had formerly 'been his Pathick, entertain'd us hand-

ſomly;

'ſomly; and the Company, we met 'there, made our Diverſions the plea-'ſanter: For, firſt there was *Tryphæna*, 'a very beautiful Woman, that had 'come with one *Lycas*, the owner of a 'Ship, and of a ſmall Seat, that lay next 'the Sea.

'The Delight we receiv'd in this 'place was more than can be expreſt, 'tho' *Lycurgus*'s Table was thrifty e-'nough: The firſt thing was every one 'to chuſe his Play-Mate: The fair *Try-'phæna* pleas'd me, and readily inclin'd 'to me; but I had ſcarce given her the 'Courteſie of the Houſe, when *Lycas* 'ſtorming to have his old Amour ſlockt 'from him, accus'd me at firſt of under-'dealing; but ſoon from a Rival addreſ-'ſing himſelf as a Lover, he pleaſantly 'told me, I muſt repair his Damages, 'and ply'd me hotly: But *Tryphæna* ha-'ving my Heart, I could not lend him 'an Ear. The refuſal ſet him the ſhar-'per; he follow'd me where-ever I went, 'and getting into my Chamber at night, 'when Entreaty did no good, he fell to 'downright Violence; but I rais'd ſuch 'an out-cry that I wak'd the whole 'Houſe, and, by the help of *Lycurgus*, 'got rid of him for that bout.

'At

'At length perceiving *Lycurgus*'s Houſe 'was not for his purpoſe, he would have 'perſuaded me to his own; but I re- 'jecting the proffer, he made uſe of *Try- 'phæna*'s Authority; and ſhe the rather 'perſuaded me to yield to him, becauſe 'ſhe was in hopes of living more at li- 'berty there. I follow'd therefore whi- 'ther my Love led me; but *Lycurgus* 'having renew'd his old Concern with '*Aſcyltos*, wou'd not ſuffer him to de- 'part: At laſt we agreed, that he ſhou'd 'ſtay with *Lycurgus*, and we go with *Ly- 'cas*: Over and beſide which, it was con- 'cluded, that every of us, as opportuni- 'ty offer'd, ſhould pilfer what he could 'for the common Stock.

'*Lycas* was overjoy'd at my Conſent, 'and ſo haſtned our departure, that, ta- 'king leave of our Friends, we arriv'd 'at his Houſe the ſame Day.

'But in our Paſſage he ſo order'd the 'matter that he ſate next me, and *Try- 'phæna* next *Gito*, which he purpoſely 'contriv'd to ſhow the notorious Light- 'neſs of that Woman; nor was he mi- 'ſtaken in her, for ſhe preſently grew 'hot upon the Boy: I was quickly jea- 'lous, and *Lycas* ſo exactly remark'd it 'to me, that he ſoon confirm'd my ſuſpi-

'cion

'cion of her. On this I began to be ea-
'ſier to him, which made him all Joy,
'as being aſſur'd the Unworthineſs of my
'new Miſtreſs wou'd beget my Contempt
'of her, and reſenting her ſlight, I ſhou'd
'receive him with the better will.

'So ſtood the matter while we were
'at *Lycas*'s: *Tryphæna* was deſperately in
'love with *Gito*; *Gito* again as wholly
'devoted to her; I car'd leaſt for the
'ſight of either of them; and *Lycas* ſtu-
'dying to pleaſe me, found me every
'day ſome new Diverſion: In all which
'alſo his Wife *Doris*, a fine Woman,
'ſtrove to exceed him, and that ſo gay-
'ly, that ſhe preſently thruſt *Tryphæna*
'from my Heart: I gave her the Wink,
'and ſhe return'd her Conſent by as
'wanton a Twinckle; ſo that this dumb
'Rhetorick going before the Tongue,
'ſecretly convey'd each others Mind.

'I knew *Lycas* was jealous, which
'kept me Tongue-ty'd ſo long, and the
'love he bore his Wife made him diſco-
'ver to her, his inclination to me: But
'the firſt opportunity we had of talk-
'ing together, ſhe related to me what
'ſhe had learn'd from him; and I frank-
'ly confeſs'd it, but withal told her how
'abſolutely averſe I had ever been to't:

Well

'Well then, quoth the diſcreet Woman, 'we muſt try our Wits, according to his 'own Opinion, the permiſſion was one's 'and the poſſeſſion anothers.

'By this time *Gito* had been worn off 'his Legs, and was gathering new 'ſtrength, when *Tryphæna* came back to 'me, but diſappointed of her expectati-'on, her Love turn'd to a downright 'Fury; and, all on fire with following 'me to no purpoſe, got into my Intrigue 'both with *Lycas* and his Wife: She 'made no account of his gameſomneſs 'with me, as well knowing it wou'd 'hinder no Griſt to her Mill: But for '*Doris*, ſhe never left till ſhe had found 'out our private Amours, and gave a 'hint of it to *Lycas*; whoſe Jealouſie 'having got the upper hand of his Love, 'ran all to revenge; but *Doris*, adver-'tis'd by *Tryphæna*'s Woman, to divert 'the Storm, forbore any more ſuch 'meetings.

'As ſoon as I perceiv'd it, having 'curs'd the Treachery of *Tryphæna*, and 'the Ingratitude of *Lycas*, I began to 'make off, and Fortune favour'd me: 'For a Ship conſecrated to the Goddeſs '*Iſis*, laden with rich Spoils, had the day 'before run upon the Rocks.

'*Gito* and I laid our Heads together, 'and he was as willing as my ſelf to be 'gone; for *Tryphæna* having drawn him 'dry, began now not to be ſo fond of 'him. Early the next morning there-'fore we march'd to Sea-ward, where 'with the leſs difficulty we got on board 'the Ship, becauſe we were no ſtrangers 'to *Lycas*'s Servants then in wait upon 'her: They ſtill honouring us with their 'company, it was not a time to filch 'any thing; but, leaving *Gito* with them, 'I took an opportunity of getting into 'the Stern, where the Image of *Iſis* 'ſtood, and ſtrip'd her of a rich Mantle, 'and Silver Taber, lifting other good 'Booty out of the Maſter's Cabin, I ſtole 'down by a Rope, unſeen of any but '*Gito*; who alſo gave them the ſlip and 'ſculk'd after me.

'As ſoon as I ſaw him I ſhew'd him 'the Purchaſe, and both of us reſolv'd 'to make what haſte we could to *Aſcyl-'tos*, but *Lycurgus*'s Houſe was not to be 'reach'd the ſame day: When we came 'to *Aſcyltos* we ſhew'd him the Prize, 'and told him in ſhort the manner of 'getting it, and how we were made a 'meer may-game of Love: He advis'd 'us to prepoſſeſs *Lycurgus* with our Caſe,

'and

'and make him our Friend ere the o-'thers could ſee him; and withal bold-ly aſſert it, That the trick *Lycas* would have ſerved them, was the only cauſe why they ſtole away ſo haſtily; which when *Lycurgus* came to underſtand, he ſwore he would at all times protect us a-gainſt our Enemies.

Our flight was unknown till *Tryphæna* and *Doris* were got out of bed; for we daily attended their levy, and waited on them while they were dreſſing; but, when contrary to cuſtom they found us miſſing, *Lycas* ſent after us, and eſpecial-ly to the Sea-ſide, for he had heard we made that way, but not a word of the Pillage, for the Ship lay ſomewhat to Sea-ward, and the Maſter had not yet return'd on board.

But at laſt it being taken for granted, we were run away, and *Lycas* becoming uneaſie for want of us, fell deſperately foul on his Wife, whom he ſuppos'd to be the cauſe of our departure: I'll take no notice of what Words and Blows paſt between them; I know not every par-ticular: I'll only ſay, *Tryphæna*, the Mo-ther of Miſchief, had put *Lycas* in the head, that it might ſo be, we had taken ſanctuary at *Lycurgus*'s, where ſhe per-

ſuaded him to go in queſt of the Runnagates, and promis'd to bear him company, that ſhe might confound our Impudence with juſt Reproaches.

The next day they accordingly ſet forward, and came to his Houſe; but we were out of the way: For *Lycurgus* was gone to a Feſtival in honour of *Hercules*, held at a neighbouring Village, and had taken us with him, of which when the others were inform'd, they made what haſte they could to us, and met us in the Portico of the Temple. The ſight of them very much diſordered us: *Lycas* eagerly complained of our flight to *Lycurgus*, but was received with ſuch a bended Brow, and ſo haughty a Look, that I grew valiant upon't, and with an open Throat charg'd him with his beaſtly attempts upon me, as well at *Lycurgus*'s as in his own Houſe; and *Tryphæna* endeavouring to ſtop my Mouth, had her ſhare with him, for I ſet out her Harlotry to the Mob, who were got about us to hear the ſcolding: And as a proof of what I ſaid, I ſhew'd them poor ſapleſs *Giton*, and my ſelf alſo, whom that itch of the Whore had even brought to our Graves.

The ſhout of the Mob put our Enemies ſo out of Countenance that they went off heavily, but contriving a revenge; and therefore obſerving how we had put upon *Lycurgus*, they went back to expect him at his Houſe, and ſet him right again. The Solemnity ending later than was expected, we could not reach *Lycurgus*'s that Night, and therefore he brought us to a half-way Houſe, but left us aſleep next Morning, and went home to diſpatch ſome buſineſs, where he found *Lycas* and *Tryphæna* waiting for him, who ſo ordered the matter with him, that they brought him to ſecure us. *Lycurgus* naturally barbarous and faithleſs, began to contrive which way to betray us, and ſent *Lycas* to get ſome help, whilſt he ſecured us in the Village.

Thither he came, and at his firſt entry, treated us as *Lycas* had done: After which wringing his Hands together, he upbraided us with the Lye we had made of *Lycas*, and taking *Aſcyltos* from us, lock'd us up in the Room where we were, without ſo much as hearing him ſpeak in our defence; but carrying him to his Houſe, ſet a Guard upon us, till himſelf ſhould return.

On the Road *Aſcyltos* did what he could to mollifie *Lycurgus*; but neither Entreaties, nor Love, nor Tears doing any good on him, it came into our Comerades head to ſet us at liberty, and being all on fire at *Lycurgus*'s reſtineſs, refus'd to bed with him that Night, and by that means the more eaſily put in execution what he had been thinking on.

The Family was in their dead ſleep when *Aſcyltos* took our Fardels on his Shoulders, and getting through a breach in the Wall, which he had formerly taken notice of, came to the Village by break of Day, and meeting no one to ſtop him, boldly enter'd it and came up to our Chamber; which the Guard that was upon us, took care to ſecure; but the Bar being of Wood, he eaſily wrenched it with an Iron Crow, and waken'd us; for we ſnor'd, in ſpight of Fortune.

Our Guard had ſo over-watched themſelves, that they were fall'n into a dead ſleep, and we only wak'd at the Crack. To be ſhort, *Aſcyltos* came in and briefly told us what he had done for our ſakes: On this we got up; and as we were rigging our ſelves, it came into

to my Head to kill the Guard, and rifle the Village; I told *Aſcyltos* my Mind: He liked the rifling well enough, but gave us a wiſh'd delivery without Blood, for being acquainted with every corner of the Houſe, he pick'd the Lock of an Inner-Room where the Movables lay, and bringing us into it, we lifted what was of moſt value, and got off while it was yet early in the Morning; avoiding the common Road, and not reſting till we thought our ſelves out of danger.

Then *Aſcyltos* having gotten heart again, began to amplifie the Delight he took in having pillag'd *Lycurgus*; of whoſe miſerableneſs he, nor without cauſe, complain'd; for he neither paid him for his Nights ſervice, nor kept a Table that had either Meat, or Drink on't, being ſuch a ſordid pintch-peny; that, notwithſtanding his infinite Wealth, he deny'd himſelf the common Neceſſaries of Life.

Unhappy Tantalus, *amidſt the Flood,*
Where floating Apple on the ſurface roll'd,
Ever purſu'd them with a longing Eye,
Yet could not Thurſt nor Hunger ſatisfie.

Such is the Miſer's fate; who midſt his ſtore,
Fearing to uſe, is miſerably poor.

Aſcyltos would have been for *Naples* the ſame day, had I not told him how imprudent it was to take up there, where, foraſmuch as could be conjectur'd, we were moſt likely to bé ſought after: And therefore, ſaid I, let's keep out of the way for the preſent, and, ſince we have enough to keep us from want, ſtroul it about till the Heat be over. The Advice was approv'd, and we ſet forward for a pleaſant Country-Town, where we were ſure to meet ſome of our Acquaintance that were taking the benefit of the Seaſon: But we were ſcarce got half way, when a ſhower of Rain emptying it ſelf upon us like Buckets, forc'd us into the next Village; where entring the Inn, we ſaw a great many others that had alſo ſtruck in, to avoid the Storm. The throng kept us from being taken notice of, and gave us the opportunity of prying here and there, what we might filch in a Crowd, when *Aſcyltos*, unheeded of any one, took a Purſe from the Ground, in which he found ſeveral pieces of Gold; we leap'd for Joy at ſo fortunate a begin-

ginning; but fearing, leſt ſome or other might ſeek after it, we ſlunk out at a Back-door, where we ſaw a Groom Sadling his Horſes; but, as having forgotten ſomewhat, he run into the Houſe, leaving behind him an Embroider'd Mantle, mail'd to one of the Saddles: In his abſence I cut the Straps, and under the covert of ſome Out-ſheds, we made off with it to a neighbouring Foreſt.

Being more out of danger among the Thickets, we caſt about where we ſhould hide the Gold, that we might not be either charg'd with the Felony, or robb'd of it our ſelves: At laſt we concluded to ſow it in the Lining of an old patcht Coat which I threw over my Shoulders, and entruſted the care of the Mantle to *Aſcyltos*, in deſign to get to the City by Croſs-ways: But as we were going out, we heard ſomewhat on our left hand, to this purpoſe: They ſhall not eſcape us; they came into the Wood; let's ſeparate our ſelves and beat about, that we may the better diſcover and take them. This put us into ſuch a fright, that *Aſcyltos* and *Giton* fled through Briars and Brambles to the City-ward; but I turn'd back again in ſuch a hurry, that without

out perceiving it, the precious Coat drop'd from my Shoulders: At laſt being quite tir'd, and not able to go any further, I laid me down under the ſhelter of a Tree, where I firſt miſs'd the Coat: Then grief reſtor'd my ſtrength, and up I got again to try if I could recover the Treaſure; I ran hither and thither, and every where, but to no purpoſe; but ſpent and waſted between toil and heavineſs, I got into a Thicket, where having tarried four hours, and half dead with the horror of the place, I ſought the way out; but going forward, a Country-man came in ſight of me: Then I had need of all my Confidence, nor did it fail me: I went up roundly to him, and making my moan how I had loſt my ſelf in the Wood, deſir'd him tell me the way to the City: He pittying my Figure (for I was as pale as Death, and all bemir'd) ask'd me if I had ſeen any one in the Wood? I anſwered, not a Soul— on which he courteouſly brought me into the Highway, where he met two of his Friends, who told him, they had travers'd the Wood thro' and thro', but had light upon nothing but a Coat, which they ſhew'd him.

It may eaſily be believed I had not the courage to challenge it, tho' I knew well enough what the value of it was: This ſtruck me more than all the reſt; however, bewailing my Treaſure, the Country-man not heeding me, and feebleneſs growing upon me, I ſlacken'd my pace, and jogg'd on ſlower than ordinarily.

It was longer e're I reach'd the City than I thought of; but coming to the Inn, I found *Aſcyltos* half dead, and ſtretcht on a Straw Pallet, and fell on another my ſelf, not able to utter a word: He miſſing the Coat was in a great diſorder, and haſtily demanded of me, what was become of it: I on the other hand, ſcarce able to draw my breath, reſolv'd him by my languiſhing Eyes, what my Tongne would not give me leave to ſpeak: At length recovering by little and little, I plainly told him the ill luck I had met with: But he thought I jeſted, and tho' the tears in my Eyes might have been as full Evidence to him as an Oath, he yet queſtioned the truth of what I ſaid, and would not believe but I had a mind to cheat him. During this, *Giton* ſtood as troubled as my ſelf, and the Boy's

ſadneſs

ſadneſs increaſed mine: But the freſh Suit that was after us, diſtracted me moſt. I opened the whole to *Aſcyltos*, who ſeem'd little concern'd at it, as having luckily got off for the preſent, and withal aſſur'd himſelf, that we were paſt danger, in that we were neither known, nor ſeen by any one: However, it was thought fit to pretend a Sickneſs, that we might have the better pretext to keep where we were: But our Monies falling ſhorter than we thought of, and Neceſſity enforcing us, we found it high time to ſell ſome of our Pillage.

It was almoſt dark, when going into the Brokers Market, we ſaw abundance of things to be bought and ſold: of no extraordinary value, 'tis true; yet ſuch whoſe Night-walking Trade, the dusk of the Evening might eaſily conceal. We alſo had the Mantle with us, and taking the opportunity of a blind Corner, fell a ſhaking the Skirt of it, to try if ſo glittering a Shew would bring us a Purchaſer; nor had we been long there, e're a certain Country-man, whom I thought I had ſeen before, came up to us with a Huſſye that follow'd him, and began to conſider the Mantle more

narrow-

narrowly, as on the other ſide did *Aſcyltos* our Country Chapman's Shoulders, which preſently ſtartled him, and ſtruck him Dumb, nor could my ſelf behold 'em without being concern'd at it, for he ſeemed to me to be the ſame Fellow that had found the Coat in the Wood, as in truth he was: But *Aſcyltos* doubting whether he might truſt his Eyes or not, and that he might not do any thing raſhly, firſt came nearer to him as a Buyer, and taking the Coat from his Shoulders, began to cheapen, and turn it more carefully. O the wonderful vagaries of Fortune! for the Country-man had not ſo much as examined a Seam of it, but careleſly expoſed it as Beggars-booty.

Aſcyltos ſeeing the Coat unript, and the Perſon of the Seller contemptible, took me aſide from the Crowd: And don't you ſee Brother, ſaid he, the treaſure I made ſuch moan about is returned? That's the Coat with the Gold in't, all ſafe and untoucht: What therefore do we do, or what courſe ſhall we take to get our own again?

I now comforted, not ſo much that I had ſeen the Booty, but had clear'd my ſelf of the Suſpicion that lay upon me,

was

was by no means for going about the Buſh, but down-right bringing an Action againſt him, That if the Fellow would not give up the Coat to the right owner, we might recover it by Law;

Laws bear the Name, but Money has the Power;
The Cauſe is bad when e'er the Client's Poor:
Thoſe ſtrickt liv'd Men that ſeem above our World
Are oft too modeſt to reſiſt our Gold.
So Judgment, like our other Wares, is ſold;
And the grave Knight that nods upon the Laws,
Wak'd by a Fee, Hems, and approves the Cauſe.

Aſcyltos on the other ſide afraid of the Law, who, ſaid he, knows us in this place, or will give any credit to what we ſay? I am clear for buying it, tho' we know it to be our own, and rather recover the Treaſure with a little Money, than embroil our ſelves in an uncertain Suit; but we had not above a couple of Groats ready Money, and that we deſign'd ſhould buy us ſomewhat to eat. Leaſt therefore the Coat ſhould be gone in the mean time, we agreed, rather than fail, to ſell the Mantle at a lower price, that the Advantage we got by the one, might make what we loſt by the other more eaſie. Aſſoon

Aſſoon therefore as we had ſpread open the Mantle, the Woman that ſtood muffled by the Countryman, having pryingly taken notice of ſome tokens about it, forceably laid both hands on't, and ſetting up her Throat, cryed out, Thieves, Thieves!

We on t'other part being diſordered at it, leſt yet he might ſeem to do nothing, got hold of the totter'd Coat, and as ſpitefully roar'd, they had robb'd us of it: But our caſe was in no wiſe like theirs, and the Rabble that came in to the out-cry, ridicul'd, as they were wont, the weaker ſide, in that the others made claim to ſo rich a Mantle, and we to a ragged Coat, ſcarce worth a good Patch. At this *Aſcyltos* could hardly keep his Countenance; but the noiſe being over, We ſee, ſaid he, how every one likes his own beſt, Give us our Coat, and let them take the Mantle.

The Countryman and the Woman lik'd the exchange well enough, but a ſort of Petty-Foggers, moſt of whoſe buſineſs was ſuch Night Practice, having a mind to get the Mantle themſelves, as importunately required, that both Mantle and Coat ſhould be left

in

in their hands, and the Judge would hear their complaints on the Morrow: For it was not the things alone that ſeem'd to be in diſpute, but quite another matter to be enquir'd into, *to wit*, a ſtrong ſuſpicion of Robber on both ſides.

At laſt it was agreed to put both into ſome indifferent hand, till the right were determined; when preſently one, I know not who, with a bald Pate, and a Face full of Pimples, he had been formerly a kind of Solicitor, ſteps out of the Rout, and laying hold on the Mantle, ſaid he'd be Security it ſhould be forth-coming the next day: when in truth he intended nothing more, but that having gotten it into Huckſters hands, it might be ſmugled among them, as believing we would never come to own it, for fear of being taken up for it; for our part we were as willing as he; and an Accident befriended both of us: For the Country-man thinking ſcorn of it, that we demanded to have the patcht Coat given us, threw it at *Aſcyltos*'s Head, and diſcharging us of every thing but the Mantle, required that to be ſecur'd as the only cauſe of the Diſpute. Having there-

therefore recovered, as we thought, our Treaſure, we made all the haſte we could to the Inn, and having ſhut the Door upon us, made our ſelves Merry, as well with the judgment of the Rabble as of our Detracters, who with ſo much circumſpection had reſtor'd us our Money.

While we were ripping the Coat and taking out the Gold, we overheard ſomebody asking mine Hoſt, what kind of People thoſe were that had juſt now come in, and being ſtartled at it, I went down to ſee what was the matter, and underſtood that a City Serjeant, who according to the duty of his Office, took an account of all Strangers, and had ſeen a couple come into the Inn, whoſe Names he had not yet Regiſtred, and therefore inquired of what Country they were, and what way of living they had.

But mine Hoſt gave me ſuch a blind Account of it, that I began to ſuſpect we were not ſafe there; whereupon for fear of being taken up, we thought fit to go off for the preſent, and not come back again till it was more in the Night, but leave the care of our Supper to *Gito*.

We had reſolv'd to keep out of the Broad Streets, and accordingly took our Walk thro' that quarter of the City where we were likely to meet leaſt Company; when in a narrow winding Lane that had not Paſſage thro', we ſaw ſomewhat before us, two comely Matron-like Women, and followed them at a diſtance to a Chappel, which they entred, whence we heard an odd humming kind of Noiſe, as if it came from the hollow of a Cave: Curioſity alſo made us go in after them, where we ſaw a number of Women, as mad as they had been, Sacrificing to *Bacchus*, and each of them an Amulet (the Enſign of *Priapus*) in her Hand. More than that, we could not get to ſee; for they no ſooner perceived us, than they ſet up ſuch a Shout, that the Roof of the Temple ſhook agen, and withal endeavoured to lay Hands on us; but we ſcamper'd and made what haſte we could to the Inn.

Nor had we ſooner ſtuff'd our ſelves with the Supper *Gito* had got for us, when a more than ordinary Bounce at the Door, put us into another fright; and when we, pale as Death, ask'd who who was there, 'twas anſwer'd, Open the

the Door and you'll ſee: While we were yet talking, the Bolt drop'd off, and the Door flew open, on which, a Woman with her Head muffl'd came in upon us, but the ſame who a little before had ſtood by the Country-man in the Market: And what, ſaid ſhe, do you think to put a Trick upon me? I am *Quartilla*'s Maid, whoſe Sacred receſs you ſo lately diſturb'd: She is at the Inn-gate, and deſires to ſpeak with ye: not that ſhe either taxes your Inadvertency, or has a mind to ſo reſent it, but rather wonders, what God brought ſuch Civil Gentlemen into her Quarters.

We were ſilent as yet, and gave her the hearing, but inclin'd to neither part of what ſhe had ſaid, when in came *Quartilla* her ſelf, attended with a young Girl, and ſitting down by me, fell a weeping: nor here alſo did we offer a word, but ſtood expecting what thoſe Tears at command meant. At laſt when the Showre had emptied it ſelf, ſhe diſdainfully turn'd up her Hood, and clinching her Fingers together, till the Joints were ready to crack, what Impudence, ſaid ſhe, is this? or where learnt ye thoſe Shamms, and that ſlight of Hand ye have ſo lately been behold-

ing to? By my Faith, Young-men, I am ſorry for ye; for no one beheld what was unlawful for him to ſee, and went off unpuniſht: and verily our part of the Town has ſo many Deities, you'l ſooner find a God than a Man in't: And that you may not think I came hither to be revenged on ye, I am more concern'd for your Youth, than the Injury ye have done me: for unawares, as I yet think, ye have committed an inexpiable abomination.

For my part it troubled me all Night, and threw me into ſuch a ſhaking, that I was afraid I had gotten a *Tertian*, on which I took ſomewhat to have made me ſleep; but the God appeared to me, and commanded me to riſe and find ye out, as the likelieſt way to take off the violence of the Fit. But I am not ſo much in pain for a remedy, as that a greater anguiſh ſtrikes me to the heart, and will undoubtedly make an end of me, for fear in one of your Youthful Frolicks, you ſhould diſcloſe what you ſaw in *Priapus*'s Chappel, and utter the Counſels of the Gods among the People. Low as your Knees, I therefore lift my Hands t'ye, that ye neither make Sport of our Night-worſhip, nor diſho-

diſhonour the Myſteries of ſo many Years, which, 'tis not every one, even among our ſelves, that knows.

After this ſhe fell a crying again, and with many a pittiful groan, fell flat on my Bed: when I at the ſame time, between pity and fear, bid her take courage and aſſure her ſelf of both; for that we would neither divulge thoſe holy Myſteries; nor if the God had preſcrib'd her any other remedy for her Ague, be wanting our ſelves to aſſiſt Providence, even with our own hazard.

At this Promiſe of mine, becoming more chearful, ſhe fell a kiſſing me thick and threefold, and turning the humour of Tears into Laughing, ſhe comb'd up ſome Hair that hung over my Face with her Fingers, and I come to a Truce with ye, ſaid ſhe, and diſcharge ye of the Proceſs I intended againſt you: but if ye ſhou'd refuſe me the Medicine I intreat of ye for the Ague, I have Fellows enough will be ready by to Morrow, that ſhall both vindicate my Reputation, and revenge the Affront ye put upon me.

Contempt's diſhono'rable, and the Giver rude,
T' adviſe the Doctor, ſpeaks the patient proud:
But I am Miſtreſs of my ſelf ſo far,
I can pay ſcorn with ſcorn without a War:
The wiſe revenge is to neglect the ill,
They're not the only Conquerours that Kill.

Then clapping her Hands together, ſhe turn'd off to ſo violent a Laughter, that made us apprehenſive of ſome deſigns againſt us; the ſame alſo did the Woman that came in firſt, and the Girl that came with her; but ſo mimically, that ſeeing no reaſon for ſo ſudden a change, we one while ſtar'd on one another, and otherwhile on the Woman.

At length, quoth *Quartilla*, I have commanded, That no fleſh alive be ſuffered to come into this Inn to day; that I may receive from you the Medicine for the Ague without interruption.

At what time *Aſcyltos* was a little amaz'd, and I ſo chill'd, that I had not power to utter a word: But the Company gave me heart not to expect worſe, for they were but three Women, and if they had any deſign, muſt yet be too weak to effect it againſt us, who if we had nothing more of Man about us, had yet that Figure to befriend us:

We

We were all girt up for the purpoſe, and I had ſo contriv'd the Couples, that if it muſt come to a Rancounter, I was to make my part good with *Quartilla*, *Aſcyltos* with her Woman, and *Gito* the Girl.

While I was thus caſting the matter in my Head, *Quartilla* came up to me, to cure her of her Ague, but finding her ſelf diſappointed, flew off in a rage, and returning in a little while, told us, there were certain Perſons unknown, had a deſign upon us, and therefore commanded to remove us into a Noble Palace.

Here all our Courage fail'd us, and nothing but certain Death ſeem'd to appear before us.

When I began, If, Madam, you deſign to be more ſevere with us, be yet ſo kind as to diſpatch it quickly; for whatever our offence be, it is not ſo hainous that we ought to be rack'd to death for it: Upon which her Woman, whoſe Name was *Pſyche*, ſpread a Coverlet on the Floor, and fell examining the Linings of my Breeches, but her labour was loſt, all was cold and dead. *Aſcyltos* muffled his Head in his Coat, as having had a hint given him, how dangerous it was to take notice of what

did not concern him: In the mean time *Pſyche* took off her Garters, and with the one of them bound my Feet, and with the other my Hands.

Thus fetter'd as I lay, This, Madam, ſaid I, is not the way to rid you of your Ague: I grant it, anſwer'd *Pſyche*, but I have a Doſe at hand will infallibly do it; and therewith brought me a luſty Bowl of *Satyrion*, (a Love-Potion) and ſo merrily ran over the wonderful effects of it, that I had well-nigh ſuck'd it all off: But becauſe *Aſcyltos* had ſlighted her Courtſhip, ſhe finding his Back towards her, threw the bottom of it on him.

Aſcyltos perceiving the Chat was at an end, Am not I worthy, ſaid he, to get a Sup? And *Pſyche* fearing my Laughter might diſcover her, clapped her Hands, and told him, Young-man I made you an offer of it, but your Friend here has drunk it all out.

Is it ſo, quoth *Quartilla*, ſmiling very agreeably, and has *Encolpius* gugg'd it all down? At laſt alſo even *Gito* laught for Company, at what time the young Wench flung her Arms about his Neck, and meeting no reſiſtance, half ſmother'd him with Kiſſes.

We

We would have cry'd out, but there was no one near to help us; and as I was offering to bid 'em keep the Peace, *Pſyche* fell a nipping and pricking me with her Bodkin: On the other ſide alſo, the young Wench half ſtifled *Aſcyltos* with a Diſh-clout ſhe had rubb'd in the Bowl.

Laſtly came leaping upon us a Burdaſh, in a rough Mantle ſtuck with Myrtle, girt about him; and one while almoſt ground our Hipps to Powder with his bobbing at us, and other-while ſlobber'd us with his naſty Kiſſes; till *Quartilla*, holding her Staff of Office in her Hand, diſcharg'd us of the Service; but not without having firſt taken an Oath of us, that ſo dreadful a Secret ſhould go no further than our ſelves. Then came in a company of Wreſtlers, and rubb'd us over with the Yelk of an Egg beaten to Oil: When being ſomewhat refreſh'd, we put on our Night Gowns, and were led into the next Room, that had three Beds in it, all well appointed, and the reſt of the entertainment as ſplendidly ſet out. The word was given, and we ſate down, when having whet our appetites with an excellent Antipaſt, we ſwill'd our ſelves

ſelves with the choiceſt of Wine; nor was it long e'er we fell a nodding. It is ſo, quoth *Quartilla*; can ye ſleep when ye know it is the Vigil to *Priapus?* at what time *Aſcyltos* ſnor'd ſo ſoundly, that *Pſyche*, not yet forgeting the diſapointment, he gave her, all beſooted his Face, and ſcor'd down his Shoulders with a *burnt Sticks end.*

Plagu'd with theſe miſchiefs, I hardly got the leaſt wink of Sleep, nor was the whole Family, whether within doors or without, in a much better condition; ſome lay up and down at our Feet, others had run their Heads againſt the Walls, and others lay dead aſleep croſs the Threſhold: The Lamps alſo having drunk up their Oil, gave a thin and laſt blaze. At this inſtant got in a couple of pilfering Rogues to have ſtollen our Wine; but while they fell a ſcuffling among ſome Silver Veſſels that ſtood upon the Table, they broke the Earthen Pot that held the Wine, and overthrew the Table, with the Plate on it, and at the ſame time alſo, a Cup falling off the Shelf on *Pſyche*'s Bed, broke her Head as ſhe lay faſt aſleep; on which ſhe cry'd out, and therewith diſcovered the Thieves,

and

and wak'd ſome of the Drunkards: The Thieves on the other hand finding themſelves in a Pound, threw themſelves on one of the Beds, as ſome of the Gueſts, and fell a ſnoring like the reſt. The Uſher of the Hall being by this time got awake, put more Oil in the dying Lamps; and the Boys, having rubb'd their Eyes, return'd to their charge, when in came a Woman that play'd on the Harp, and ratling its Strings, rous'd all the reſt: On which the Banquet was renew'd, and *Quartilla* gave the Word, to go on where we left (that is, Drinking:) The She Harper alſo added not a little to our Midnight Revel.

At laſt bolted in a ſhameleſs Raſcal, one of no Grace either in Words or Geſture, and truly worthy of the Houſe where he was; he alſo ſet up his noice, 'till apiſhly compoſing himſelf, as if he intended ſomewhat to the Company, he mouth'd out theſe Verſes;

O Yes! Now Tumblers with your wanton Tricks,
Make haſt, move your Legs quick, make the (Ground drum;
With wanton Arms, ſoft Thighs, and active Hips,
The Old, the Tender, and the ſweetly Young.

Having

Having done with his Poetry, he ſmear'd my Lips with a naſty Kiſs; then getting on our Bed, tugg'd ſtoutly to have turn'd up our Night-Gowns: Long and hard he kept goring at me, but all to no purpoſe. Great drops of Paint hung like Gum on his Forehead, and came trickling down the wrinkles of his Cheeks like Rain on a naked Wall. Nor could I forbear Tears any longer, but being brought to the laſt extremity, I beſeech you Madam, quoth I, ſure you have commanded to have us ſtifled with Kiſſes.

When gently clapping her Hands together, O Man of Wit, ſaid ſhe, and very original of pleaſant Railery! what, don't you know a Pathick is ever a drivelling Kiſſer? And therefore that my Companion might not ſcape better than my ſelf, By your Integrity, Madam, quoth I, does *Aſcyltos* alone keep Holy-day among us.

Is it ſo, ſaid ſhe, even let him have his ſhare too: And therewith the Raſcal chang'd his Horſe, and turning off to *Aſcyltos*, almoſt bray'd him to pieces with kiſſing and bobbing him. *Gi-*

to

to ſtood laughing all the while, 'till he had well-nigh ſplit himſelf; which *Quartilla* perceiving, diligently enquired whoſe Boy he was, and I telling her he was my Comrade, why then, ſaid ſhe, has he not kiſt me? and ſo calling him to her, fell at it roundly; and making a flouriſh with his Quarter-Pike, this, quoth ſhe, may do well enough for a Fore-Skirmiſh, and get me an appetite to morrow; but having made ſo full a Meal already, it is not my way to put a Churle upon a Gentleman. With that *Pſyche* came tittering to her, and having whiſpered I know not what in her Ear, Thou art in the right, quoth *Quartilla*, 'twas well thought on; and ſince we have ſo fine an opportunity, why ſhould not our *Pannychis* loſe her Maidenhead? And forthwith was brought in a pretty young Girl, that ſeem'd not to be above Seven Years of Age, and was the ſame that firſt came into our Room with *Quartilla*: All approv'd it with a general Clap, and next deſiring it, a Wedding was ſtruck up between the Boy and her. For my part I ſtood amaz'd, and aſſur'd them, That neither *Gito*, a baſhful Lad, was able for the drudgery,

drudgery, nor the Girl of years to receive it. Is that all, quoth *Quartilla*? Is ſhe leſs than I was when I firſt entred on't? A Pox on my *Nanny* if I remember I ever was a Maid; for when I was yet a little one, I went to Creep-Mouſe with little Boys; and as I grew in Years, I put forwards to bigger, 'till I came to the age you ſee; and truly I think hence came the Proverb:

She'll bare him a Bull that bore him a Calf.

Leaſt therefore my Comrade might run a greater hazard, I got up to the Wedding.

And now *Pſyche* put a flame-colour Veil on the Girles Head; the Pathick led before with a Flamboe, and a long Train of drunken Women, fell a ſhouting, and dreſt up the Bride-Chamber; *Quartilla* all a-gog as the reſt, took hold of *Gito*, and dragg'd him in with her: But truly the Boy made no reſiſtance; nor ſeem'd the Girl frighted at the name of Matrimony. When therefore they were lockt up, we ſat without, before the Threſhold of the Chamber; and *Quartilla* having waggiſhly ſlit a Chink thro' the Door, as wantonly laid

an

an Ape's Eye to it; nor content with that, pluck't me alſo to ſee that Childs play, and when we were not peeping, would turn her Lips to me, and ſteal a Kiſs.

The Jade's fulſomneſs had ſo tir'd me that I began to deviſe which way to get off. I told *Aſcyltos* my mind, and he was well pleaſed with it, for he was as willing to get rid of his torment, *Pſyche:* Nor was it hard to be done, if *Gito* had not been lockt up in the Chamber; for we were reſolved to take him with us, and not leave him to the mercy of a Bawdy-houſe. While we were contriving how to effect it, it ſo happened that *Pannychis* fell out of Bed, and drew *Gito* after her, without any hurt, though the Girl got a ſmall Knock in the fall, and therewith made ſuch a Cry, that *Quartilla*, all in a fright, ran headlong in, and gave us the opportunity of getting off, and taking the Boy with us; when without more ado, we flew to our Inn, and getting to Bed, paſt the reſt of the Night without fear.

But going out the next day, whom ſhould we meet but two of thoſe Fellows that robb'd us of the Mantle, which *Aſcyltos*

tos perceiving, he briskly attack'd one of them, and having diſarm'd and deſparately wounded him, came in to my relief; who was preſſing hard upon the other, but he behav'd himſelf ſo well, that he wounded us both, altho' but ſlightly, and got off himſelf without ſo much as a Scratch.

And now came the third day, that is the expectation of an Entertainment at *Trimalchio*'s, where every one might ſpeak what he would: But having received ſome Wounds, we thought flight might be of more uſe to us than ſitting ſtill: We got to our Inn therefore, as faſt as we could, and our Wounds not being great, cured them as we lay in Bed, with Wine and Oyl.

But the Rogue whom *Aſcyltos* had hewn down, lay in the Street, and we were in fear of being diſcovered, while therefore we were penſively conſidering which way to avoid the impending Storm, a Servant of *Agamemnon*'s interrupted our fears: And do not ye know, ſaid he, with whom we eat to day? *Trimalchio*, a trim finical Humoriſt has a Clock in his Dining-Room, and one on purpoſe to let him know how many Minutes of his Life he had loſt.

loſt. We therefore dreſt our ſelves carefully, and *Gito* willingly taking upon him the part of a Servant, as he had hither to done, we bad him put our things together, and follow us to the Bath.

Being in the mean time got ready, we walk'd we knew not where, or rather having a mind to divert us, ſtruck into a Tennis-Court, where we ſaw an old Bald-pated Fellow in a Carnation-colour'd Coat, playing at Ball with a company of Boys; nor was it ſo much the Boys, tho' it was worth our while, that engaged us to be lookers on as the Maſter of the Houſe himſelf in Pumps, who altogether toſſed the Ball, and never ſtruck it after it once came to the Ground, but had a Servant by him with a Bag full of them, and enough for all that play'd.

We obſerved alſo ſeveral new things; for in the Gallery ſtood two Eunuchs, one of whom held a Silver Chamber-pot, the other counted the Balls, not thoſe they kept toſſing, but ſuch as fell to the Ground. While we admir'd the Humour, one *Menelaus* came up to us, and told us we were come where we muſt ſet up for the Night, and that we had

ſeen the beginning of our Entertainment. As he was yet talking, *Trimalchio* ſnapp'd his Fingers, at which ſign the Eunuch held the Chamber-pot to him as he was playing; then calling for Water, he dipped the tips of his Fingers in it, and dry'd them on the Boys Head. 'Twould be too long to recount every thing: We went into the Hot-houſe, and having ſweated a little, into the Cold Bath; and while *Trimalchio* was anointed from Head to Foot with a liquid Perfume, and rubb'd clean again, not with Linnen but the fineſt Flannen, his Three Chyrurgeons ply'd the Muſcadine, but brawling over their Cups; *Trimalchio* ſaid it was his turn to drink; then wrapt in a Scarlet Mantle, he was laid on a Litter born by Six Servants, with Four Lacqu'eys in rich Liveries running before him, and by his ſide a Sedan, in which was carried his Darling, a ſtale bleer-eyed Catamite, more Ill-favoured than his Maſter *Tremalchio*; who as they went on, kept cloſe to his Ear with a Flagellet, as if he had whiſpered him, and made him muſick all the way. Wondering, we followed, and, with *Agamemnon*, came to the Gate, on which hung a Tablet with this this Inſcription: WHAT

WHAT EVER SERVANT GOES FORTH WITHOUT HIS MASTER'S COMMAND, HE SHALL RECEIVE AN HUNDRED STRIPES.

In the Porch ſtood the Porter in a Green Livery, girt about with a Cherry-coloured Girdle, garbling of Peaſe in a Silver Charger; and over head hung a Golden Cage with a Magpye in it, which gave us an All Hail as we entred: But while I was gaping at theſe things, I had like to have broken my Neck backward, for on the left hand, not far from the Porter's Lodge, there was a great Dog in a Chain painted on the Wall, and over him written in Capital Letters, BEWARE THE DOG. My Companions could not forbear laughing; but I recollecting my Spirits, purſued my deſign of going to the end of the Wall; it was the draught of a Market-place where Slaves were bought and ſold with Bills over them: There was alſo *Trimalchio* with a white Staff in his Hand, and *Minerva* with a Train after her entring *Rome*: Then having learnt how to caſt Accompt, he was made Auditor; all exquiſitely painted with their

proper Titles; and at the end of the Gallery *Mercury* lifting him by the Chin, and placing him on a Judgment-Seat. Fortune ſtood by him with a *Cornucopia*, and the Three fatal Siſters winding a Golden Thread.

I obſerved alſo in the ſame place a Troop of Light-horſemen, with their Commander Exerciſing them; as alſo a large Armory, in one of the Angles of which ſtood a Shrine with the Gods of the Houſe in Silver, a Marble Statue of *Venus*, and a large Golden Box, in which it was ſaid he kept the firſt Shavings of his Beard. Then asking the Servant that had the charge of theſe things, What Pictures thoſe were in the middle? The *Iliads* and the *Odyſſes*, ſaid he, and on the left hand two ſpectacles of Sword-playing. We could not beſtow much time on it, for by this time we were come to the Dining-Room, in the entry of which ſate his Steward, taking every ones Account: But what I moſt admir'd, were thoſe bundles of Rods, with their Axes, that were faſtned to the ſides of the Door, and ſtood, as it were, on the Brazen Prow of a Ship, on which was written,

TO CAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO OF PRÆTORIAN DIGNITY; CINNAMUS THE STEWARD.

Under the ſame Title alſo, hung a Lamp of two Lights from the Roof of the Room, and two Tablets on either ſide of the Door; of which one, if I well remember, had this Inſcription,

THE THIRD AND SECOND OF THE KALENDS OF JANUARY, OUR PATRON CAIUS EATS ABROAD.

On the other was repreſented the Courſe of the Moon, and the ſeven Stars; and what Days were Lucky, what Unlucky, with an Emboſs'd Studd to diſtinguiſh the one from the other.

Full of this Senſuality we were now entring the Room, where one of his Boys, ſet there for that purpoſe, call'd aloud to us, ADVANCE ORDERLY. Nor is it to be doubted, but we were ſomewhat concern'd for fear of breaking the Orders of the place. But while we were footing it accordingly, a Ser-

vant ſtript off his Livery, fell at our Feet, and beſought us to ſave him a Whipping; for he ſaid his Fault was no great matter, but that ſome Cloaths of the Stewards had been ſtoln from him in the *Bath*, and all of them not worth Eighteen-pence.

We returned therefore in good Order, and finding the Steward in the Counting-Houſe telling ſome Gold, beſought him to remit the Servant's puniſhment: When putting on an haughty Face, It is not, ſaid he, the loſs of the thing troubles me, but the Negligence of a careleſs Raſcal. He has loſt me the Garments I ſate at Table in, and which a Client of mine preſented me on my Birth-day; no Man can deny them to be right Purple, tho' not double Dye; yet whatever it be, I grant your Requeſt.

Having receiv'd ſo great a Favour, as we were entring the Dining-Room, the Servant for whom we had been Suitors, met us, and kiſſing us, who ſtood wondring what the Humour meant, over and over gave us thanks for our Civility; and in ſhort, told us we ſhould know by and by, whom it was we had oblig'd: The Wine which our Maſter keeps for his own drinking, is the Waiters kindneſs.

At

At length we ſate down, when a bigger and ſprucer ſort of Boys coming about us, ſome of them poured Snow-water on our Heads, and others par'd the Nails of our Feet, with a mighty dexterity, and that not ſilently, but Singing as it were by the bye: I reſolved to try if the whole Family Sang; and therefore called for Drink, which one of the Boys as readily brought me with an odd kind of Tune; and the ſame did every one as you asked for any thing: You'd have taken it for a Morris-dancers Hall, not the Table of a Perſon of Quality.

Then came in a ſumptuous Antepaſt; for we were all ſeated, but only *Trimalchio*, for whom, after a new faſhion, the chief Place was reſerv'd. Beſides that, as a part of the Entertainment, there was ſet by us a large Veſſel of Metheglin, with a Pannier, in the one part of which were white Olives, in the other black; two broad Platters covered the Veſſel, on the brims of which were Engraven *Trimalchio*'s Name, and the weight of the Silver, with little Bridges ſoldered together, and on them Dormice, ſtrew'd over with Honey and Poppy: There were

alſo piping-hot Sauſages on a Silver Gridiron, and under that large Damſons, with the Kernels of Pomegranats.

In this Condition were we when *Trimalchio* himſelf was waddled into the Conſort; and being cloſe bolſter'd with Neck-cloaths and Pillows to keep off the Air, we could not forbear laughing unawares: For his bald Pate peep'd out of a Scarlet Mantle, and over the load of Cloaths he lay under, there hung an Embroidered Towel, with Purple Taſſels and Fringes dingle dangle about it: He had alſo on the little Finger of his left Hand, a large Gilt Ring, and on the outmoſt Joint of the Finger next it, one leſſer, which I took for all Gold; but at laſt it appeared to be Jointed together with a kind of Stars of Steel: And that we might ſee theſe were not all his Bravery, he ſtripp'd his right Arm, on which he wore a Golden Bracelet, and an Ivory Circle, bound together with a glittering Locket, and a Meddal at the end of it: Then picking his Teeth with a Silver Pin, I had not, my Friends, ſaid he, any inclination to have come among you ſo ſoon, but fearing my abſence might make you wait too long, I deny'd my ſelf my

own

own ſatisfaction; however ſuffer me to make an end of my Game: There followed him a Boy with an Inlaid Table and Chriſtal Dice; and I took notice of one thing more pleaſant than the reſt; for inſtead of black and white Counters, his were all Silver and Gold pieces of Money.

In the mean time while he was ſquandring his Heap at Play, and we were yet picking a Reliſh here and there, a Cupboard was brought in with a Basket, in which was a Hen Carved in Wood, her Wings lying round and hollow, as ſitting on Brood; when preſently the Conſort ſtruck up, and two Servants fell a ſearching the Straw under her, and taking out ſome Peahens Eggs, diſtributed them among the Company: At this *Trimalchio* changing Countenance, I commanded my Friends, ſaid he, the Hen to be ſet with Peahens Eggs; and ſo help me *Hercules*, am affraid they may be half Hatcht: however we'll try if they are yet Suppable.

The thing we received was a kind of Shell of at leaſt Six Pound weight, made of Paſte, and moulded into the Figure of an Egg, which we eaſily broke; and for my part, I was like to have thrown away

way my ſhare; for it ſeemed to me to have a Chick in it; till hearing an old Gueſt of the Tables ſaying, It was ſome good Bit or other, I ſearched further into it, and found a delicate fat Wheatear in the middle of a well-pepper'd Yolk: On this *Trimalchio* ſtopped his Play for a while, and requiring the like for himſelf, proclaim'd, If any of us would have any more Metheglin, he was at liberty to take it; when of a ſudden the Muſick gave the Sign, and the firſt Courſe was ſcrambled away by a Company of Singers and Dancers; but in the Ruſtle it happening that a Diſh fell on the Floor, a Boy took it up, and *Trimalchio* taking notice of it, pluck'd him by the Ears, and commanded him to throw it down again; on which the Groom of the Chamber came with a Broom and ſwept away the Silver Diſh, with whatever elſe had fallen from the Table.

When preſently came in two long-hair'd Blacks, with ſmall Leather Bottles, ſuch as with which they ſtrew Sand on the Stage, and gave us Wine to waſh our Hands, but no one offered us Water. We all admiring the Finicalneſs of the Entertainment, *Mars*, ſaid he, is a lover

lover of Juſtice, and therefore let every one have a Table to himſelf, for having more Elbow-room; theſe naſty ſtinking Boys will be leſs troubleſome to us; and thereupon large double-Ear'd Veſſels of Glaſs cloſe Plaiſtered over, were brought up with Labels about their Necks, upon which was this Inſcription:

OPIMIAN MUSCADINE OF AN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

While we were reading the Titles, *Trimalchio* clapped his Hands, and Alas, alas, ſaid he, that Wine ſhould live longer than Man! Wine is Life, and we'll try if it has held good ever ſince the Conſulſhip of *Lucius Opimius*, or not: 'Tis right *Opimian*, and therefore make ready; I brought not out ſo good Yeſterday, yet there were Perſons of better Quality Sup'd with me.

We drank and admired every thing, when in came a Servant with a Silver Puppet, ſo Jointed and put together, that it turned every way; and being more than once thrown upon the Table, caſt it ſelf into ſeveral Figures; on which *Trimalchio* came out with his Poetry:

Unhap-

Unhappy Mortals, on how fine a Thread
Our Lives depend! How like this Puppet Man,
Shall we, alas! be all when we are dead!
Therefore let's live Merrily while we can.

The Applauſe we gave him, was followed with a Service, but reſpecting the place not ſo conſiderable as might have been expected: However, the Novelty of the thing drew every Man's Eye, upon it; it was a large Charger, with the twelve Signs round it; upon every one of which the Maſter Cook had laid ſomewhat or other ſuitable to the Sign: Upon *Aries*, Chick-Peaſe, (a Pulſe not unlike a Rams-head) upon *Taurus* a piece of Beef; upon *Gemini* a pair of Pendulums and Kidneys: upon *Cancer* a Coronet; upon *Leo* an *African* Figg; upon *Virgo* a well-grown Boy; upon *Libra* a pair of Scales, in one of which was a Tart, in the other a Cuſtard: upon *Scorpio* a Pilchard; upon *Sagittary* a Grey-hound; upon *Capricorn* a Lobſter; upon *Aquarius* a Gooſe; upon *Piſces* two Mullets, and in the middle a Plat of Herbs, cut out like a green Turf, and over them an Honey-comb. During this, a leſſer Black

Black carry'd about Bread in a Silver Oven, and with a hideous Voice, forced a Bawdy Song from a Buffoon that ſtunk like *Aſſa Fætida.*

When *Trimalchio* perceived we look'd ſomewhat awkardly on ſuch courſe Fare, Come, come, ſaid he, fall to and Eat, this is the Cuſtom of the place.

Nor had he ſooner ſaid it, then the fourth Conſort ſtruck up; at which the Waiters fell a Dancing, and took off the upper part of the Charger, under which was a Diſh of cramm'd Fowl, and the hinder Paps of a Sow that had Farrowed but a day before, well Powdered, and in the middle a Hare, ſtuck in with Finns of Fiſh in his ſide, that he look'd like a Flying Horſe; and on the ſides of the Fiſh four little Images, that ſpouted a reliſhing Sauce on ſome Fiſh that lay near them, all of them brought from the River *Euripus.*

We alſo ſeconded the Shout begun by the Family, and fell merrily aboard this; and *Trimalchio* no leſs pleas'd than our ſelves, cryed *Cut*; at which the Muſick ſounding again, the Carver humour'd it, and cut up the Meat with ſuch Antick Poſtures, you'd have thought him a Car-man fighting to an Organ.

Never-

Nevertheleſs *Trimalchio* in a lower Note, cryed out again *Cut*: I hearing the word ſo often repeated, ſuſpecting there might be ſome Joke in it, was not aſhamed to ask him that ſat next above me, what it meant? And he that had been often preſent at the like, You ſee, ſaid he, him that Carves about, his Name is *Cutter*; and as often as he ſays *Cut*, he both Calls and Commands.

The Humour ſpoiled my Stomach for eating; but turning to him that I might learn more, I made ſome pleaſant Diſcourſe to him at a diſtance; and at laſt asked him what that Woman was that ſo often ſcutled up and down the Room.

It is, ſaid he, *Trimalchio*'s Wife, her Name *Fortunata*, ſhe meaſures Money by the Buſhel; but what was ſhe not long ſince? Pardon me Sir, you would not have touch'd her with a pair of Tongs, but now, no one knows how or wherefore, ſhe's got into Heaven; and is *Trimalchio*'s *all in all:* In ſhort, if ſhe ſays it is Mid-night at Mid-day, he'll believe her. He's ſo very Wealthy, he knows not what he has; but ſhe has an Eye every where; and when you leaſt

leaſt think to meet her, you'll have her: She's void of all Good Counſel, and withal of an ill Tongue; a very Pye at his Bolſter; whom ſhe Loves ſhe Loves; and whom ſhe does not Love, ſhe does not Love.

Then for *Trimalchio*, he has more Lands than a Crow can fly over; Monies upon Monies: There lies more Silver in his Porters Lodge, than any one Man's whole Eſtate. And for his Family, Hey-day, hey-day, there is not (ſo help me *Hercules*) one tenth of them that know their Maſter. In brief, there is not one of thoſe Fools about him, but he can turn him into a Cabbage-ſtalk. Nor is there any occaſion to Buy any thing, he has all at his own Door; Wooll, Marte, Pepper, nay Hens Milk; do but beat about and you'll find it. In a word, time was, his Wooll was none of the beſt, and therefore he bought Rams at *Tarentum* to mend this Breed; as in like manner he did by his Honey, by bringing his Bees from *Athens*. It is not long ſince but he ſent to the *Indies* for Muſhroom-Seed: Nor has he ſo much as a Mule that did not come of a Wild Aſs. See you all theſe Quilts? there is not one of them whoſe Wad-

Wadding is not the fineſt Comb'd Wooll of Violet or Scarlet Colour, Dy'd in Grain. O happy Man! but have a care how you put a ſlight on thoſe Freed Men, they are Rich Rogues: See you him that ſits at the lower-end of the Table, he has now the Lord knows what; and 'tis not long ſince he was not worth a Groat, and carried Billets and Faggots at his Back: It is ſaid, but I know nothing of it my ſelf, but as I have heard, either he got in with an old Hog-grubbler, or had to do with an *Incubus*, and found a Treaſure: For my part, I envy no Man, (if God gives any thing it is a Bit and a Blow, and wills no Evil to himſelf) he lately ſet up this Proclamation:

C. POMPEIUS DIOGENES HAS SOME LODGINGS TO LET, FOR HE HATH BOUGHT A HOUSE.

But what think you of him who ſits in the place of a late Slave? how well was he once? I do not upbraid him: He was once worth a Hundred Thouſand *Seſterſtias*, but has not now a Hair of his Head that is not Engaged; nor, ſo

ſo help me *Hercules*, is it his own fault: There is not a better humour'd Man than himſelf; but thoſe Raſcally Freedmen have cheated him of all: For know, when the Pot boyls, and a Man's Eſtate declines, farewel Friends. And what Trade do you think he drove? He had the ſetting forth of Grave Men's Funerals; and with that Eat like a Prince: He had his Wild Boars ſerved up covered; Paſtry-Meats, Fowl-Cooks, Bakers: More Wine was thrown under his Table, than moſt Men have in their Cellars; a meer Phantaſm: And when his Eſtate was going, and he fear'd his Creditors might fall upon him, he made an *Auction* under this Title:

JULIUS PROCULUS WILL MAKE AN AUCTION OF SEVERAL GOODS HE HAS NO USE OF.

The Diſh was by this time taken away, and the Gueſts grown merry with Wine, began to talk of what was done abroad, when *Trimalchio* broke the Diſcourſe; and leaning on his Elbow, this Wine, ſaid he, is worth drinking, and Fiſh muſt ſwim; but do you think I

am ſatisfied with that part of your Supper you ſaw in the Charger? Is *Ulyſſes* no better known? what then; we ought to exerciſe our Brains as well as our Chaps; and ſhew, that we are not only lovers of Learning, but underſtand it: Peace reſt my old Tutor's Bones who made me a Man amongſt Men: No Man can tell me any thing that is New to me; for, like him, I am Maſter of the Practicks.

This Heaven that's inhabited by twelve Gods, turns it ſelf into as many Figures; and now 'tis *Aries:* He that's born under that Sign has much Cattle, much Wooll, and to that a Jolt-head, a Brazen-face, and will be certainly a Cuckold: There are many Scholars, Advocates, and Horned Beaſts, come into the World under this Sign. We praiſed our Nativity-caſter's pleaſantneſs, and he went on then again: The whole Heaven is *Taurus*, and wonder it e'er bore Foot-ball-Players, Herds-men, and ſuch as can ſhift for themſelves. Under *Gemini* are foaled Coach-Horſes, Oxen calved, great Baubles, and ſuch as can claw both ſides, are born. I was born my ſelf under *Cancer*, and therefore ſtand on many Feet, as having large Poſſeſſions both

both by Sea and Land. For *Cancer*, ſuits one as well as the other, and therefore I put nothing upon him, that I might not preſs my own Geniture. Under *Leo*, Spendthrifts and Bullies: under *Virgo*, Women, Runagates, and ſuch as wear Iron Garters: under *Libra*, Butchers, Slip-ſlop-makers, and Men of Buſineſs: under *Scorpio*, Empoiſoners and Cut-throats: under *Sagittary*, ſuch as are Goggle-ey'd, Herb-women, and Bacon-ſtealers: under *Capricorn*, poor helpleſs Raſcals, to whom yet Nature intended Horns to defend themſelves: under *Aquarius*, Cooks and Paunch-bellies: under *Piſces*, Caterers and Orators: And ſo the World goes round like a Mill, and is never without its Miſchief; that Men be either born or periſh. But for that tuft of Herbs in the middle, and the Honey-comb upon it, I do nothing without juſt reaſon for it: Our Mother the Earth is in the middle, made round like an Egg, and has all good things in her ſelf, like a Honey-comb.

Moſt Learnedly, we all cry'd; and lifting our hands, ſwore, neither *Hipparchus* nor *Aratus* were to be compared to him; till at laſt other Servants

came in and ſpread Coverlets on the Beds, on which were Painted Nets, Men in Ambuſh with Hunting-Poles, and whatever appertained to Hunting: Nor could we yet tell what to make of it; when we heard a great cry without, and a pack of Beagles came and ran round the Table, and after them a large Trey, on which was a Boar of the firſt Magnitude, with a Cap on his Head, (ſuch as Slaves at their making Free, had ſet on theirs in token of Liberties) on his Tusks hung two Wicker Baskets, the one full of Dates, the other of Almonds; and about him lay little Pigs of Marchpane, as if they were ſucking: They ſignified a Sow had Farrowed, and hang there as Preſents for the Gueſts to carry away with them.

To the cutting up this Boar, here came not he that had carried about the Fowl as before, but a ſwinging Fellow with a two-handed Beard, Buskins on his Leggs, and a ſhort Embroidered Coat; who drawing his Wood-Knife, made a large hole in the Boar's Side, out of which flew a company of Blackbirds: Then Fowlers ſtood ready with their Engines and caught them in a trice as they fluttered about the Room:

On

On which, *Trimalchio* ordering to every Man his Bird, See, ſaid he, what kind of Acorns this Wild Boar fed on: When preſently the Boys took off the Baskets and diſtributed the Dates and Almonds among the Gueſts.

In the mean time, I, who had private thoughts of my own, was much concerned, to know why the Boar was brought in with a Cap upon his Head; and therefore having run out my Tittle-tattle, I told my Interpreter what troubled me: To which he anſwered, Your Boy can even tell ye what it means, for there's no Riddle in it, but all as clear as Day. This Boar ſtood the laſt of Yeſter-nights Supper, and diſmiſs'd by the Gueſts, returns now as a Free-man among us. I curſt my dulneſs, and asked him no more Queſtions, that I might not be thought to have never eaten before with Men of Senſe.

While we were yet talking, in came a handſome Boy with a Wreath of Vine Leaves and Ivy about his Head; declaring himſelf one while *Bromius*, another while *Lyccus*, and another *Euhyus*, (ſeveral Names of *Bacchus*) he carried about a Server of Grapes, and with a clear Voice, repeated ſome of his Ma-

ſter's Poetry, at which *Trimalchio* turning to him, *Dionyſius*, ſaid he, be thou *Liber*, (i. e.) *Free*, (two other Names of *Bacchus*) whereupon the Boy took the Cap from off the Boar's Head, and putting it on his own, *Trimalchio* added, you will not deny me but I have a Father, *Liber*. We all praiſed the conceit, and ſoundly kiſſed the Boy as he went round us.

From this up roſe *Trimalchio*, and went to the Cloſe-Stool; we alſo being at liberty, without a Tyrant over us, fell to ſome Table-talk.

When preſently one calling for a Bumper, the Day, ſaid he, is nothing, 'tis night e'er the Scene turn, and therefore nothing is better than to go ſtreight from Bed to Board. We have had a great deal of Froſt, the *Bagnio* has ſcarce heated me; but a warm drinking is my Wardrobe-keeper: For my part, I have ſpun this days Thread; the Wine is got into my Noddle, and I am down-right—

Selucus went on with the reſt, and I, ſaid he, do not bathe every day, for he where I uſe to bathe is a Fuller: Cold Water has Teeth in it, and my Head grows every day more waſhy than other; but when I have got my Doſe in my Guts,

Guts, I bid defiance to Cold: Nor could I well do it to day, for I was at a Funeral, a jolly Companion, and a good Man was he, *Cryſanthus* has breathed his laſt: 'Tis not long ſince we were together, and methinks I talk with him now. Alas, alaſs! we are but blown Bladders, leſs than Flies, yet they have ſomewhat in them: But we are meer Bubbles. You'll ſay he would not be rul'd; not a drop of Water, or Crumb of Bread went down his Throat in five Days: And yet he's gone, or that *he died of the Doctor*. But I am of opinion his time was come; for a Phyſitian is a great Comfort. However, he was well carried out of his Houſe upon a rich Bed, and mightily lamented, he made ſome of his Servants Free; but his Wife ſeem'd not much concerned for him. You'l ſay again he was not kind to her; but Women are a kind of Kites; whatever good is done them, 'tis the ſame as if it were thrown in a Well; and old Love is as bad as a Goal.

At this *Philaos* grew troubleſome, and cryed out, Let us remember the Living: He had what was due to him; as he liv'd ſo he dy'd; and what has he now that any Man moans the want

of? He came from nothing, and to his dying-day would have taken a Farthing from a Dunghil with his Teeth; therefore as he grew up, he grew like a Honey-comb. He dy'd worth the Lord knows what, all ready Money. But to the Matter; I have eaten a Dog's Tongue and dare ſpeak truth: He had a foul Mouth, was all Babble; a very Makebate, not a Man. His Brother was a brave Fellow, a Friend to his Friends, of an open hand, and kept a full Table: He did not order his Affairs ſo well at firſt as he might have done; but the firſt Vintage made him up again; for he ſold what Wine he would; and what kept up his Chin was the expectation of a Reverſion; the Credit of which brought him more than was left him; for his Brother taking a Pett at him, deviſed the Eſtate to I know not whoſe Baſtard: He flies far that flies his Relations. Beſides, this Brother of his had Whiſperers about him, that were back-friends to the other: but he ſhall never do right that is quick of belief, eſpecially in matter of buſineſs; and yet 'tis true, he'll be counted wiſe while he lives, to whom the thing whatever it be is given, not he that ought

ought to have had it. He was without doubt, one of *Fortune*'s Sons; Lead in his hand would turn to Gold, and without trouble too, where there are not Rubbs in the way. And how many Years think ye he liv'd? Seventy-odd: but he was as hard as Horn, bore his Age well, and as black as a Crow.

I knew him ſome Years ago an Oilman, and to his laſt a good Womans Man; but withal ſuch a Miſer, that (ſo help me *Hercules*) I think he left not a Dogg in his Houſe. He was alſo a great Whore-maſter, and a *Jack* of all Trades; nor do I condemn him for't, for this was the only ſecret he kept to himſelf and carry'd with him.

Thus *Phileros* and *Gammedes*, as followeth: Ye talk of what concerns neither Heaven nor Earth, when in the mean time no Man regards what makes all Victuals ſo ſcarce: I could not (ſo help me *Hercules*) get a mouthful of Bread to day: and how? The drought continues: For my part, I have not fill'd my Belly this Twelvemonth: A plague on theſe Clerks of the Market, the Baker and they juggle together; Take no notice of me, I'll take no notice of thee; which make the poorer

ſort

ſort labour for nothing, while thoſe greater Jaw-bones make Feſtival every day. Oh that we had thoſe Lyons I now find here, when I came firſt out of *Aſia*, that had been to live: The inner part of *Sicily* had the like of them, but they ſo handled the Goblins, even *Jupiter* bore them no Good-will. I remember *Saſinius*, when I was a Boy, he liv'd by the Old Arch; you'd have taken him for Pepper-corn rather than a Man; where-ever he went the Earth parched under him; yet he was honeſt at bottom; one might depend on him; a Friend to his Friend, and whom you might boldly truſt in the dark. But how did he behave himſelf on the Bench? He toſſed every one like a Ball; made no Starch'd Speeches, but downright, as he were, doing himſelf what he would perſuade others: But in the Market his noiſe was like a Trumpet, without Sweating or Spueing. I fancy he had ſomewhat, I know not what, of the *Aſian* humour: then ſo ready to return a Salute, and call every one by his Name, as if he had been one of us. In his time Corn was as common as Loam; you might have bought more Bread for half a Farthing, than any

two

two could eat; but now the Eye of an Ox will coſt you twice as much: Alas! alas! we are every day worſe and worſe, and grow like a Cows Tail, downward: And why all this? We have a Clerk of the Market not worth three Figgs, and values more the getting of a Doit himſelf, than any of our Lives: 'Tis this makes him laugh in his ſleeve; for he gets more Money in a day than many an honeſt Man's whole Eſtate: I know now how he got the Eſtate he has; but if we had any thing of Men about us, he would not hug himſelf as he does; but now the People are grown to this paſs, that they are Lyons at home, and Foxes abroad: For my part, I have eaten up my Cloaths already, and if Corn holds at the rate it does, I ſhall be forc'd to ſell Houſe and all: For what will become of us, if neither Gods nor Men pity us? Let me never enjoy my Friends more, than I believe all this comes from Heaven; for no one thinks there is any ſuch thing; no one keeps a Faſt, or value *Jupiter* a hair, but ſhuts his Eyes and reckons what he is worth. Time was, when Matrons went barefoot with diſhevel'd Hair, pure Minds, and pray'd him to ſend Rain, and forth-

forthwith it rained Pitcher-fulls, or then or never, and every one was pleaſed: Now the Gods are no better than Mice; as they tread, their Feet are wrapt in Wooll; and becauſe we are not Superſtitious your Lands yield nothing.

More Civilly, I beſeech ye, ſaid *Echion* the Hundred-Conſtable; it is one while this way, and another while that, ſaid the Country-man when he loſt his ſpeckled Hogg: What is not to day may be to morrow; and thus is Life hurried about, ſo help me *Hercules*, a Country is ſaid not to be the better that it has many People in it, tho' ours at preſent labours under that difficulty, but it is no fault of hers: We muſt not be ſo Nice, Heaven is equally diſtant every where; were you in another place you'd ſay Hoggs walked here ready dreſs'd: And now I think on't, we ſhall have an excellent Show theſe Holy-days, a Fencing-Prize exhibited to the People; not of Slaves bought for that purpoſe, but moſt of them Freemen. Our Patron *Titus* has a large Soul, but a very Devil in his Drink, and cares not a ſtraw which ſide gets the better: I think I ſhould know him, for I belong to him; he's of a right breed

breed both by Father and Mother, no Mungril. They are well provided with Weapons, and will fight it out to the laſt: the Theatre will look like a Butchers Shambles, and he has wherewithal to do it; his Father left him a vaſt Sum, and let him make Ducks and Drakes with it never ſo much, the Eſtate will bear it, and he always carries the reputation of it. He has his Waggon Horſes, a Woman-Carter, and *Glyco*'s Steward, who was taken a-bed with his Miſtreſs; what a buſſle's here between Cuckolds and Cuckold-makers! But this *Glyco* a Money-Broker, condemned his Steward to fight with Beaſts; and what was that but to expoſe himſelf for another? where lay the Servant's Crime, who perhaps was oblig'd to do what he did: She rather deſerv'd to be brain'd, than the Bull that toſſed her; but he that cannot come at the Arſe, Thraſhes at the Pack-Saddle: yet how could *Glyco* expect *Hermogine*'s Daughter ſhould make a good End? ſhe'd have pared the Claws of a flying Kite; *A Snake does not bring forth a Halter*: *Glyco* might do what he would with his own; but it will be a Brand on him as long as he lives; nor can any thing but Hell blot

blot it out; however, every Man's faults are his own. I perceive now what Entertainment *Mammea* is like to give us; he'll be at Twopence Charges for me and my Company; which if he does, he will pull *Narbanus* clean out of favour; for you muſt know, he'll live at the full height; yet in truth what good has he done us? He gave us a company of pittiful Sword-players, but ſo old and decrepid, that had you blown on them, they'd have fallen of themſelves: I have ſeen many a better at a Funeral Pile; he would not be at the Charge of Lamps for them; you'd have taken them for Dunghil Cocks fighting in the dark; one was a downright Fool, and withal Gouty; another Crumpfooted, and a third half dead, and Hamſtrung: There was one of them a *Thracian*, that made a Figure, and kept up to the Rule of Fighting; but upon the whole matter, all of them were parted, and nothing came of this great block-headed Rabble, but a downright running away: And yet, ſaid he, I made ye a Show, and I clap my hands for Company; but caſt up the Account, I gave more than I received; one Hand rubs another. You *Agamemnon* ſeem

to

to tell me what would that troubleſome Fellow be at; becauſe you that can ſpeak, and do not, you are not of our Form, and therefore ridicule what poor Men ſay; tho', ſaving the repute of a Scholar, we know you are but a meer Fool. Where lies the matter then? let me perſwade you to take a walk in the Country, and ſee our Cottage, you'll find ſomewhat to eat; a Chicken, ſome Eggs, or the like: The Tempeſtuous Seaſon had like to have broke us all, yet we'll get enough to fill the Belly. Your Scholar, my Boy *Cicero*, is mightily improved, and if he lives, you'll have a Servant of him; he is prety forward already, and whatever ſpare time he has, never off a Bock: He's a witty Lad, well-featur'd, takes a thing without much ſtudy, tho' yet he be ſickly: I killed three of his Linnets the other day, and told him the Weaſels had eaten them; yet he found other things to play with, and has a pritty knack at Painting: He has a perfect averſion to *Greek*, but ſeems better inclined to *Latin*; tho' the Maſter he has now humours him in the other; nor can he be kept to one thing, but is ſtill craving more, and will not take pains with any.

any. There is alſo another of this ſort, not much troubled with Learning, but very diligent, and teaches more than he knows himſelf: He comes to our Houſe on Holidays, and whatever you give him he's contented; I therefore bought the Boy ſome Ruled Books, becauſe I will have him get a ſmattering in Accounts and the Law; it will be his own another day: He has Learning enough already, but if he takes back to it again, I deſign him for a Trade, a *Barber*, a *Parſon*, or a *Lawyer*, which nothing but the Devil can take from̃ him: How oft have I told him, Thou art (Sirrah) my firſt begotten, and believe thy Father, whatever thou learneſt 'tis all thy own: See there *Philero* the Lawyer, if he had not been a Scholar he might have ſtarved; but now ſee what Trinkums he has about his Neck, and dares Noſe *Narbanus*. Letters are a Treaſure, and a Trade never dies.

Thus, or the like, we were bandying it about, when *Trimalchio* return'd, and having wip'd the Slops from his Face, waſh'd his Hands, and in a very little time, Pardon me, my Friends, ſaid he, I have been coſtive for ſeveral days, and my Phyſicians were to ſeek about it,

it, when a Suppoſitory of Pomegranate Wine, with the Liquor of a Pine-tree and Vinegar relieved me; and now I hope my Belly may be aſhamed if it keep no better Order; for otherwiſe I have ſuch a rumbling in my Guts, you'd think an Ox bellowed; and therefore if any of you has a mind, he need not bluſh for the matter; there's not one of us born without ſome defect or other, and I think no torment greater than wanting the benefit of going to ſtool, which is the only thing even *Jupiter* himſelf cannot prevent: And do you laugh, *Fortunata*, you that break me ſo often of my ſleep by Nights; I never denyed any Man to do that in my Room might pleaſure himſelf, and *Phyſicians* will not allow us to keep any thing in our Bodies longer than we needs muſt; or if ye have any farther occaſion, every thing is ready in the next Room: Water, Chamber-pots, Cloſe-ſtools, or whatever elſe ye may need; believe me, this being hard-bound, if it get into the Head, diſturbs the whole Body; I have known many a Man loſt by it, when they have been ſo modeſt to themſelves as not to tell what they ailed.

We thank'd him for his freeneſs, and the Liberty he gave us, when yet to ſuppreſs our Laughter, we ſet the Glaſſes about again; nor did we yet know that in the midſt of ſuch dainties we were, as they ſay, to clamber another Hill; for the Cloth being again taken away, upon the next Muſick were brought in Three fat Hogs with Collars and Bells about their Necks; and he that had the charge of them told us, the one was Two Years old, the other Three, and the third full grown. I took it at firſt to have been a Company of Tumblers, and that the Hogs, as the manner is, were to have ſhewn us ſome Tricks in a Ring, 'till *Trimalchio* breaking my expectation, Which of them, ſaid he, will ye have for Supper? for Cocks, Pheaſants, and the like Trifles are but Country fare, but my Cooks have Coppers will boil a Calf whole; and therewith commanding a Cook to be called for, he prevented our Choice by ordering him to kill the largeſt, and with a loud Voice, asked him, Of what rank of Servants in that Houſe he was? to which he anſwering, Of the fortieth: Were you bought, ſaid the other, or born in my Houſe? Neither, ſaid

ſaid the Cook, but left you by *Panſa's* Teſtament. See then, ſaid *Trimalchio*, that you dreſs it as it ſhould be, or I'll ſend you to the Galleys. On which the Cook, advertiſed of his power, went into the Kitchin to mind his charge.

But *Trimalchio* turning to us with a pleaſanter look, asked us if the Wine pleaſed us, if not, ſaid he, I'll have it changed, and if it does, let me ſee it by your drinking: I thank the Gods I do not buy it, but have every thing that may get an Appetite growing on my own Grounds without the City, which no Man that I know but my ſelf has; and yet it has been taken for *Tarracino* and *Taranto*. I have a Project to joyn *Sicily* to my Lands on the Continent, that when I have a mind to go into *Africa*, I may ſail by my own Coaſts. But prithee *Agamemnon* tell me what *moot-point* was it you argued to day; for tho' I plead no Cauſes my ſelf, yet I have had a Share of Letters in my time; and that you may not think me ſick of them now, have three Libraries, the one Greek, the other two Latin; therefore as you love me tell me what was the State of the Queſtion: The Poor and the Rich are Ene-

mies, ſaid *Agamemnon*: And what is Poor, anſwered *Trimalchio*? Spoke like a Gentleman, replyed *Agamemnon*. But making nothing of the matter, If it be ſo, ſaid *Trimalchio*, where lies the Diſpute? and if it be not ſo, 'tis nothing.

While we all humm'd this and the like ſtuff, I beſeech ye, ſaid he, my dear *Agamemnon*, do you remember the Twelve Labours of *Hercules*, or the Story of *Ulyſſes*, how a *Cyclop* put his Thumb out of Joint with a Mawkin? I read ſuch things in *Homer* when I was a Boy; nay, ſaw my ſelf the *Sybil* of *Cuma* hanging in a Glaſs Bottle: And when the Boys asked her, *Sybil, what wouldſt thou?* She anſwered, *I would Die.*

He had not yet run to the end of the Rope, when an over-grown Hog was brought to the Table. We all wondered at the quickneſs of the thing, and ſwore a Capon could not be dreſs'd in the time; and that the more, becauſe this Hog ſeemed larger than was the Boar we had a little before: When *Trimalchio* looking more intent upon him, What, what, ſaid he, are not his Guts taken out? No, (ſo help me *Hercules*) they are not! Bring hither, bring hither this Rogue of a Cook. And when he ſtood hang-

hanging his Head before us, and ſaid, he was ſo much in haſte he forgot it. How, forgot it, cry'd out *Trimalchio*! Do ye think he has given it no Seaſoning of Pepper and Cummin? Strip him: When in a trice 'twas done, and himſelf ſet between two Tormentors: However, we all interceeded for him, as a fault that might now and then happen, and therefore beg'd his pardon; but if he ever did the like, there was no one would ſpeak for him; tho' for my part, I think he deſerved what he got: And ſo turning to *Agamemnon*'s Ear, This Fellow, ſaid I, muſt be a naughty Knave; could any one forget to Bowel a Hog? I would not (ſo help me *Hercules*) have forgiven him, if he had ſerved me ſo with a ſingle Fiſh. But *Trimalchio* it ſeems, had ſomewhat elſe in his Head; for falling a laughing, You, ſaid he, that have ſo ſhort a Memory, let's ſee if you can do it now. On which, the Cook having gotten his Coat again, took up a Knife, and with a feigned trembling, ripp'd up the Hogs Belly long and thwart, when immediately its own weight tumbled out a heap of Hogs-Puddings and Sauſages.

After this, as it had been done of it ſelf, the Family gave a Shout, and cry'd out, Health and Proſperity to *Caius*! The Cook alſo was preſented with Wine, a Silver Coronet, and a drinking Goblet, on a broad *Corinthian* Plate: which *Agamemnon* more narrowly viewing; I am, ſaid *Trimalchio*, the only Perſon that has the true *Corinthian* Veſſels.

I expected, that according to the reſt of his haughtineſs, he would have told us they had been brought him from *Corinth*: But he better: And perhaps, ſaid he, you'll ask me why I am the only Perſon that have them. And why, but the Copper-Smith from whom I buy them, is called *Corinthus*? and what is *Corinthian* but what is made by *Corinthus*? But that ye may not take me for a Man of no Sence, I underſtand well enough whence the word firſt came. When *Troy* was taken, *Hannibal*, a cunning Fellow, but withal miſchievous, made a Pile of all the Brazen, Gold and Silver Statues, and burnt them together, and thence came this mixt Metal; which Workmen afterwards carried off; and of this Maſs made Platters, Diſhes, and ſeveral other things;

ſo

ſo that theſe Veſſels are neither this nor that Metal, but made of all of them. Pardon me what I ſay; however others may be of another mind, I had rather have Glaſs Ware; and if it were not ſo ſubject to breaking, I'd reckon it before Gold; but now it is of no eſteem.

There was a Copper-Smith that made Glaſs Veſſels of that pliant hardneſs, that they were no more to be broken than Gold and Silver ones: It ſo happened, that having made a Drinking-pot, with a wide Mouth of that kind, but the fineſt Glaſs, fit for no Man, as he thought, leſs than *Cæſar* himſelf; he went with his Preſent to *Cæſar*, and had admittance: The kind of the Gift was praiſed, the hand of the Workman commended, and the deſign of the Giver accepted. He again, that he might turn the admiration of the beholders into aſtoniſhment, and work himſelf the more into the Emperor's favour, pray'd the Glaſs out of the Emperor's hand; and having received it, threw it with ſuch a force againſt the Paved Floor, that the moſt ſolid and firmeſt Metal could not but have received ſome hurt thereby. *Cæſar* alſo was no leſs amazed

at it, than concerned for it; but the other took up the Pot from the Ground, not broken but bulg'd a little; as if the ſubſtance of Metal had put on the likeneſs of a Glaſs; and therewith taking a Hammer out of his Pocket, he hammer'd it as it had been a Braſs Kettle, and beat out the Bruiſe: And now the Fellow thought himſelf in Heaven, in having, as he fanſied, gotten the acquaintance of *Cæſar*, and the admiration of all: But it fell out quite contrary: *Cæſar* asking him if any one knew how to make this Malleable Glaſs but himſelf? And he anſwering, there was not; the Emperor commanded his Head to be ſtruck off: For, ſaid he, if this Art were once known, Gold and Silver will be of no more eſteem than Dirt.

And for Silver, I more than ordinarily affect it: I have ſeveral Water-pots more or leſs, whereon is the Story how *Caſſandra* killed her Sons, and the dead Boys are ſo well Emboſſed, you'd think them real. I have alſo a drinking Cup left me by an Advocate of mine, where *Dædalus* puts *Niobe* into the *Trojan* Horſe, as alſo that other of *Hermerotes*; that they may ſtand as a Teſtimony, there's truth in Cups, and all this Maſſy;

Maſſy; nor will I part with what I underſtand of them at any rate.

While he was thus talking, a Cup dropt out of a Boy's hand; on which, *Trimalchio* looking over his Shoulder at him, bad him begone, and kill himſelf immediately; for, ſaid he, thou art careleſs and mind'ſt not what thou art about. The Boy hung his Lip, and beſought him; but he ſaid, What! doſt thou beſeech me, as if I required ſome difficult matter of thee? I only bid thee obtain this of thy ſelf, that thou be not careleſs again: But at laſt he diſcharged him upon our entreaty. On this the Boy run round the Table and cry'd, Water without doors, and Wine within. We all took the Jeſt, but more eſpecially *Agamemnon*, who knew on what account himſelf had been brought thither.

Trimalchio in the mean time hearing himſelf commended, drank on the merrier; and being within an Ace of quite out, Will none of you, ſaid he, invite my *Fortunata* to Dance? Believe me, there's no one leads a Country Dance better: And with that, toſſing his Hands round his Head, fell to act a *Jack-Pudding*; the Family all the while Singing,

Youth

Youth it ſelf, moſt exactly Youth it ſelf; and he had gotten into the middle of the Room, but that *Fortunata* whiſpered him, and I believe told him, ſuch Gambols did not become his Gravity: Nor was there any thing more uneven to it ſelf; for one while he turned to his *Fortunata*, and another while to his natural inclination: But what diſturbed the pleaſure of her Dancing, was his Notaries coming in; who, as they had been the Acts of a *Common-Council*, read aloud.

VII. of the *Calends* of *Auguſt* born in *Trimalchio*'s manner of *Cumanum*, Thirty Boys and Forty Girls, brought from the Threſhing-floor into the Granay, Five hundred thouſand Buſhels of Wheat. The ſame day broke out a Fire in a Pleaſure-Garden that was *Pompey*'s, firſt began in one of his Bayliffs Houſes.

How's this, ſaid *Trimalchio!* when were thoſe Gardens bought for me? The Year before, anſwered his Notary, and therefore not yet brought to Account.

At this *Trimalchio* fell into a Fume; And whatever Lands, ſaid he, ſhall be bought me hereafter, if I hear nothing of it in ſix Months, let them never, I charge

charge ye, be brought to any Account of mine. Then alſo were read the Orders of the Clerks of the Markets, and the Teſtaments of his Woodwards, Rangers, and Park-keepers, by which they diſinherited their Relations, and with ample praiſe of him, declare *Trimalchio* their Heir. Next that, the Names of his Bayliffs; and how one of them that made his Circuits in the Country, turned off his Wife for having taken her in Bed with a Barber; the Door-keeper of his Baths turn'd out of his Place; the Auditor found ſhort in his Accounts, and the Diſpute between the Grooms of his Chamber ended.

At laſt came in the Dancers on the Rope; and a gorbelly'd Blockhead ſtanding out with a Ladder, commanded his Boy to hopp every Round ſinging, and dance a Jigg on the top of it, and then tumble through burning Hoops of Iron, with a Glaſs in his Mouth. *Trimalchio* was the only Perſon that admir'd it, but withal ſaid, he did not like it; but there were two things he could willingly behold, and they were the Flyers on the high Rope, and Quails; and that all other Creatures and Shows were meer Gewgaws: For, ſaid he, I bought

bought once a Sett of *Stroulers*, and choſe rather to make them *Merry-Andrews* than *Comedians*; and commanded my Bag-piper to Sing in Latin to them.

While he was Chattering all at this rate, a Boy chanced to ſtumble upon him, on which the Family gave a Shriek, the ſame alſo did the Gueſts; not for ſuch a Beaſt of a Man, whoſe Neck they could willingly have ſeen broken, but for fear the Supper ſhould break up ill, and they be forc'd to wail the death of the Boy.

Whatever it were, *Trimalchio* gave a deep Groan; and leaning upon his Arm as if it had been hurt, the Phyſicians ran thick about him, and with the firſt, *Fortunata*, her Hair about her Ears, a Bottle of Wine in her Hand, ſtill howling, miſerable unfortunate Woman that ſhe was! Undone, undone.

The Boy on the other hand, ran under our Feet, and beſeeched us to procure him a Diſcharge: But I was much concern'd, leſt our Interpoſition might make an ill end of the matter; for the Cook that had forgotten to Bowel the Hog was ſtill in my thoughts. I began therefore to look about the Room, for fear ſomewhat or other might drop

drop through the Cieling; while the Servant that had bound up his Arm in white, not Scarlet-colour Flannen, was ſoundly beaten: Nor was I much out, for inſtead of another Courſe, came in an order of *Trimalchio*'s, by which he gave the Boy his Freedom; that it might not be ſaid, ſo Honourable a Perſon had been hurt by his Slave. We all commended the Action, but chatted among our ſelves with what little Conſideration the things of this World were done. You're in the right, ſaid *Trimalchio*; nor ought this Accident to paſs without Booking; and ſo calling for the Journal, commanded it to be Entred; and with, as little thought, tumbled out theſe Verſes:

What's leaſt expected falls into our Diſh,
And Fortune's more indulgent than our Wiſh:
Therefore, Boy, fill the generous Wine about.

This Epigram gave occaſion to talk of the Poets, and *Marſus* the *Trachian* carry'd the Bays a long while: till *Trimalchio* (turning to ſome Wit amongſt them) I beſeech ye, Maſter of nine, ſaid he, tell me what difference take ye between *Cicero* the Orator, and *Publius* the Poet?

Poet? for my part I think one was more Eloquent, the other the honeſter Man; for what could be ſaid better than this?

Now ſinking Rome *grows weak with Luxury,*
To pleaſe her appetite cram'd Peacocks die:
Their gaudy Plumes a modiſh Dreſs ſupply.
For her the Guinnea *Hen and Capon's dreſt:*
The Stork it ſelf for Rome's *luxurious Taſte,*
Muſt in a Caldron build its humbl'd Neſt.
That foreign, friendly, pious, long-leg'd thing,
Grateful, that with ſhrill-ſounding notes does ſing
All Winter's gone; yet uſhers in the Spring.
Why in one Ring muſt three rich Pearls be worn,
But that your Wives th' exhauſted Seas adorn,
Abroad t'increaſe their Luſt, at home their Scorn?
Why is the coſtly Emrald ſo deſir'd,
Or richer glittering Carbuncle admir'd,
Becauſe they ſparkle, is't with that you're fir'd?
Well, Honeſty's a Jewel. Now none knows
A modeſt Bride from a kept Whore by'er Cloaths;
For Cobweb Lawns both Spouſe & Wench expoſe.

But, now we talk after the rate of the Learned, which, ſaid he, are the moſt difficult Trades? I think a Phyſician and a Banker: A Phyſitian, becauſe he knows a Man's very heart, and when the

the Fits of an Ague will return; tho' by the way, I hate them mortally; for by their good will I ſhould have nothing but Slubber-ſlops: And a Banker, becauſe he'll find out a piece of Braſs Money, tho' plated with Silver.

There are alſo brute Beaſts, Sheep and Oxen, laborious in their kind: Oxen, to whom we are beholding for the Bread we eat: and Sheep, for the Wooll, that makes us ſo fine. But O horrid! we both eat the Mutton, and make us warm with the Fleece. I take the Bees for Divine Creatures; they give us Honey, tho' 'tis ſaid they ſtole it from *Jupiter*, and that's the reaſon why they Sting: For where-ever ye meet any thing that's ſweet, you'll ever find a Sting at the end of it.

He alſo excluded *Philoſophers* from buſineſs, while the Memoirs of the Family were carrying round the Table, and a Boy, ſet for that purpoſe, read aloud the Names of the Preſents, appointed for the Gueſts, to carry home with them. *Wicked Silver, what can it not!* Then a Gammon of Bacon was ſet on the Table, and above that ſeveral ſharp Sauces, a Night-Cap for himſelf, Pudding-Pies, and I know not what

what kind of Birds: There was alſo brought in a Rundlet of Wine, boiled off a third part, and kept under Ground to preſerve its ſtrength: There were alſo ſeveral other things I can give no account of; beſides Apples, Scallions, Peaches, a Whip, a Knife, and what had been ſent him; as Sparrows, a Flye-flap, Raiſons, Attick Honey, Night-Gowns, Judges Robes, dry'd Paſte, Table-Books, with a Pipe and a Foot-ſtool: After which came in an Hare and a Sole-Fiſh: And there was further ſent him a Lamprey, a Water-Rat, with a Frog at his Tail, and a bundle of Beets.

Long time we ſmiled at theſe, and five hundred the like, that have now ſlipt my Memory: But now when *Aſcyltos*, who could not moderate himſelf, held up his hands and laught at every thing; nay ſo downright, that he was ready to cry: A Free-man of *Trimalchio*'s that ſate next above me, grew hot upon't; And what, ſaid he, thou Sheep, what doſt thou laugh at? does not this Sumptuouſneſs of my Maſter pleaſe you? you're richer (forſooth) and eat better every day; ſo may the Guardian of the place favour me, as had I ſate near him, I'd hit him a Box on

on the Ear ere this: A hopeful Cullion, that mocks others; ſome pitiful Night-walker, not worth the very Urine he makes; and ſhould I throw mine on him, knows not where to dry himſelf. I am not (ſo help me *Hercules*) quickly angry, yet Worms are bred even in tender Fleſh. He laughs! what has he to laugh at? what Wooll did his Father give for the Bantling? Is he a *Roman* Knight? I am the Son of a King. How came I then, you'll ſay, to ſerve another? I did it of my ſelf, and had rather be a Citizen of *Rome*, than a Tributary King, and now hope to live ſo, as to be no Man's Jeaſt. I walk like other Men, with an open Face, and can ſhew my Head among the beſt, for I owe no Man a Groat: I never had an Action brought againſt me, or ſaid to me on the *Exchange*, Pay me what thou oweſt me. I bought ſome Acres in the Country, and have every thing ſuitable to it: I feed twenty mouths, beſides Dogs: I ranſomed my Bond-Woman, leſt another ſhould wipe his Hands on her Smock; and between our ſelves, ſhe coſt me more than I'll tell ye at preſent. I was made a Captain of Horſe *gratis*, and hope ſo to die, that I ſhall have no oc-

caſion to bluſh in my Grave: But art thou ſo prying into others, that thou never conſidereſt thy ſelf? Canſt thou ſpy a Louſe on another Man's Coat, and not ſee the Tyck on thy own? Your Maſter then is ancienter than your ſelf, and't pleaſe him; but yet thou, whoſe Milk is not yet out of thy Noſe; that can'ſt not ſay Boh to a Gooſe; muſt you be making Obſervations? Are you the wealthier Man? If you are, Dine twice, and Sup twice; for my part I value my Credit more than Treaſures: Upon the whole matter, where's the Man that ever dunn'd me twice? Thou Pipkin of a Man, more limber, but nothing better than a Strap of wet Leather, I have ſerved forty Years in this Houſe, came into it with my Hair full grown; this Palace was not then built, yet I made it my buſineſs to pleaſe my Maſter, a Perſon of Honour, the parings of whoſe Nails are more worth than thy whole Body. I met ſeveral rubs in my way, but by the help of my good Angel, I broke through them all: This is truth; it is as eaſie to make a Hunting-Horn of a Sow's Tail, as to get into this Company. What makes ye in a Dump now, like a Goat at a heap of Stones?

On

On this *Giton*, who ſtood behind him, burſt out a laughing; which the other taking notice of, fell upon the Boy; and, Do you, ſaid he, laugh too, you curl-pated chattering Magpye? O the *Saturnals!* why how now, Sirrah! is it the Month of *December?* When were you Twenty, I pray? What would this Collop dropt from the Gibbet, this Crows-meat, be at? I'll find ſome or other way for *Jupiter* to plague thee, and him that bred thee no better, or never let me eat a good Meals-meat again: I could, Sirrah, but for the Companies ſake, I ſpare thee; tho' either we underſtand not aright, or they are Sots themſelves, that carry no better a hand over thee; for without doubt it is true, *Like Maſter like Man.* I am hot by nature, and can ſcarce contain my ſelf; give me but a meſs of Peaſe-Porridge, and I care not two-pence for my Mother. Very well, I ſhall meet thee abroad, thou Mouſe; nay, rather Mole-Hill. May I never thrive more, but I'll drive that Maſter of thine into a blade of Rue; nor ſhalt thou (ſo help me *Hercules*) 'ſcape me, tho' thou couldſt call in *Jupiter* to thy aid: I ſhall off with thoſe Locks, and take thee when that trifling

Maſter of thine ſhall be out of the way; thou wilt certainly fall into my hands, and either I know not my ſelf, or I'll make thee leave that Buffoonry: Tho' thy Beard were of Gold, I'll have thee bruiſed in a Mortar, and him that firſt taught thee: I never ſtudied *Geometry*, *Criticiſm*, *and meer words without ſenſe*, but I underſtand the fitting of Stones for Buildings; can run you over a hundred things, as to Metal, Weight, Coin, and that to a tittle; if you have a mind you and I will try it between us: I'll lay thee a Wager, thou Wizard, and tho' I am wholly ignorant of *Rhetorick*, thou'lt preſently ſee thou haſt loſt: Let no one run about the Buſh to me; I come up to him: Reſolve me, I ſay, which of us runs, yet ſtirs not out of his place: which of us grows bigger, and yet is leſs. Do you ſcamper? can't you tell what to make of it, that you look ſo like a Mouſe in a Trap? Therefore either hold thy tongue, or don't provoke a better Man than thy ſelf, who does not think thee fram'd of Nature, unleſs thou fanſieſt me taken with thoſe yellow curl'd Locks, which thou haſt already vowed to ſome Whore or other. O lucky Opportunity! come, let's walk the

the *Exchange*, and ſee which of us can take up Money: You'll be ſatisfied then, this Iron has Credit upon't; a pretty thing, is it not! a drunken Fox. So may I gain while I live, and die well; but the People will brain me if I follow not that Coat on thy back, which is not for thy wearing, where-ever thou goeſt: He's a precious tool too, whoever he were, that taught thee; a piece of green Cheeſe, no Maſter. I have learn'd as well as another Man, and my Maſter ſaid it would be my own another day. Save your Worſhip! get home as faſt as you can, but look well about you, and have a care how you ſpeak irreverently of your betters, or vie Eſtates with them; he that does it, his Purſe ſhall feel it: For my ſelf, that you ſee me as I am, I thank my Stars for the Art I have.

Aſcyltos was making anſwer to his Railing; when *Trimalchio*, pleaſed with that good Grace of ſpeaking, Go to, ſaid he, no more of this wild talk, let us rather be pleaſant: And you *Hermeros*, bear with the Young-man, his Blood boils; be thou the ſoberer Man; he that is overcome in this matter, goes off Conqueror: Even thy ſelf, when

thou wert ſuch another Capon, hadſt nothing but *Coco*, *Coco*, and no heart at all. Let us therefore, which is the better of the two, be heartily Merry, and expect ſome admirers of *Homer*, that will be here preſently.

Nor were the words ſcarce out of his mouth, when in came a band of Men, and made a ruſtling with their Spears and Targets. *Trimalchio* leaned on his Pillow, the *Homeriſts* ratled out Greek Verſes, as, arrogantly enough, they were wont to do, and he read a Latin Book with a loud voice: whereupon Silence being made, Know ye, ſaid he, what Fable they were upon?

Diomedes and *Ganymede* were two Brothers, and *Helen* was their Siſter; *Agamemnon* ſtole him away, and ſhamm'd *Diana* with a Hind in his room, as ſays *Homer* in this place; and how the *Trojans* and the *Parentines* fought among themſelves; but at laſt he got the better of it, and married his Daughter *Iphigenia* to *Achilles*; on which *Ajax* run Mad. And there's an end of the Tale.

On this the *Homeriſts* ſet up a Shout, and a young boiled Heifer with an Helmet on her Head, was handed in upon

a

a mighty Charger: *Ajax* followed, and with a drawn Sword, as if he were mad, made at it, now in one place, then in another, ſtill acting a Morris-dancer; till having cut it into Joints, he took them upon the point of his Sword, and diſtributed them. Nor had we much time to admire the Conceit; for of a ſudden the Roof gave a crack, and the whole Room ſhook: For my part, I got on my feet, but all in confuſion, for fear ſome Tumbler might drop on my head; the ſame alſo were the reſt of the Gueſts; ſtill gaping and expecting what new thing ſhould come from the Clouds: when ſtraight the main Beams opened, and a vaſt Circle was let down, all round which hung Golden Garlands, and Alabaſter Pots of ſweet Ointments.

While we were required to take up theſe Preſents, I chanced to caſt an eye upon the Table, where there lay a freſh Service of Cheeſe-cakes and Tarts, and in the midſt of them a luſty Rundlet, ſtuck round with all ſorts of Apples and Grapes, as they commonly draw that Figure.

We greedily reached our Hands towards it, when of a ſudden, a new Diverſion gave us freſh Mirth; for all the

Cheeſe-cakes, Apples and Tarts, upon the leaſt touch, threw out a delicious liquid Perfume, which fell upon us.

We judging the Meſs to be Sacred, that was ſo gorgeouſly ſet out, ſtood up and began a Health to the *Auguſt Founder*, the *Father of his Country*: After which Reverence, falling to catch that catch could, we filled our Napkins, and I chiefly, who thought nothing too good for my Boy *Gito*.

During this, in came three Boys in White, their Coats tuck'd about them; of whom, two ſet on the Table three Houſhold Gods with Broaches about their Necks, and the other bearing round us a Goblet of Wine, cry'd aloud, Be the Gods Favourable! The Name of this, ſaid he, is *Cobler*, that other's *Good-luck*, and the third's *Spend-all*: And as the Image of *Trimalchio* was carryed round, and every one kiſs'd it, we thought it a ſhame not to do as the reſt of the Company.

After this, when all of us had wiſhed him Health and Happineſs, *Trimalchio* turning to *Niceros*, You were wont, ſaid he, to be a good Companion, but what's the matter we get not a word from ye now? Let me entreat ye, as you would ſee

ſee me Happy, do not break an old Cuſtom.

Niceros, pleaſed with the frankneſs of his Friend: Let me never thrive, ſaid he, if I am not ready to caper out of my Skin, to ſee you in ſo good a Humour; therefore what I ſay ſhall be all Mirth; tho' I am afraid thoſe Grave Fopps may laugh: but let them look to't, I'll go on nevertheleſs; for what am I the worſe for any ones Swearing? I had rather they laugh at what I ſay, than at my ſelf.

Thus when he ſpake——— he began this Tale——

While I was yet a Servant we liv'd in a narrow Lane, now the Houſe of *Gavilla:* There, as the Gods would have it, I fell in Love with *Tarentius*'s Wife; he kept an Eating-houſe. Ye all knew *Meliſſa Tarentina*, a pretty little Punching-block, and withal Beautiful; but (ſo help me *Hercules*) I minded her not ſo much for the matter of the point of that, as that ſhe was good-humour'd; if I asked her any thing, ſhe never deny'd me; and what Money I had, I truſted her with it; nor did ſhe ever fail me when I'd occaſion. It ſo happened, that a She-companion of hers had

had dy'd in the Country, and ſhe was gone thither; how to come at her I could not tell; *but a Friend is ſeen at a dead lift*; it alſo happened my Maſter was gone to *Capua* to diſpatch ſomewhat or other: I laid hold of the opportunity, and perſuaded mine Hoſt to take an Evenings Walk of four or five Miles out of Town, for he was a ſtout Fellow, and as bold as the Devil: The Moon ſhone as bright as Day, and about Cock-crowing we fell in with a Burying-place, and certain Monuments of the Dead: my Man loitered behind me a Star-gazing, and I ſitting expecting him, fell a Singing and numbring them; when looking round me, what ſhould I ſee but mine Hoſt ſtript ſtark-naked, and his Cloaths lying by the High-way-ſide. The ſight ſtruck me every where, and I ſtood as if I had been dead; but he Piſs'd round his Cloaths, and of a ſudden was turned to a Wolf: Don't think I Jeſt; I value no Man's Eſtate at that rate, as to tell a Lye. But as I was ſaying, after he was turned to a Wolf, he ſet up a Howl, and fled to the Woods. At firſt I knew not where I was, till going to take up his Cloaths, I found them alſo turn'd to Stone. A-

nother

nother Man would have dy'd for fear, but I drew my Sword, and ſlaying all the Ghoſts that came in my way, lighted at laſt on the place where my Miſtreſs was: I entred the firſt Door; my Eyes were ſunk in my Head, the Sweat ran off me by more ſtreams than one, and I was juſt breathing my laſt, without thought of recovery; when my *Meliſſa* coming up to me, began to wonder why I'd be walking ſo late; and if, ſaid ſhe, you had come a little ſooner, you might have done us a kindneſs; for a Wolf came into the Farm, and has made Butchers work enough among the Cattle; but tho' he got off, he has no reaſon to laugh, for a Servant of ours ran him through the Neck with a Pitch-fork. As ſoon as I had heard her, I could not hold open my Eyes any longer, and ran home by Day-light, like a Vintner whoſe Houſe had been robb'd: But coming by the place where the Cloaths were turned to Stone, I ſaw nothing but a Puddle of Blood; and when I got home, found mine Hoſt lying a-bed like an Oxe in his Stall, and a Chirurgeon dreſſing his Neck. I underſtood afterwards he was a Fellow that could change his Skin; but from

that

that day forward, could never eat a bit of Bread with him, no, if you'd have kill'd me. Let them that don't believe me, examine the truth of it; may your good Angels plague me as I tell ye a Lye.

The Company were all wondring, when, Saving what you have ſaid, quoth *Trimalchio*, if there be faith in Man, my Hair ſtands on end, becauſe I know *Niceros* is no Trifler; he's ſure of what he ſays, and not given to talking: Nay, I'll tell ye as horrible a thing my ſelf; but ſee there, what's that behind the Hangings?

When I was yet a long-hair'd Boy, for even then I liv'd a pleaſant Life, I had a Minion, and he dy'd: He was (ſo help me *Hercules*) a Pearl, a Paragon, nay Perfection it ſelf: But when the poor Mother lamented him, and we alſo were doing the ſame, ſome *Witches* got round the Houſe on a ſudden, you'd have taken them for *Hounds hunting a Hare*. We had then in the Houſe a *Cappadocian*, a tall Fellow, ſtout and hardy, that would not have ſtept an inch out of his way for *Jupiter*. He boldly drew his Sword, and wrapping his Coat about his left Arm, leaped out of the Houſe,

Houſe, and as it might be here, (no hurt to the thing I touch) ran a Woman clean through. We heard a pittiful Groan, but not to Lye, ſaw none of them. Our Champion came in and threw himſelf on a Bed, but all black and blue, as he had been thraſh'd with Flails; for it ſeems ſome ill Hand had touched him. We ſhut the Door, and went on with our Mourning; but the Mother taking her Son in her Arms, and ſtroaking him, found nothing but a Bolſter of Straw; it had neither Heart, Entrals, nor any thing, for *the Fairies* belike had *ſtollen him out of his Cradle, and left that of Straw inſtead of him.* Give me Credit, I beſeech ye, *Women are craftier than we are, play their Tricks by Night, and turn every thing Topſy-turvy.* After this our tall Fellow never came to his Colour again, but in a few days died Raving-mad.

We all wondred, as not doubting what he ſaid, and kiſſing the Table in reverence to him, pray'd the privilege of the Night, and that our Places might be kept till we returned.

And now we thought the Lamps look'd double, and the whole Room ſeem'd quite another thing; when *Trimalchio*

malchio again, I ſpeak to you *Plorimus*, won't you come in for a ſhare? Will ye entertain us with nothing? thou uſedſt to be a pleaſant Companion, couldſt ſing a Song and tell a Tale with the beſt; but Alas! alas! the Sweet-meats are gone. My Horſes, ſaid the other, ran away with my Coach, I have been troubled with the Gout ever ſince. When I was a young Fellow, I Sung ſo long I had well nigh brought my ſelf into a Conſumption. What do ye tell me of Songs, Tales, or Barbers Shops? Who ever came near me but one, only *Apelles*; and with ſetting his Hand to his Mouth, Whiſtled out ſomewhat, I know not what, which afterwards he ſwore was Greek. *Trimalchio* alſo when he mimicked the Trumpets, looked on his Minion and called him *Cræſus*: Yet the Boy was blear-eye'd, and ſwathing up a little black Bitch with naſty Teeth, and overgrown with Fat, in Green Swadling-Clouts, he ſet half a Loaf on the Table, which ſhe refuſing, he cram'd her with it: On which *Trimalchio* commanded the Guardian of his Houſe and Family, *Scylax*, to be brought; when preſently was led in a beautiful Maſtiff in a Chain, who having a hint given him

him by a knock of the Porter's Foot, lay down before the Table: whereupon *Trimalchio* throwing him a Manchet; There's no one, ſaid he, in this Houſe of mine, loves me better than this Dog. The Boy taking it in dudgeon that *Scylax* ſhould be ſo commended, laid the Bitch on the Floor, and challenged the Dog to have a Rubbers with him. On this *Scylax*, after the manner of Dogs, ſet up ſuch a hideous Barking, that it fill'd the Room; and ſnapping at him, almoſt rent off a Brooch that hung on *Cræſus*'s Breaſt; nor did the Scuffle end here, for the great Candle being overturn'd on the Table, broke all the Chryſtal Glaſſes, and threw the ſcalding Oil on the Gueſts.

Trimalchio, not to ſeem concerned at the loſs, kiſſed the Boy, and commanded him to get on his Back; nor was it long e're he was a Cock-horſe, and ſlapping his Maſters Shoulders, and laughing, cry'd out, *Fool, fool, and how many of them have we here?*

Trimalchio thus kept under for a while, commanded a Bumper to be fill'd and given round to the Waiters, with this further, That whoever refuſed it ſhould have it poured down his Collar.

Thus

Thus one while we were Grave, and other while Merry.

After this came Junkets and made Diſhes, the very remembrance of which, if I may be believed, will not yet down with me; for there were ſeveral cram'd Hens given about under the notion of Thruſhes, and Gooſe Eggs with Caps upon them; which *Trimalchio*, nor without Oſtentation, preſs'd us to Eat; adding withal, that their Bones were taken out.

Nor were the words ſcarce out of his mouth, when a Beadle rapp'd at Door, and one in White, with a company of Roiſters following him, came in upon us: For my part I was not a little ſurprized; and *by his Lordlineſs taking him for the Mayor of a Town*, and *our ſelves within his Liberties*, was getting upon my Feet. *Agamemnon* laught to ſee me ſo concerned, and bade me ſit ſtill; for, ſaid he, this *Habinias* is a Captain of Horſe, a good Maſon, and has a ſpecial faculty in making Monuments.

Recovered again with his words, I kept my Seat, and wholly fix'd my Eye on *Habinias*: He came in Drunk, and lolling on his Wife's Shoulders, with ſome

ſome Garlands about him, his Face all trickling down with Ointment, he ſeated himſelf at the head of the Table, and incontinently called for Wine and hot Water.

Trimalchio was pleaſed with the Humour, and calling for a bigger Glaſs, asked him what Entertainment he had whence he came?

Every thing, ſaid the other, but thy ſelf; for my inclination was here; tho' (ſo help me *Hercules*) it was all well. *Sciſſa* kept a Nine-days Feaſt for his Servant *Miſcellus*, whom he infranchiſed after he was dead: It is ſaid he had a round Sum in the Chequer, for they reckon he died worth 50000 Seſterces; yet this was all done in good order, tho' every of us were obliged to pour half his Drink on the Grave.

But, ſaid *Trimalchio*, what had ye to Eat? I'll tell ye, quoth *Habinas*, as near as I can, for my Memory is not ſo good, but that ſometimes I forget my own Name: However, for the firſt Diſh we had a goodly Porker, with a Garland upon him, and Puddings, Gooſe Giblets, Lamb-ſtones, Sweetbreads, and Gizzards round him; there were alſo Beets, and Houſhold-Bread of his

own baking, for himſelf, which I had rather have than White; it makes a Man ſtrong, and I never complain of what I like. The next was a cold Tart, with excellent warm Honey, and that *Spaniſh*, running upon it. I eat little of the Tart, but more of the Honey; I taſted alſo the red Pulſe, and Lupines, by the advice of *Calvus*, and ſeveral Apples, of which I took away two in my Handkerchief; for if I bring home nothing to my little ſhe Slave, I ſhall have Snubs enough: this Dame of mine puts me often in mind of her. We had alſo on a Side-Table the Hanch of a Bear, which *Scintilla* taſting ere ſhe was aware, had like to have thrown up her Guts: I on the other hand eat a pound of it or better, for methought it taſted like Boars fleſh; and ſaid I, if a Bear eats a Man, why may not a Man much more eat a Bear? To be ſhort, we had Cream Cheeſe, Wine boil'd off to a third part, fry'd Snails, Chitterlings, Livers, Eggs, Turneps, Muſtard, and a Bowl that held a Gallon. Don't diſturb me *Palamedes*; there were alſo handed about a Basket of Sugar-Cakes, of which we wantonly took ſome, and ſent away the Gammon of Bacon. But tell me *Caius*, I beſeech you,

you, what's the matter that *Fortunata* ſits not among us? How came you to know her? quoth *Trimalchio*; for till ſhe has gotten her Plate together, and diſtributed what we leave among the Servants, not a ſip of any thing goes into her mouth.

But unleſs ſhe ſits down, replied *Habinas*, I'll be gone; and was getting up, but that the word being four times given about for her, ſhe came at laſt in a greeniſh Gown and a Cherry-colour'd Stomacher, beneath which might be ſeen her Petticoat and Embroidered Garters; then wiping her Hands on her Neckcloth, ſhe ſate on that Bed whereon *Scintilla* the Wife of *Habinas* was; and having given her a Kiſs, told her, it was in Compliment to her that ſhe was there. At length it came to this, that ſhe took off her weighty Bracelets, and ſhewed them to *Scintilla*; which ſhe admiring, ſhe alſo unbuckled her Garters and a Net-work Purſe, which ſhe ſaid was of the fineſt Gold.

Trimalchio obſerved it, and commanding all to be laid before him, See, ſaid he, this Womans Finery, and *what Fools our Wives make us*; they ſhould be Six Pound and a half; yet I've another of

Mercury's making, that weighs Ten: And that he might not be thought to tell a Lye, called for his Gold Scales, and commanded them to be weighed: Nor had *Scintilla* more Wit than t'other, for pulling a Golden Box out of her Boſom, which ſhe called *Good luck*, ſhe took out of it two large Pearl Pendants, giving them in like manner to *Fortunata* to view: See, quoth ſhe, what 'tis to have a kind Husband, I am ſure no Woman has better. What, ſaid *Habinas*, haſt thou put the Sham on me? thou toldſt me thou couldſt be contented with Glaſs Beads; and for this trick, if I had a Daughter I'd cut off her Ears; tho' were there no Women what were the reſt worth? This it is to piſs warm and drink cold.

Mean time the Women perceiving they were toucht, twitter'd among themſelves, and being got Drunk, fell to kiſſing one another; one commended the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, t'other the Maſter: when during this chatter, *Habinas* ſtealing behind *Fortunata*, gave her ſuch a toſs on the Bed, that her Heels flew as high as her Head, on which ſhe gave a ſqueak or two, and finding her Thighs bare, ran her Head under *Scintilla*'s Smock. This

This held a while, till *Trimalchio* calling for a ſecond Service to entertain his new Gueſts, the Servants took away the Tables that were before us, and having brought others, ſtrew'd the Room with Pin-duſt, mixt with Vermillion and Saffron; and, what I never ſaw before, the Duſt of a Looking-glaſs ground to Powder.

When immediately, quoth *Trimalchio*, I could have been contented with thoſe firſt Diſhes; but ſince we have got other Tables, we muſt alſo have another Service; and if there be any thing worth our having, bring it.

On which, a ſpruce Boy that ſerved us with warm Water, began to imitate a Nightingale; till *Trimalchio* giving the word, a Servant that waited on *Habinas*, ſet up another Humour, and, as I believe, commanded by his Maſter, nois'd out;

Mean time Æneas *had put off to Sea.*

Nor was there ever a harſher ſound yet pierced my Ear; for beſides his diſordered Country Tone, his pitiful and ſtarvling way of delivery, he ſo ſtuff't it with ſcraps of Verſes, that even *Virgil* then firſt

diſreliſhed me; till at laſt ſo tyr'd, that he could hold no longer; D'ye think, ſaid *Habinas*, this Boy has learn'd nothing? I bred him with Juglers that follow the Fair: Nor has he his fellow, whether he humours a Muliteer or a Jeſter. This never-be-good has abundance of Wit; he's a Taylor, a Cook, a Baker, a Jack of all Trades, and but for two faults, were exact to a hair: He's crack-brain'd, and ſnores in his ſleep: For that caſt of his Eye I value it not, he looks like *Venus*, and therefore his Tongue is ever running; and were that Eye out he were worth the Money I gave for him.

On which *Scintilla* interrupting him, told him he was a naughty Man, for not telling all his Servants good qualities: He's a Pimp, ſaid he, if not worſe, but I'll take care he be branded for that.

Trimalchio laught, and ſaid he knew he was a *Cappadocian* that never beguiled himſelf of any thing, and (ſo help me *Hercules*) I commend him for't: when will you find ſuch another, but, *Scintilla*, you muſt not be jealous: Believe me, and I know you too; may I ſo enjoy the health you wiſh me, as I play'd at Leap-frog ſo long with our Boy,

Boy, that my Maſter grew jealous, and ſent me to Dig in the Country: But hold thy tongue and I'll give thee a Loaf.

Hereupon the Raſcal, as if he had been praiſed all this while, took out an Earthen Candleſtick, and for half an hour or better, counterfeited the Hautboys, *Habinas* ſinging the Baſe to him, and blabbering his under Lip with his Finger; that done, he went into the middle of the Room, and clattering ſome Canes together, one while imitated the Bagpipes, and danced a Jigg to it; and other while with a ragged Frock and a Whip, humour'd a Fellow driving his Mules; till *Habinas* having called him, firſt kiſs'd him, and then drank to him, which the other pledged; and wiſhing him better and better, I give you, ſaid he, a pair of Buskins.

Nor had there ever been an end of this Trumpery, had not that laſt Service of Blackbirds, baked in good Pie-Cruſt with Raiſins and Cheſnuts, been brought up, and after them Quince-Peaches, ſo ſtuck with prickles, that they look'd like Hedgehogs: Yet this might have been born with, if the next Diſh had not been ſuch, that we had rather have ſtarved than touch'd it: For when it was ſet upon the Table, and as we

thought, a fat Gooſe, with Fiſhes and all kind of Fowl round it, whatever you ſee here, ſaid *Trimalchio* is all made of the ſame ſubſtance.

I, like a cunning Cur, ſtraight apprehended what it might be; and turning to *Agamemnon*, I marvel, ſaid I, whether they be all maſh'd together or made of Loam; for in a *Saturnal* at *Rome*, my ſelf ſaw the like imaginary ſhew of a Supper.

Nor had I ſcarce ſaid it, when—— quoth *Trimalchio*, let me ſo grow in Eſtate, not Bulk, as my Cook made all this out of one Hog; there is not an excellenter Fellow than himſelf; he ſhall, if ye pleaſe, make ye a Poll of Ling of a Sows Tripe; a Wood-Culver of fat Bacon; a Turtle of a Spring of Pork; and a Hen of a Collar of Brawn; and therefore of my own fancy, I gave him a Name proper to him, for he is called *Dædalus*: And becauſe he underſtands his buſineſs, I had Chopping-Knives of the beſt Steel brought him from *Rome*; and with that, calling for them, he turn'd them over, and admiring them, offered us the liberty of trying their Edge on his Cheek.

On

On this came in two Servants as quarrelling about their Collars, at which each of them had a large Earthen Pot hanging; and when *Trimalchio* determined the matter between them, neither of them ſtood to his Sentence, but fell to Club-Law, and broke each others Pots.

This Drunken Preſumption put us out of order; yet caſting an eye on the Combatants, we ſaw Oiſters and Scallops running from the Pots, and another Boy receiving them in a Charger, which he carried round the Gueſts.

Nor was the Cook's Ingenuity ſhort of the reſt, for he brought us a Diſh of grill'd Snails on a Silver Gridiron, and with a ſhrill unpleaſant Voice, Sang as he went. I am aſham'd of what follow'd; for, what was never heard of till then, the Boys came in with a Baſon of liquid Perfumes, and firſt binding our Legs, Ancles and Feet, with Garlands, anointed them with it, and put the reſt into the Wine Veſſel and the Lamps.

And now *Fortunata* began to Dance, and *Scintilla*'s Hands went faſter than her Tongue; when, quoth *Trimalchio*, Sit down *Philargyrus*, I give ye leave, and you *Carrio*, becauſe you're a *Green-Ribbon-*

Ribbon-Man, and you *Minophilus* bid your Comrade do the like; what ſhall I ſay more? The Family ſo crouded upon us, that we were almoſt thruſt off our Beds; and who ſhould be ſeated above me, but the Cook who had made a Gooſe of a Hog, all ſtinking of Pickle and Kitchen-ſtuff; nor yet content that he ſate amongſt us, he fell immediately to Perſonate *Theſpis* the Tragedian, and dare his Maſter to a Wager which of them two ſhould win the Prize next Wreſtling.

Trimalchio abaſh'd at the Challenge; My Friends, ſaid he, even Servants are Men; and however oppreſs'd by ill luck, ſucked the ſame Milk our ſelves did; and for mine, it ſhall not be long e're I make them Free without prejudice to my ſelf: to be ſhort, I enfranchiſe all of them by my laſt Will and Teſtament.

I give *Philargyrus* a Country Farm, and his ſhe-Comrade; to *Carrio* an Iſland, with a twentieth part of my Moveables, a Bed and its Furniture; for I make *Fortunata* my Heireſs, whom I recommend to all my Friends, and publiſh what I have done, to the end my Family may ſo love me now, as if I were dead.

All

All thanked their Maſter for his kindneſs; and he, as having forgotten trifles, called for a Copy of his Will, which he read from one end to the other, the Family all the while ſighing and ſobbing; afterwards turning to *Habinas*, Tell me, my beſt of Friends, ſaid he, do you go on with my Monument as I directed ye? I earneſtly entreat ye, that at the Feet of my Statue you Carve me my little Bitch, as alſo Garlands and Ointments, and all the Battles I have been in, that by your kindneſs I may live when I am dead: Be ſure too that it have an hundred Feet as it fronts the High-way, and as it looks towards the Fields two hundred: I will alſo, that there be all ſorts of Fruit and Vines round my Aſhes, and that in great abundance: For it is a groſs miſtake to furniſh Houſes for the Living, and take no care of thoſe we are to abide in for ever: And therefore in the firſt place, I will have it Engraven,

LET NO HEIR OF MINE PRETEND TO THIS MONUMENT.

And that I may receive no injury after I am dead, I'll have a Codicil annext to my Will, whereby I'll appoint one of my Freed-men the Keeper of this Monument, that the People make not a Houſe-of-Office of it. Make me alſo, I beſeech you, on this my Monument, Ships under full Sail, and my ſelf in my Robes ſitting on the Bench, with five Gold Rings on my Fingers, and ſcattering Moneys among the common People; for you know I have ordered ye a Funeral Feaſt, and Two-pence a-piece in Money. You ſhall alſo, if you think fit, ſhape me ſome of theſe Beds we now ſit on, and all the People making their Court to me. On my right hand place my *Fortunata*'s Statue, with a Dove in one hand, and leading a little Dog in her Girdle with the other: As alſo my *Cicero*, and large Wine Veſſels cloſe Cork'd that the Wine don't run out, and yet Carve one of them as broken, and a Boy weeping over it; as alſo a Sun-Dial in the middle, that whoever comes to ſee what's a-Clock, may read my Name whether he will or no. And laſtly, have a ſpecial conſideration whether you think this Epitaph ſufficient enough:

HERE

HERE RESTS CAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO, PATRON OF THE LEARNED. A TROOP OF HORSE WAS DECREED HIM, WITHOUT SUING FOR, AND MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SENATOR WOULD HE HAVE ACCEPTED IT. A PIOUS MAN, HONEST, VALIANT, AND TRUE TO HIS FRIEND. HE RAISED HIMSELF FROM LITTLE OR NOTHING, BUT LEFT BEHIND HIM A PRODIGIOUS ESTATE, YET NEVER HEARD A PHILOSOPHER. FAREWEL TO YOU ALSO.

This ſaid, *Trimalchio* wept plentifully, *Fortunata* wept, *Habinas* wept, and the whole Family ſet up a cry as it had been his Funeral; nay, I alſo whin'd for company: when, quoth *Trimalchio*, Since you know we muſt die, why don't we live while we may? ſo let me live my ſelf to ſee you happy; as, if we plunge our ſelves in the Bath we ſhall not repent it: At my peril be it; I'll lead the way, for this Room is grown as hot as an Oven. Say you ſo, quoth *Habinas*, nor am I afraid to make two days

days of one; and therewith got up bare-foot and follow'd *Trimalchio.*

I on the other hand turning to *Aſcyltos*, asked him what he thought of it, for if I but ſee the Bath I ſhall ſwoon away.

Let's lagg behind then, ſaid he, and whilſt they are getting in, we'll ſlip off in the Crowd.

The contrivance pleaſed us; and ſo *Gito* leading the way through the *Portico*, we came to the laſt Gate, where a chained Dog bolted upon us ſo furiouſly, that *Aſcyltos* fell into the Fiſh-Pond. I who had been frighted at the painted Dog, and now gotten as Drunk as *Aſcyltos*, while I endeavoured to get hold of him, fell in my ſelf; at laſt the Porter's coming in ſaved us, for he quieted the Dog and drew us out; but *Gito*, like a ſharp Raſcal, delivered himſelf, for whatever had been given him at Supper to carry home with him, he threw it the Dog, and that mollified him.

But, when ſhivering with cold, we deſired the Porter to let us out: You're miſtaken, ſaid he, if ye think to go out the ſame way ye came in, for no Gueſt ere yet did; they came in at one Gate and are let out by another.

In

In this ſad pickle, what ſhould we do? we found our ſelves in a new kind of Labyrinth, and for bathing, we'd enough of it already: However, neceſſity enforcing us, we pray'd him to ſhew us the way to the Bath: and *Gito* having hung out our Cloaths a drying in the Porch, we entred the Bath, which was ſomewhat narrow, and ſunk in the Earth, not unlike a Rain-water Ciſtern; in this ſtood *Trimalchio* ſtark-naked: Nor could we avoid his filthy tricks; for he ſaid, nothing was better than to bathe in a Crowd; and that very place had in times paſt been a Grinding-houſe. Being weary at length, he ſate down, and provok'd by the noiſineſs of the Bath, ſet up his drunken Throat, and fell a murdering ſome Songs of *Menecrates*, as they that underſtood him told us.

Other Gueſts ran round the Ciſtern with their Arms acroſs, and made a clamorous ſlap with their Mouths; others either try'd to take up a Ring from the Pavement, with their Hands bound behind them, or putting one Knee to the ground, to kiſs their great Toes backward.

While

While they thus entertained one another, we went into the Hot-houſe that had been heated for *Trimalchio*; and being now recovered of our Drunkenneſs, were brought into another Room, where *Fortunata* had ſet out a freſh Entertainment. Above the Lamps I obſerved ſome Womens Gewgaws. The Tables were maſſy Silver, the Earthen Ware double gilt, and a Conduit running with Wine; when, quoth *Trimalchio*, This day, my Friends, a Servant of mine opened a Barber's Shop; he's well to paſs, a thrifty Fellow, and a favourite of mine: Come, let the Floor have a drink as well as our ſelves; and for our part, we'll ſit to it till day-light.

While he was yet ſpeaking, a Cock crow'd, at which *Trimalchio* grew diſordered, and commanded the Wine to be thrown under Table, and ſprinkle the Lamps with it; then changing a Ring to his right Hand, it is not for nothing, ſaid he, this Trumpeter has given us notice; for either the Houſe ſhould be on fire, or one of the Neighbourhood will kill himſelf: Far from us be it, and therefore whoever brings me this diſcoverer, I'll give him a reward.

When immediately a Cock was brought in, and *Trimalchio* commanding to have him dreſt, he was torn in pieces by that exquiſite Cook, who a little before had made us Fiſh and Fowl of a Hog, and put in a Stew-pan, and while *Dædalus* was taking a luſty draught, *Fortunata* ground Pepper.

After which *Trimalchio* taking ſome of the Banquet, bid the Waiters go to Supper, and let others ſupply their places.

Whereupon came in another rank of Servants, and as the former going cry'd out, Farewel, *Caius*, thoſe coming in cry'd out, Sit thou merry, *Caius*.

And here our Mirth firſt began to be diſturb'd; for a beautiful Boy coming in among thoſe new Servants, *Trimalchio* plucked the Boy to him, and did nothing but kiſs him over and over: Whereupon *Fortunata* to maintain her right, began to Rail at *Trimalchio*, called him pitiful Fellow, one that could not bridle his Luſt, ſhame and diſhonour to an honeſt Woman, and a very Dog. *Trimalchio* on the other hand, all confounded and vex'd at her Taunts, threw a Goblet at her Head: She fell a roaring as if ſhe had loſt an Eye, and clapt both her Hands before it.

Scintilla alſo ſtood amazed, and covered *Fortunata* all trembling as ſhe was, in her Boſom; the Boy alſo put a cold Pitcher to her Cheek, on which ſhe leaned and made a lamentable wailing and blubbing.

But *Trimalchio* quite contrary; for, ſaid he, what am I the better for this graceleſs Buttock? 'Tis well known I took her out of a Bawdy-houſe, and made her an honeſt Woman, but now blown up like a Frog ſhe beſpatters her ſelf; a very Block, no Woman: But this poor Boy born in a Hovel, never dreams of Palaces. May my good Genius ſo befriend me, as I'll bring down this ſeeming Saint, but in her actions a Whore rampant: As inconſiderable as ſhe makes me, I might have had a Wife with Two hundred and fifty thouſand Piſtols; you know I don't Lye; but ſhe was ſomewhat in years, and *Agatho* the ſweet Oil-man, perſuaded me not to let my Name run out, when inſtead of doing good to her, I have put a Thorn in my own Foot; but I'll have a care that ſhe dig me not out of my Grave with her Nails: And that ſhe may know what I'll do at preſent, I will not, *Habinas*, have you put her Statue in my Monument, that

I have no words with her when I am dead: Nay, that ſhe may know I am able to plague her, ſhe ſhall not ſo much as kiſs me when I die. After this ratling, *Habinas* entreated him to give over his anger; There's none of us all, ſaid he, but ſome time or other does amiſs; we are but Men, no Gods. Weeping *Scintilla* ſaid the ſame, called him *Caius*, and by his own good nature, beſought him to be pacified.

Trimalchio not able to hold Tears any longer, I beg of you, *Habinas*, ſaid he, and as you wiſh to enjoy what you have gotten, if I have done any thing without cauſe, ſpit in my Face: I kiſs'd the Boy 'tis true, not for his beauty, but that he's a hopeful thrifty Lad: He has ſeveral Sentences by heart, can read a Book at firſt ſight; ſaves Money out of his days Proviſion; has a Binn of his own to keep it, and two drinking Cups; and does he not deſerve to be in my Eye? but *Fortunata*, forſooth, will not have it ſo; your bandy Legs won't away with it. Be content with your own, thou ſhe-Kite, and don't diſquiet me, thou Harlotry, or otherwiſe thou'lt find what I am; thou knoweſt well enough, if I once ſet on't, 'tis immoveable. But we'll remember the living.

Come my Friends, let's ſee how Merry ye can be, for in my time I have been no better than your ſelves, but by my own induſtry I am what I am: 'Tis the Heart makes a Man, all the reſt is but ſtuff. I buy cheap and ſell dear; another Man may ſell ye other things, but I enjoy my ſelf: And thou Dunghil-raker, art thou yet gruntling, I'll make ye hereafter do it for ſomewhat.

But as I was ſaying my Frugality brought the fortune I have: I came out of *Aſia* no taller than this Candleſtick, and daily meaſured my ſelf by it: and that I might get a Beard the ſooner, rubb'd my Lips with the Candle-greaſe; yet I kept *Ganymede* to my Maſter fourteen Years (nor is any thing diſhonourable that the Maſter commands) and the ſame time contented my Miſtreſs: Ye know what I mean, I'll ſay no more, for I am no boaſter. By this means, as the Gods would have it, the governing the Houſe was committed to me, and nothing was done but by my guidance: What need many words? He made me Joint-heir with *Cæſar*, and I had by it a Senator's Eſtate; but no Man thinks he has enough, and I had a mighty deſire to turn Merchant. Not to detain you longer; I built five Ships,

Ships, Freighted them with Wines, which at that time were as dear as Gold, and ſent them to *Rome*; you'll think I deſired to have it ſo: All my Ships Founder'd at Sea; 'tis a great truth, no Story; *Neptune* ſwallowed me in one day Three hundred thouſand Seſterties. Do ye think I broke upon't, (ſo help me *Hercules*) no; the Loſs was but a Flea-bite: For, as if there had been no ſuch thing, I built others, larger, better, and more fortunate than the former; ſo that every one called me a Man of Courage. As you know a great Ship carries a great deal of force, I loaded them again with Wine, Bacon, Beans, Unguents, Planes: And here *Fortunata* ſhewed her affection; for ſhe ſold what ſhe had; nay, her very Cloaths, and put a round Sum in my Pocket; tho' yet it was but a Pig of my own Sow. What the Gods will is quickly done; I got an hundred thouſand Seſterties by the Voyage, and forthwith redeemed the Lands my Patron had left me, built me a Houſe, bought Cattle to ſell them again, and whatever I went about gathered like a Snow-ball: But when I grew richer than all the Country beſides, I took up, and from a Merchant turn'd Uſurer, and bought Servants.

Thus

Thus reſolved to give over Trading, a certain Aſtrologer that chanc'd to light on this Village, would have perſuaded me to the contrary. He was a *Græcian*, his Name *Serapa*, one that held Correſpondence with the Gods. He told me a deal that I had forgotten, and laid every thing before me from top to bottom: He knew all I had within me, and told me what I had the Night before to Supper; you'd have thought he had liv'd with me all his life.

I beſeech you, *Habinas*, for I think you was there; he told me the Intrigue between my Miſtreſs and me; That I had but ill luck at Friends; that no one ever made me a return of my kindneſſes: That I had large Poſſeſſions, but nouriſhed a Viper in my Boſom: Why ſhould I not tell you all? I have by his Account, thirty Years, four Months, and two Days yet to live; and in a ſhort time ſhall have another Eſtate left me.

Thus my Fortune-teller. But if I can join my Lands here to thoſe in *Apulia*, I ſhall do well enough: in the mean, and while *Mercury* is my Guardian, I have built this Houſe: it was once you know, a pitiful Cabbin, but now as Magnificent as a Temple: it has four Dining Rooms,

twenty

twenty Bed-Chambers, two Marble Porticoes, a Gallery above Stairs, my own Apartment, another for this Viper; a very good Porter's Lodge, and the Houſe capable of receiving a thouſand Gueſts: To be ſhort, when ever *Scaurus* comes this way, he had rather lodge here than at his own Houſe, tho' it lie to the Seaward: and many other Conveniencies it has, which I'll ſhew you by and by. Believe me, *He that has a penny in his Purſe, is worth a penny: Have and you ſhall be eſteemed.* And ſo your Friend, once no better than a Frog, is now a King.

And now *Stichus* bring me the Furniture in which I deſign to be carried to my Funeral Pile; bring alſo the Unguent, and ſome of that Pot, which I ordered for the cleanſing my Bones.

Stichus lingered not, but brought in a white Coverlet, and Robe of State, and pray'd us to try if they were not fine Wooll, and well Woven. And ſee you *Stichus*, ſaid *Trimalchio* ſmiling, that neither Mice nor Moths come at them, for if they do I'll burn you alive. I will be brought out in Pomp, that all the People may ſpeak well of me.

With that opening a Glaſs Bottle of Spicknard, he cauſed us all to be Anointed;

ed; and I hope, ſaid he, it will do as much good when I am dead, as it does while I am living: Then commanding the Wine Veſſels to be filled again; Fanſie, ſaid he, you are invited to my Funeral Feaſt. We by this time nauſeated, were ready to Vomit; *Trimalchio* alſo was gotten confoundedly Drnnk, when behold a new Interlude; he called for the Coronets to come in; and, underſet with Pillows, and ſtretching himſelf at length on the Bed, ſuppoſe me, ſaid he, now dead, ſay ſomewhat, I beſeech you, in praiſe of me.

Whereupon the Coronets ſounded as it had been at a Funeral; but one above the reſt, a Servant of that Freed-man of *Trimalchio's*, that was the beſt condition'd of 'em all, made ſuch a thundring, that it rais'd the Neighbourhood: On which the Watch thinking the Houſe was on fire, broke open the Gate, and making an Uproar after their manner, ran in with Water and Hatchets: When finding ſo fair an opportunity, we gave *Agamemnon* the ſlip, and ſcamper'd off, as it had been a real Fire.

The

That which follows, is Tranſlated by Mr. **Burnaby,** *of the Middle-Temple.*

NOT a Star appear'd to direct us in our way, nor would the dead of the Night give us hopes of meeting a Stranger that could; with theſe, the Wine we had drank, and our ignorance of the place, even in the day time, conſpir'd to miſ-direct us. When we had wander'd almoſt an hour, with our Feet all bloody, over ſharp pebbles and broken hills of gravel, *Gyto's* diligence at laſt deliver'd us: for the day before, fearing we might be at a loſs,

tho' we had the Sun to our help, he had providently mark'd every Poſt and Pillar with a Chalk, the greateſt darkneſs was not able to obſcure, by whoſe ſhineing whiteneſs we found our way. But we had as many fears after we got to an Inn; for the Hoſteſs, having drank a little too long with her Gueſts, had ſo intirely loſt her Senſes, a burning could not have made her feel; that, perhaps, we had been forc'd to have taken up our Lodging in the Street, if a Letter-Carrier that belong'd to *Trimalchio*, with ten Carriages of his Maſter's Revenue, had not come in the mean time; who without much ado beat down the door, and let us in at the ſame gap.

After we enter'd the Bed-Chamber, having plentifully feaſted; preſt by impatient Nature, I took my *Gyto* aſide; and wrapt in Pleaſures, ſpent the Night.

Who can the Charms of that bleſt Night declare,
How ſoft ye Gods! our warm Embraces were?
We hugg'd, we cling'd, and thro' each other's Lips,
Our Souls, like meeting Streams, together mixt;
Farewell the World, and all its Pageantry!
When I, a Mortal! ſo begin to Dye.

'Tis

'Tis without Reaſon I hug my ſelf; for *Aſcyltos*, the cauſe of all my Misfortunes, ſeeing me Drunk, and incapable to hold my Prize, ſtole the Boy from my Bed, and conveying him to his own, freely injoy'd another's Right: *Gyto*, not ſenſible of the change, or diſſembling it, in a Stranger's Arms ſlept, ſecure of our mutual Contract. When I aroſe, finding my ſelf robb'd of all; if there's any Truth in a Lover, I had half an inclination to Murder both, and ſend them ſnoring into t'other world: But following a ſecurer Thought, I rais'd *Gyto* with blows, and looking as ſternly as I cou'd upon *Aſcyltos*, thus addreſs'd my ſelf: Since you've play'd the Villain by your Treachery, and breaking the common Laws of Friendſhip, pack up your Matters quickly, and find another Comrade to abuſe.

Aſcyltos conſented; and, after we had made an exact diviſion of our Booty; now, ſays he, let's ſhare the Boy too: I believ'd it a jeſt at parting, but, he with a Murderous reſolution, drew his Sword, nor ſhall you, added he, think to ingroſs this prize, which ſhould, like the reſt, be common to us both. I muſt have my ſhare, or with this Sword will be con-

tent to take it. Upon which, on the other ſide, having twiſted my gown under my arm, I made advances to Ingage.

The unhappy Boy ruſh'd between, and, Kiſſing both our knees, with tears, entreated, that we would not expoſe * our ſelves in a pitiful Alehouſe, nor with our blood pollute the Rites of ſo dear a Friendſhip: but, raiſing his voice, ſays he, if there muſt be Murder, behold my naked boſom, hither direct your fury: 'Tis I deſerve death, who violated the ſacred Laws of Friendſhip.

Upon which we ſheath'd our Swords; and firſt *Aſcyltos*, I'll, ſays he, end the difference: Let the Boy himſelf follow the man he likes, that, in chuſing a Friend, at leaſt, he may have an unqueſtion'd liberty.

I, that preſum'd ſo long an acquaintance, had made no ſlight impreſſions on his Nature, was ſo far from fearing, that with an eager haſte I accepted the proffer, and to the Judge committed the diſpute: *Gyto*, that he might not ſeem to conſider, at my conſent jump'd up, and Choſe *Aſcyltos*.

I, like one thunderſtruck, at the ſentence, void of defence, fell upon the bed; and had not ſurviv'd the loſs, if

envy

envy of my Rival had not ſtopp'd my Sword.

Aſcyltos, proud of the conqueſt, goes off with the Prize, leaving me expos'd in a ſtrange place, that a little before he careſs'd as a Friend and ſharer of his Fortune.

'Tis in the World, as in a Game at Cheſs;
We ſerve our Friends but where our profit is.
When Fortune ſmiles, we're yours, and yours alone;
But when ſhe frowns, the ſervile Herd are gone.
So, in a Play, they Act with mimick Art,
Father, or Son, or griping Miſers part:
But when at laſt the Comick Scenes are or'e,
They quit the Viſards they aſſum'd before.

Nor did I there very long complain, for fearing one *Menalaus*, an Uſher of a School, might, among other Misfortunes, find me alone in the Inn, I made up my Wallet, and, very penſive, took me a Lodging in a private place near the Sea: there, after I had been mewd up for three days, reflecting afreſh on my deſpis'd and abject condition, I beat my breaſt, as ſick as it was; and, when my deep ſighs wou'd ſuffer me, often cry'd out; Why has not the Earth burſt open, and ſwallow'd me?

Why has not the Sea o'rewhelm'd me, that reſpects not even the Innocent themſelves? Have I been a Murderer? when I had violated *Lycas*'s Wife, have I fled juſtice? have I eſcap'd even when I was condemn'd to Dye, to live in a ſtrange place, to have my Name recorded only among Beggars and Vagabonds? and who condemn'd me to this ſolitude?—— A Boy! One who is a proſtitute to all manner of Luſt; and by his own confeſſion deſerves to dye; whom Sodomy has enobl'd from a Slave; who was publickly contracted with as a Girl, by one that knew he was of the other Sex: and what a wretch is that other, ye Gods! whom, when he might have writ Man, his Mother perſwaded even out of his Sex, and putting on Petty-coats, was condemn'd to a Maids Office in a Priſon: who, after he had ſpent what he had, and chang'd the ſcene of his Luſt; having contracted an old Friendſhip, baſely left it; and, frontleſs impudence! like a hot Whore, for one night's pleaſure, ſold his Friend. Now the Lovers lye whole nights lockt in each others arms, and who knows but in thoſe intervals they recruit their weary'd Strength, may laugh at me: but they ſhan't go off ſo, for if I'm a man, or a free-

freeborn one at leaſt, I'll make their blood compenſate the injury.

Having thus ſaid, I girt on my Sword; and leſt I ſhou'd be too weak to maintain the war, encourag'd my ſelf with a luſty Meal, and making out of doors, like one poſſeſt, ſearch'd every place: but whilſt, with a wild diſtracted countenance, I thought of nothing but blood and ſlaughter; and oft with execrations laying my hand on my Sword, a Souldier, perhaps ſome Cheat or Padder, obſerv'd me, and making up to me, askt to what Regiment or Company I, his Brother Souldier, belong'd? when, with a good aſſurance, I had cheated him into a belief of the Regiment and Company; well, but Friend, *ſaid he*, looking down, doe the Souldiers of your Company walk in ſuch ſhoes? I began to look guilty, and by my trembling diſcover'd the Lye I had told him: upon which he made me lay down my Arms, and bid me take care of the worſt. Thus ſtript, nay and thus rob'd of my Revenge, I return'd to my Lodging, where by degrees my fears abating, I began in my mind to thank the Robber.

'But finding it difficult to wean my 'ſelf from the love of Revenge, I ſpent 'half the night very penſively; and riſing

'by day-break, to eaſe me of my grief, and thoughts of my injury, I rov'd about every where, till at laſt going into a publick Gallery, very wonderful for ſeveral ſorts of excellent Painting; I ſaw ſome by *Zeuxy*'s hand, that had not yet yielded to the injures of time: And, not without an awful reverence, behold others by *Protogenes*, which tho they were firſt tryals, yet diſputed for exactneſs, even with Nature it ſelf: but on the other ſide viewing a Celebrated Piece drawn by *Apelles*; I even ador'd the Work of ſo Great a Maſter: 'twas ſo correctly finiſht to the life, you'd have ſworn it an Image of the Soul too. One ſide gave the Story of the Eagle Bearing *Jupiter* to Heaven, the other the fair *Hylas* repelling the Addreſſes of the lew'd *Naiad*: in another part was *Apollo*, angry at himſelf for killing his Boy *Hyacinth*; and, to ſhew his love, crown'd his Harp with the Flower that ſprung form his Blood.

In this Gallery, as in a Viſion of living Images, I cry'd out; And are not the Gods themſelves ſecure from love? *Jupiter* in his Seraglio above, not finding one that can pleaſe his appetite, ſins upon Earth, yet injures no body: the Nymph wou'd have ſtifl'd her paſſion for *Hylas*, had

had ſhe believ'd the luſty *Hercules* wou'd have been his Rival: *Apollo* turns *Hyacinth* into a Flower: and every Image enjoy'd its Wiſhes without a Rival: but I have careſs'd, as the deareſt Friend, the greateſt Villian.

While I was thus talking to my ſelf, there enter'd the Gallery an old Man, with a Face as pale as age had made his Hair; and ſeem'd, I know not how, to bring with him the air of a great ſoul; but viewing his Habit, I was eaſily confirm'd in my opinion, ſince Fortune ſeldom deals favourably with Learned Men. In ſhort, he made up to me, and addreſſing himſelf, told me he was a Poet; and, as he hop'd, above the common herd: if, added he, my merrit don't ſuffer by Applauſe that's promiſcuouſly given, to the good and bad.

Why therefore, interrupted I, are you ſo meanly Clad? On this account return'd he, becauſe Learning never made any man rich.

The Merchant's profit well rewards his toil:
The Souldier crowns his Labours with the Spoil:
To ſervile Flattery we Altars raiſe:
And the kind Wife her Stallion ever pays:

But

But ſtarving Wit in rags takes barren pain:
And, dying, ſeeks the Muſes Aid in vain.

'Tis certain, added he, that a Lover of Virtue, on the account of his ſingularity, meets with contempt; for who can approve what differs from himſelf? And that thoſe who admire Riches, wou'd fain poſſeſs every body, that nothing is more reaſonable than their Opinion; whence they ridicule, as well as they can, the Learned few; that they, like themſelves, might ſeem within the power of Money.

'I don't know, how Learning and 'Poverty become Relations, ſaid I, and 'ſigh'd: You juſtly lament, return'd 'he, the condition of Scholars.

'You miſtake me, ſaid I, that's not 'the occaſion of my ſighs, there's ano-'ther, and much greater Cauſe: And, as 'all Men are Naturally inclin'd to com-'municate their grief; I laid open my 'Caſe to him, beginning with *Aſcyltos*'s 'Treachery, which I aggravated; and, with repeated ſighs, often wiſht his Injuſtice to me might have deſerv'd pardon: but that now he was a ſtaunch Villain, and in Luſt more ſubtle than the Bawds themſelves.

'The

'The Old Man, ſeeing me ſincere, be-
'gan to comfort me; and the better
'to effect it, told me what formerly
'had happen'd to himſelf on the like
'occaſion

When I was in *Aſia, began he,* I Lodg'd at the Houſe of one *Pergamus*: where the Entertainment did not tempt me to ſtay ſo much, as a very beautiful Boy I ſaw there, Son to the Maſter of the houſe: my contrivance was to act the Lover, unſuſpected by the Father: and to effect my Wiſhes, I us'd this method: when ever in their mirth they happen'd to mention the uſe of beautiful Boys, I diſſembl'd ſuch a horrour of it, and with that ſevere concern pretended my modeſty ſuffer'd by ſuch diſcourſe, that the Mother, eſpecially, lookt upon me as a Philoſopher, that was above the little pleaſures of the world. Upon this I was deſir'd to be Tutor to the Boy, not only to inſtruct him in a Method of ſtudy, but imform his Mind with Principles of Honour and Honeſty, leſt they ſhould by accident entertain ſome man that might have wicked deſigns on his body.

There happen'd a Solemn Feſtival, whoſe ſports entertain'd us ſo long, that excus'd

excus'd my being in the Bed-Chamber with him at Mid-night: when finding him not yet a-ſleep, in a timorous whiſper addreſſing my ſelf to *Venus*, Miſtreſs of our deſires, *ſaid I*, Could I have the happineſs to Kiſs the Boy, and he not know it to morrow, I'll preſent him with a pair of Turtles.

Hearing the Reward, he began to ſnore; upon which, I greedily ſeiz'd my wiſhes: ſatisfi'd with this beginning, early the next morning, the Boy expecting it, I perform'd my promiſe. The Night after, having the ſame opportunity, I advanc'd my deſires; and if I cou'd with my hand, *ſaid I*, but rub him up, and he not know it, I'll have a pair of Game-Cocks at his Service: At this, the Boy turn'd to me, and I believe, was half afraid I ſhou'd fall a ſleep before I had done: I ſoon undeceiv'd him, and with inexpreſſible pleaſure injoy'd my wiſhes: the day following, he gladly receiv'd what I promis'd him: The third Night, I had the like acceſs to him, and proceeding to a bolder liberty, put my Mouth to his Ear, (who was repeating his Dog-ſleep) and, ye Gods! *ſaid I*, could I now ſeize that wiſht for joy entire, that neither dare, nor can be expreſt

to

to morrow, I'll preſent him with a *Turkiſh-Barb*, on this condition that he does not feel me; upon which, he diſſembled the ſecureſt Sleep I ever knew: wild to enjoy, I preſt his ſnowy breaſts, that ſwelling ſeem'd to meet my hands, and, half ſmothering him with Kiſſes, haſten'd to that laſt and greateſt joy that bounded all my wiſhes: The Morning after, he waited as he us'd in the Bed-Chamber, expecting me: You may imagine, the Turtles and Cocks were eaſier to be purchaſt, than ſo fine a Horſe: but beſide the Charge, I fear'd ſo great a Preſent, might make my Honourable pretenſions for the Boy ſuſpected: on this account, I delay'd my Viſit ſome hours; when going to him, waving the uſual Ceremonies, I only Kiſt him; the Boy, as his Arms were about my neck, looking round; I beſeech you, Sir, *ſaid he*, where's the Horſe?

'The difficulty of getting a Fine one, '*return'd I*, made me defer the Preſent, 'but in a few days I'll be as good as my 'word: the Boy well knew the meaning 'of my delay, and his Countenance be-'tray'd a Reſentment.

This breach of my word put a ſtop to the Commerce, but Fortune regain'd it; for

for not many days after, another Feſtival gave me the ſame priviledge I had at firſt: tir'd with ſports, when I found his Father aſleep, I began to ask the Boy to be Friends with me, that is, that he wou'd give me the Favours he had kept from me, or any thing impatient Nature ſhou'd inſpire: he, perfectly angry, gave me no other Anſwer, than, If you won't Lye ſtill, I'll call to my Father; but Luſt forces thro'all difficulties, tho' he was saying I'll call to my Father, I ruſht upon him, and, meeting with a faint reſiſtance, ſeiz'd the joy. He was not diſpleas'd with my vigour, but after a long complaint that he was cheated, laught at and ſhould beabus'd among his Schoolfellows, whom he had poſſeſt with an opinion of my being very rich, ſince I had promis'd him a Horſe: To ſhew you, added he, that you ſhan't meet with the ſame ingratitude from me, if you have inclinations to repeat your Wiſhes, do it freely: I, laying aſide all quarrels, was eaſily Friends with him, and having us'd the liberty he gave me, fell aſleep: but he that was now in his prime, and fit for action, not ſatisfied, raiſing, me, askt whether I wou'd no more? it was yet no troubleſom province to me: and when his ſhort breathing, with much ſweat, confeſt

he

he had enough for that bout; tir'd with pleaſure, I fell aſleep agen: 'twas hardly an hour e're he was puſhing me with his Elbow, and crying, we loſe time: I was in a great paſſion to be ſo often diſturb'd, and turn'd his own words upon him, Lye ſtill, or I'll call to your Father.

This diſcourſe diverting my grief, I began to queſtion the old Gentleman about the Antiquity of ſome Pieces, the Stories of others I was not acquainted with, the Reaſon why this Age don't come up to the former, and why the moſt excellent Arts are loſt, of which Painting has not left the leaſt ſign of its being? Our love of Riches, reply'd he, has been the only occaſion: for in old time, when Virtue was admir'd for its own ſake, all Liberal Arts flouriſht, and the only emulation among Men, was to make Diſcoveries that might profit the Age. 'Twas in thoſe times *Democritus*, content with Poverty, found out the Vertue of moſt Herbs; and leſt there might be any hidden Excellence in Stones and Trees, ſpent the reſt of his Life in Experiments about them: 'Twas then *Eudoxus* abandon'd the World, to live on the top of a high Mountain, to diſcover

diſcover the motions of the Heavens and *Criſippus*, the better to qualify his mind for invention, went thrice through a courſe of Phyſick.

But to return to Imagery, *Lyſippus* with that diligence imploy'd himſelf about one Statue, that, neglecting his Living, he dyed, for want: and *Myron*, whoſe brazen Images of Men and beaſts, you might have miſtaken for living ones, dy'd very poor: but our Age is ſo wholly devoted to Drinking and Whoring, we're ſo far from inventing, that we don't acquaint our ſelves even with thoſe Arts that are found to our hands: But, accuſing, Antiquity our Schools become Seminaries of Vice only: what's our Logick? How little do we know of Aſtronomy? Where's our Philoſopher? What Maſter of Eloquence could indure to hear it ſo murdred in a Pulpit? What Wiſe Man cou'd ſuffer the noiſe? Our buſineſs in the Temple is not to inform our minds, or correct our lives; but as ſoon as we enter the place, one out of love to his Friend, being made his Heir, promiſes a Sacrifice to the Gods, if they'd pleaſe to take him out of this troubleſome world; another, if they'd direct him to a Treaſure: the like a third

third promiſes if they'd make him happy in a ſmall Eſtate of 300. *l. per An.* or ſo: The very Senate that ſhou'd ſhow an Exemplary Conduct, in Occaſions of doubtful Events, have devoted mighty ſums of Gold to Religious uſes: And who wou'd not but admire, that, he is perſwaded hath Charms enough to make the Gods themſelves comply! You need not wonder why Painting is loſt, when Gold appears more beautiful both to Gods and Men, than any thing *Apelles* or *Phidias* are now eſteem'd madly to have ſpent their time about: But ſeeing your Curioſity is wholly taken up with that piece, that ſhews you a contracted Hiſtory of the Siege of *Troy*: I'll try to give you the Story more at large in Verſe.

Now Troy *had felt a Siege of Ten long Years,*
Concern and Sorrow in each Face appears:
The Grecian *Prophet too, with Terrour fill'd,*
What Fate decreed, but doubtfully reveal'd:

Woen thus Apollo———

From the proud Top of Ida's *riſing Hill*
A lofty Pile of mighty Cedars fell,

Whoſe Trunks into a dreadful Fabrick force,
And, let it bear the Figure of a Horſe:
The ſpacious hollows, of whoſe Mountain-Womb,
The Choice and Flower of your Troops Entomb.

The Greeks, *enrag'd to be ſo long repell'd,*
With their chief Troops the Beaſts vaſt Bowels fill'd,
And thus their Arms and all their Hopes conceal'd.
Strange was the Fate that ruin'd unhappy Troy,
Who thought them gone, and laſting Peace t'enjoy.
So the Inſcription of the Machine ſaid,
And Treacherous Synon, *for our ruin made.*
All from their Arms at once, and troubles run
To view the Horſe, and left th'unguarded Town:
So over-joy'd they wept: Thus even fears
When joy ſurprizes, melt away in Tears.
Enrag'd Laocoon, *with Prophetick heat,*
Preſt thro' the Crowd, that on his Humour wait;
And with a Javelin pierc'd the fatal Horſe,
But Fate retards the blow, and ſtopt its force:
The Spear jumpt back upon the Prieſt, ſo nigh,
It gave new Credit to the Treachery.
Yet to confirm how weak was the attempt
'Gainſt what the Gods will have, his Javelin ſent,
Reſum'd with double fury, thro' his ſide,
And the large Concave of the Machine try'd:

When

When from within the Captive Grecians *roar;*
And the Beaſt trembles with anothers fear.
Yet to the Town the Preſent they convey,
Thus a new Stratagem does Troy *betray;*
While to the Taken, ſhe becomes a Prey.
But other Monſters there enform our Eyes,
What mighty Seas from Tenedos *ariſe!*
The frighted Neptune ſeems to ſeek the Shore,
With ſuch a noiſe, with ſuch a dreadful roar:
As in a ſilent Night, when, from afar,
The diſmal ſound of Wrecks invades the Ear:
When rolling on the Waves two mighty Snakes,
Unhappy Troy *deſcry'd; whoſe circling Stroaks,*
Had drove the ſwelling ſurges on the Rocks.
Like lofty Ships *they on the Billows ride,*
And with rais'd Breaſts the foaming Flood divide:
Their Creſts they brandiſh and red Eye-balls raiſe,
That all around diſpence a Sulphurous Blaze.
To Shore advancing, now the Waves appear
All Fire; unwonted ratlings fill the Air.
The Ocean trembles at their dreadful Hiſs;
All are amaz'd: When in a Trojan *Dreſs;*
And holy Wreaths their ſacred Temples bind,
Laocoon's *Sons were by the Snakes entwin'd:*
Now t'wards Heaven their Little Hands are thrown
Each for his Brother, not himſelf does moan,
And prays to ſave his ruin by his own.

Both dye at laſt, thro' fear each other ſhou'd;
And to give Death a greater Pomp, the Good
Laocoon *to their reſcue vainly run,* (*Ground*
Now gorg'd with Death, they drag him on the
Up to the Altar, where devoted lies
The Prieſt himſelf, a panting Sacrifice.
Thus with his Blood the Temple they prophane;
Loſing their Gods, Troy's *ruin thus began:*
Now the bright Taper of the Night appears
Gayly attended with a train of Stars:
When midſt the Trojans, *dead in Sleep and Wine,*
The Grecians *Execute their dire Deſign:*
Woen from the open'd Caverns of the Horſe,
Like a large flood, their hidden Troops did guſh;
And now deliver'd, leave their Horſe and fear,
With the ſame wanton motions Colts appear:
When from the Plow, and heavy Collar freed,
They ſhake their riſing Creſts, and try their ſpeed.
Their Swords they Brandiſh, and their Shields they rear,
And fix their Helmets, then begin the War:
A Party here o'th' Drunken Trojans *light,*
And ſend them ſnoring to Eternal Night;
Another there now make their Altars ſmoke,
And againſt Troy, Troy's *Guardian Gods invoke.*

When

When *Eumolpus* had gone thus far in his Story, the People that were walking there, began to fling Stones at him; But he, conſcious of his Merit, cover'd his Head, and took up his Heels: I, fearing they wou'd have taken me for a Poet too, made after him: When we were out of Stone ſhot of the Enemy, I beſeech you, Sir, ſaid I, what will you do with this Diſeaſe of yours? I don't wonder at the Peoples humour, ſince I have hardly been acquainted with you two hours, and your Entertainment has been more Poetry, than the Converſation of a Man. I think I muſt fill my Pocket with Stones, that when I perceive you going into a Fit, I may bleed you in the Head for it, with one of 'em.

He turn'd to me, and, Dear Child, ſaid he, I roſe to day without conſulting my Fortune; tho' 'tis confeſt I ſeldom appear even on the Stage, but ſuch a Mobb as this are Laughing at me: But that I may not be at difference with you too, I'll tye my ſelf up from this humour of Poetry: Well, well, ſaid I, on that condition I Sup with you; upon which, going into the poor Cottage I lodg'd at, we order'd the Maſter of it to get us a Supper, and in the mean time

we went to the Bagnio, where I ſaw *Gito* ſtanding againſt the Wall, with Towels and Rubbing-Bruſhes in his hand; his troubled Countenance eaſily perſwaded me he ſerv'd on Compulſion: As ſoon as he ſaw me, with joy Addreſſing himſelf, he told me, that ſince I was not in that Martial poſture that once frighted him to belye his Affections, he cou'd freely ſpeak to me, upon which he entreated me to pity his Circumſtances; and, if I cou'd but deliver him from ſo Barbarous a Maſter, ſince he was now ſorry he was forc'd to be my judge, I might take my ſatisfaction in any Puniſhment I'de pleaſe to inflict; for, added he, if I muſt dye, 'twill be comfort enough to ſo unhappy a Wretch to think that you are pleas'd in't.

I deſir'd him wave his Complaints, leſt our Deſign ſhou'd be diſcover'd, and leaving *Eumolpus* (for in the *Bath* he was verſifying) we made off thro' a dirty Back-Entry, as privately as we could to my Lodgings: Where, ſhutting the Door, I threw my Arms about his neck, and, tho' he was all in tears, half ſmother'd him with Kiſſes: Thus we continu'd without a word from either ſide: *Gito's* repeated Sobs ſo diſturb'd him, he could not

not ſpeak: When after a long time ſpent in that poſture, how unaccountable is it, began I, to Love him that once forſook me! and that in this Breaſt I ſhou'd feel ſo great a Wound, yet have no ſign of its being there! what's your pretence for chuſing *Aſcyltos*? Have I deſerv'd ſuch uſage?

After he found I ſtill had Love for him, he began to look leſs concern'd: When, added I, I'm ſo far from deſireing an Umpire to judge of th' ingratitude of your Choice, that I neither complain of, or deſign to remember it; if I find you ſincere.

I cou'd not tell him this without a Tear: When, wiping his face, ſays he, *Eucolpius*, I appeal to your Memory, whether I left you, or you betray'd me. I muſt confeſs, and hope you can't blame me; when I ſaw two at Daggers-Drawing, that I ran to the ſtrongeſt.

I cou'd not but admire his Wit, and to convince him of a perfect Reconciliation, ſeal'd it with repeated Kiſſes.

'Twas now quite dark, and our Supper was Diſhing up; when *Eumolpus* knock'd at the Door: I ask'd how many there was of 'em: And took an opportunity through a Chink, to ſee whether

Aſcyltos was with him: But finding him alone, I ſoon open'd the Door: He had hardly fixt himſelf on his Couch, when ſeeing *Gito* in waiting, on my word, ſaid he, a very *Ganymed*; ſure *Eucolpius*, you'll have no reaſon to complain to day.

I did not like ſo obſerving an entry; and was afraid I had entertain'd another *Aſcyltos*. *Eumolpus* purſuing his Humour, when the Boy fill'd him a Glaſs, I had rather, ſaid he, be in poſſeſſion of thee, than the whole *Bagnio*; and greedily drinking it off, the heat I've been in, added he, made this the pleaſanteſt Draught I ever took: For to deal freely with ye, I narrowly ſcap'd a beating, for attempting, when I was in the *Bath*, to deliver my Thoughts of it in Verſe: And after I was turn'd out of the *Bagnio*, as I us'd to be out of the *Theatre*; I ſearch'd every place, crying as loud as I cou'd, *Eucolpius*, *Eucolpius*: A Naked Youth that had loſt his Cloaths, as ſtrongly Echo'd back to me, *Gito*, *Gito*: The Boys, believing me Mad, ridicul'd me with their Mimikry: But the other was attended with a great Concourſe of People, that with an awful Admiration prais'd the Youth: For Nature had ſo largely qualify'd him for a Lover, his Body

Body ſeem'd but as the Skirt of the mighty Member it bore: A luſty Rogue! I'll warrant, he'd maintain the Field four and twenty hours! He therefore ſoon found relief; for ſome Debauch'd Spark, a *Roman* Knight, as was reported, flung his Cloak over him, and took him home, with hopes I preſume to engroſs ſo great a prize: But I was ſo far from meeting ſuch Civility, that even my own Cloaths were kept from me, till I brought one that knew me, to ſatisfie 'em in my Character: So much more profitable 'tis to improve the Body, than the Mind.

Whilſt *Eumolpus* was telling his Story, I often chang'd Countenance: Looking glad at the ill Fortune of my Rival, but troubled at his good: Yet did not interrupt him, leſt he ſhou'd diſcover my Concern; and when he had done, I told him what we had for Supper.

'I had hardly given him an account, 'e're our Entertainment came in: 'Twas 'common homely Food, but very nou-'riſhing: Our half ſtarv'd Doctor at-'tacqu'd it very briskly, but when he had 'well fill'd himſelf, began to tell us, Phi-'loſophers were above the World; and 'to ridicule thoſe that condemn every 'thing,

'thing, becauſe 'tis common, and only 'admire thoſe things that are difficult to 'be had: Theſe Vicious Appetites, added he, that deſpiſe what they can cheaply come by, never taſte any thing pure, but, like ſick Men, love only thoſe things that are hurtful to 'em.

What's ſoon obtain'd, we nauſeouſly receive,
All hate the Victory that's got with leave:
We ſcorn the Goods our happy Iſle brings forth,
But love whatever is of foreign growth:
Not that the Fiſh that diſtant Waters feed,
Do thoſe excel that in our Climate breed;
But theſe are Cheaply taken, thoſe came far,
With difficulty got, and coſt us dear:
Thus the kind She, abroad, we admire above
Th' inſipid Lump, at Home, of Lawful Love:
Yet once enjoy'd, we ſtrait a new deſire,
And abſent Pleaſures only do admire.

Is this, ſaid I, interrupting him, what you promis'd, that you wou'd not verſifie to day agen? I beſeech you, Sir, at leaſt ſpare us that never pelted you: For if any of the Inn ſhou'd find we have a Poet in our Company, the whole Neighbourhood wou'd be rais'd, and we ſhou'd dye Martyrs for a wrong Opinion:

nion: If nothing elſe will make you pity us, think of the *Galery* and *Bath* you came from: when I had treated him after this rate, the good Natur'd *Gito*, correcting me, ſaid, I did very ill to rail at a Man ſo much my Elder; and that having offer'd a Gentleman the Curteſie of my Table, I ſhou'd not ſo far forget good breeding, to affront him when he came: With many the like Expreſſions, attended with a bluſh at their delivery, that extreamly became him.

Happy the Woman, ſaid *Eumolpus*, that's bleſt with ſuch a Son! Heaven encreaſe your Virtue; ſo much ſence, and ſo much beauty we ſeldom meet with in any one Perſon: But, leſt you ſhou'd think your Civility thrown away, you have found a Lover for it: I'll give the World your Praiſes in Verſe: I'll be your Servant, your Gardian, and will follow you every where: Nor can *Eucolpius* think himſelf injur'd, he Loves another.

Eumolpus was oblig'd to the Souldier that robb'd me of my Sword, elſe I had turn'd the fury upon him I meant for *Aſcyltos*: *Gito* reading it in my Countenance, under pretence of fetching Water, prudently withdrew: And allay'd my

my heat, by removing one cauſe of it: But my rage reviving, *Eumolpus*, ſaid I, I had rather have heard even your Verſes, than you propoſe to your ſelf ſuch hopes: I am very Paſſionate, and you are very Luſtful: Conſider how improbable 'tis we ſhou'd agree; believe therefore I am mad, and humour the Phrenzy; that is, be gone immediately.

At this *Eumolpus* was in great Confuſion, and, without asking the occaſion of my Paſſion, preſently made out: But drawing the Door after him, what I did not in the leaſt ſuſpect, he lock'd me in, and ſtealing the Key out of the Door, ran in purſuit of *Gito*.

The Rage I was in to be ſo abus'd, put me upon Hanging my ſelf; and having ty'd an Apron, I found in the Room, to the Bed-ſtead, committed my Neck to the Nooſe I had made with its Strings: When *Eumolpus* and *Gito* came to the Door, and entering, prevented my Deſign: *Gito*, his Grief growing to a Rage, made a great out-cry, and forcing me on the Bed, you're miſtaken, ſaid he, *Eucolpius*, if you fancy it poſſible for you to dye before me: I was firſt in the Deſign, and had not ſurviv'd my choice of *Aſcyltos*; if I had met with an

an Inſtrument of Death: But had not you come to my Relief in the *Bath*, I had reſolv'd to throw my ſelf out of the Window: And that you may know how ready Death is to wait thoſe that deſire it; ſee——I've got that you ſo lately endeavour'd.

Upon which, having ſnatch'd a Raſor from *Eumolpus*'s Servant, he ſtruck three or four times at his Throat, and fell down before us; frightned at the Accident, I cry'd out, and falling upon him e're he had reach'd the Ground, with the ſame Weapon endeavour'd to follow him: But neither had *Gito* any appearance of a Wound, nor did I feel my ſelf hurt: For it happen'd to be a dull Raiſor, deſign'dly made ſo, to prepare Learners of the Art to handle a ſharper: Which was the reaſon *Eumolpus* did not offer to prevent our Mimick Deaths, nor his Man look concern'd when the Raiſor was ſnatch'd from him.

While this Scene was Acting, the Inn-Keeper came in upon us, with the other part of our Supper; and viewing the obſcene poſture we were in, I beſeech you, Sirs, ſaid he, are ye Drunk, or have fled Juſtice, and are Acting it on your ſelves, or both? ho! who was going to make a Gibet

Gibet of the Bed? What private deſigns are here on foot? What——was your going out but now with intent to Bilk me? But you ſhall feel for't: I'll ſoon make ye know who rules here.

What, you Raſcal, Crys *Eumolpus*, do you threat too? And without more ado flung his Fiſt in his face: The Inn-Keeper took up an Earthen Pitcher we ſo oft had empty'd, and ſending it at *Eumolpus*, broke his Forehead, and immediately ran down Stairs: *Eumolpus*, impatient of Revenge, ſnatching up a great Wooden Candleſtick, made after him; and pouring his blows very thick on the Inn-Keeper, repair'd the injury with Intereſt: This alarm'd the whole Houſe, and whilſt the reſt of his Gueſs, that by this time were moſt of 'em Drunk; ran to ſee what was the matter, taking an opportunity to revenge the injury *Eumolpus* had offer'd me, I lock'd him out; and turning thus his trick upon himſelf, at once, enjoy'd the Bed and Board without a Rival.

In the mean time, the Iſlanders (that came in at the buſtle) and Cooks with all their Kitchin Artillery ſet upon *Eumolpus*: One throws at his head a hot Spit with the Meat on't; another with

a Pitchfork puts himſelf in a Martial poſture againſt him; but eſpecially a Blear-Ey'd Old Woman, who tucking up the dirty Apron ſhe had about her, with one Shoe on, and another off, hall'd a great Maſtiff and ſet him at *Eumolpus*: But with the wooden Candleſtick he defended himſelf againſt all his Enemies.

We ſaw all through a Hole they had made by wrenching the Latch from the Door: I wiſh'd him well you may imagine; but *Gito* had Compaſſion, and wou'd have ſuccour'd the Diſtreſt *Eumolpus*; upon which, my Rage continuing, I gave his pitying Head two or three blows with my Fiſt; he ſate down on the Bed and cry'd: But I ſo eagerly ply'd the Hole, I made my Eyes relieve each other; and, encouraging the People againſt him, with great ſatisfaction beheld the conflict: when the Bailiff of the Iſland, one *Bargates*, whom the Scuffle had rais'd from Supper; was brought into the Room, ſupported by others Legs, for he was ſo troubl'd with the Gout, he cou'd not uſe his own: And having in his Clowniſh manner, with a great deal of heat, made a long Harangue againſt Drunkards and Vagabonds, looking on *Eumolpus*, ha! what is it you, ſays he, the

the Excellent Poet? What——has theſe Rogues been abuſing you all this while? , At what time he goes up to *Eumolpus*, , and in a whiſper, I have a Maid, ſays he, that flouts at me when I ask her the Queſtion; Prithee, if you have any Love for me, abuſe her in a Copy of Verſes till ſhe's aſham'd of her ſelf.

While *Eumolpus* was thus ingag'd with *Bargates*, the Cryer of the Town, and ſome other Officer, attended with a great Concourſe of People, entred the Inn; and, ſhaking a ſmoaky rather than lighted Torch he carried, mouths out this; *viz.*

Not long ago run away from the Bath, *a very pretty Boy, with curl'd Hair, by Name,* Gito.

If any Man, or Woman, in City, or Country, can tell Tale or Tidings of him, ſhall have for his Reward 1000 *Seſterces.*

Not far from the Cryer, ſtood *Aſcyltos*, Clad with a Coat of many Colours; who, to incourage any Diſcoverer, held the Reward in a Silver Charger before him.

Upon

Upon this, I order'd *Gito* to ſteal under the Bed, and thruſt his Feet and Hands through the Cords; that, as *Ulyſſes* formerly hid in a Sheeps Hide, ſo extended he might cheat the Searchers.

Gito immediately obey'd the motion, and fixing himſelf, as I directed, out-did *Ulyſſes* in his Native Art: But, that I might leave no room for Suſpicion, I ſo diſpos'd the Bed-Cloaths, that none could believe more than my ſelf had lain there.

We had juſt done, when *Aſcyltos*, with a Beadle, having ſearch'd the other Chambers, came to ours, which gave him greater hopes, becauſe he found the Door ſo barr'd: But the Petty Officer he brought, with an Iron Crow, forc'd it open.

Upon *Aſcyltos*'s Entry, I threw my ſelf at his feet, and beſeech'd him, if he had any memory of our paſt Friendſhip; or any reſpect for one that had ſhar'd Misfortunes with him, he wou'd at leaſt let me ſee the ſtill dear *Gito*: And to give my ſham-intreaties a better colour, I ſee, ſays I, *Aſcyltos*, you are come with Deſigns on my Life; for to what other end could you bring thoſe Miniſters of Juſtice? Therefore ſatisfie your Rage,

behold my naked Boſom, let out that Blood, which, under pretence of a ſearch, you come to ſeek.

Aſcyltos, now laying aſide his old grudge to me; profeſs'd he came in purſuit of nothing but *Gito*, that had run from him; nor deſir'd the Death of any Man, much more of one that falls before him; and whom, after a fatal Quarrel with him, he held moſt dear.

The Petty Officer was not ſo eaſie to me, for taking a Stick out of the Inn-Keeper's hand, he felt under the Bed with it, and run it into every Hole he found in the Wall: *Gito* drew his Body out of the Stick's way, and, breathing as gently as fear cou'd make him, held his Mouth cloſe to the Cords.

They were hardly gone, e're *Eumolpus* bounc'd in upon us, for the broken Door cou'd ſtop no body; and, in a great heat, cry'd out, I'll earn the Reward: I'll make after the Cryer, and let him know how ſoon *Gito* may be in his Cuſtody.

Eumolpus purſuing his deſign, I kiſt his Knees, and intreated him not to anticipate the end of dying Men; you wou'd be juſtly angry, added I, if you ſhou'd diſcover to 'em how you are deceiv'd:

ceiv'd: The Boy run into the Crowd undiſcover'd, and where he is gone, my ſelf can't ſuſpect. I beſeech you, *Eumolpus*, bring back the Boy, or at leaſt reſtore him even to *Aſcyltos*.

Juſt as I had work'd him to a belief, *Gito*, with reſtraining his breath, ſnees'd thrice ſo throughly, that he ſhook the Bed; at which *Eumolphus*, turning about, ſaluted him with, God bleſs you, Sir; and, taking the Bedding aſide, ſaw the little *Ulyſſes*, who might have rais'd Compaſſion, even in a Blood-thirſty *Cyclops*; then looking upon me, Thou Villain, ſays he, how have you ſhamm'd me? Durſt you not tell truth, even when you was catch'd in a Roguery? If ſome God, that has the care of Humane Affairs, had not forc'd the Boy to diſcover himſelf, I had wander'd in ſearch of him to a fine purpoſe. But *Gito*, that cou'd fawn much better than I, took a Cobweb dipt in Oyl, and apply'd to the Wound in his Forehead: And, changing his torn Coat for his own Mantle, imbrac'd the now reconcil'd *Eumolpus*, and ſtuck to his Lips; at laſt he ſpoke, and, Our Lives, ſaid he, moſt indulgent Father, our Lives are in your power; if you love your *Gito*, convince him that you do, by preſerv-

ing him: O! could I now meet a Grave in flames or waves, that I, the only cauſe of all, might end your Quarrels with my life.

'*Eumolpus*, concern'd at our grief, and 'particularly mindful of *Gito*'s tenderneſs 'to him; ſurely, ſays he, y' are the great-'eſt of Fools, who have Souls enrich'd 'with Virtues, that may make ye hap-'py, yet live a continu'd Martyrdom, 'raiſing to your ſelves every day new Oc-'caſions of grief; I, wherever I am, make 'my Life as pleaſant and free from trouble, 'as if I expected no more of it: If you'll 'imitate me, never let Cares diſturb your 'Quiet. And to avoid *Aſcyltos* that haunts 'ye in theſe parts, I am taking a Voyage 'to a Foreign Country, and ſhou'd be glad 'of your Company: I believe to morrow 'Night I ſhall go on board the Veſſel: 'I am very well known there, and you 'need not doubt of a Civil Entertain-'ment.

'His advice appear'd to me both wiſe, 'and profitable; for at once it deliver'd 'me from *Aſcyltos*, and gave me hopes 'of living more happy: Thus oblig'd by '*Eumolpus*'s good nature, I was ſorry for 'the late injury I had done him, and be-

'gan

'gan to repent I appear'd his Rival, ſince 'it had occaſion'd ſo many Diſaſters.

At laſt, with Tears, I beſeech'd him to be Friends with me too, for that it was not in a Rival's power to bound his Rage; yet, that I wou'd try neither to ſay, or do any thing that may offend him: And hop'd ſo wiſe and good a Man as he, wou'd leave in his Mind no ſign of a former Quarrel: For 'twas with Men as with Countrys, on rude and neglected Grounds Snows lay very long, but where the fruitful Earth was improv'd by Culture, they preſently melt off, and hardly leave a Print behind: Thus unfaſhion'd Minds can't diſcharge their Paſſions ſuddenly, but where Souls are inrich'd with inſtruction, they but appear, and vaniſh.

And to confirm the Truth of what you ſay, return'd *Eumolpus*, all my heat expires in this Kiſs; but, to prevent the deſigns of your Enemies, haſten with your Wallets, and either follow me, or, if ye like it, act the Leaders.

He had not done ſpeaking, when, hearing the Door move, we turn'd about, and ſaw a Seaman, with a Beard that made him appear terribly Grim: who ſaluted *Eumolpus* with a Why dy'e ſtay, as if

you did not know how near the time 'twas?

All immediately prepare for the March, *Eumolpus* Loads his Servant, who had been all this while aſleep; I, and *Gito*, pack'd our Things together, and, thanking our Stars, enter'd the Veſſel.

'We fixt our ſelves, as much out of 'the way as we could, under Deck; 'and it being not yet day, *Eumolpus* 'fell a-ſleep: I, and *Gito*, cou'd not 'take a wink: When reflecting afreſh, 'that I had harbour'd in my Acquain-'tance, a Rival more powerful than '*Aſcyltos*; I began to be much trou-'bled: But wiſely allaying my Grief, 'I thus reaſon'd with my ſelf: Is it ſo troubleſom to ſhare what we love? when the beſt of Nature's works are in common? The Sun throws his Rays on all. The Moon, with her infinite train of Stars, ſerves to light even Beaſts to their Fodder: What below can boaſt an Excellence of Nature above the Waters? Yet they flow in publick for the uſe of all: Only Love ſeems ſweeter ſtol'n, than when it's given us: So it is, we eſteem nothing, unleſs 'tis envy'd by others; but what have I to fear in a Rival, that Age and Impotence conſpire to render

render diſagreeable? Who, when he has an inclination, his Body jades under him before he can reach the Goal.

When I had cheated my ſelf with this aſſurance, I muffled my Head in my Coat, and feign'd my ſelf aſleep: But on a ſudden, as if Fortune had reſolv'd to ruin my Quiet; I heard one above Deck groaning out: And has he ſcorn'd me? This ſtruck me with a trembling, for it was a Man's voice, and one I was afraid I knew: But at a greater diſtance, with the ſame heat, I heard a Woman Lamenting: O that ſome God, ſaid ſhe, wou'd bring my *Gito* to my Arms; tho' he baniſh'd himſelf thence; how kindly wou'd I receive him!

So unexpected a thing drove the colour from our Cheeks: I eſpecially, as in a Trance, was a long time ſpeechleſs; when, trembling with fear, I pull'd *Eumolpus* by the Coat, who was now aſleep; and I beſeech you Father, ſaid I, do you know the owner of this Veſſel, or who the Paſſengers are? He was very angry to be diſturb'd: And was it for this Reaſon, ſaid he, that we choſe the moſt private place in the Ship; that none but your ſelf might diſturb us: Or what will it ſignifie if I tell you, that

one *Lycas* a *Tarentine* owns her, and is carrying one *Tryphæna* to *Tarentum*?

For a while I ſtood like one Thunder-ſtruck, when opening my Boſom, I trembling, cry'd out; At laſt, Fortune, you have ruin'd every part of me: For *Gito*, my better half, lean'd on my Breaſt, as if he'd breath'd his laſt: When our ſweating through fear, had a little recover'd our Spirits; I fell at *Eumolpus* feet, and intreated him to have Compaſſion of two dying Wretches: That is, to aſſiſt us in the Means of eſcaping the impending Miſchief: Tho' Death, I added, wou'd be more grateful to us, if the Happineſs of enjoying you, did not make us deſire Life.

Eumolpus was glad to ſerve us, and ſwore by all that's ſacred, he was privy to no Deſign againſt us; and that he had very innocently brought us hither, for no other end, than for our Company, having hir'd the Veſſel before he was acquainted with us: But what deſigns on your Lives are here? added he, Or, have we a Pyrate *Hannibal* on board? *Lycas*, continu'd he, a very Honourable Man, is not only Maſter and owner of this Veſſel, but of a good Eſtate; and having inclinations to Traffick, freights his Veſſel

ſel himſelf: Is this the terrible *Cyclops*? Is this the dreadful Cut-throat, we muſt pay our Carriage to? And beſides him, is the Beautiful *Tryphæna* that other Emblem of Terrour, who for her pleaſure only goes with *Lycas*.

Theſe are the very two, reply'd *Gito*, we ſtrove to avoid: And, in a low voice, made *Eumolpus*, that trembled at the Story, at once underſtand the Occaſions of their Malice to us, and our preſent danger.

Eumolpus was ſo diſtracted in his thoughts, he cou'd not adviſe, but bid each of us give him his Opinion; and preſume, ſays he, we had juſt enter'd the *Cyclops* Den, where *Jove*'s Thunder-bolts are made. We muſt ſeek a means of delivery, except we deſign to free us from all Danger, by ſinking the Veſſel.

No, no, began *Gito*, rather offer the Pilot a Reward, to direct the Veſſel to ſome Port: And affirm the Sea ſo diſagrees with your Friend, that if he is not ſo Kind, you fear he'll dye: You may colour the pretence with Tears, and appear much concern'd, that, mov'd with Compaſſion, the Pilot may befriend you.

Eumolpus

Eumolpus reply'd, that could not be effected; for not only the difficulty of guiding ſo great a Ship to a Port, but a Suſpicion he wou'd neceſſarily have, that his Friend cou'd not be ſo ſuddenly very ill, conſpir'd againſt it: Then next, perhaps, *Lycas* wou'd have a Curioſity to viſit his ſick Paſſenger: Can you propoſe to eſcape by a means that will diſcover ye to him ye'd avoid? But preſuming the Ship cou'd be ſtopt in her rapid Courſe, and that *Lycas* ſhou'd not viſit his ſick on Board: How can we get out, but all muſt ſee us? With our Heads muffled, or bare? if cover'd, we move every one to lend a hand to ſick Perſons; if bare, we diſcover our ſelves.

A deſperate Diſeaſe, ſaid I, muſt have a deſperate Cure; I know no better Expedient of our delivery, than to ſlide into a long Boat, and cutting the Cord, leave the reſt to Fortune: Nor do I deſire *Eumolpus* to ſhare the Danger: For what wou'd it ſignifie to involve an innocent Perſon in other Mens deſerv'd Misfortunes? We ſhall think our ſelves happy, if Fortune be kind.

'Twas not ill adviſed, ſaid *Eumolpus*, if it cou'd be done; for do you think to ſtir

ſtir in the Ship unobſerv'd, when the diſtant motion of the Stars themſelves can't eſcape the Pilot's diligence? You muſt paſs the only guarded part of the Ship, near which place the Rope that holds the Boat is tyed: Beſides, *Eucolpius*, I wonder you did not remember that one Seaman was upon conſtant duty night and day in the Boat it ſelf; nor will be mov'd from his Poſt, without you cut his Throat, or fling him over-board; which conſider whether you can dare attempt; for my part, to go with you I would refuſe no danger that could give me the leaſt hopes of getting off; but to put ſo low a value on life, to throw it away as an uſeleſs thing, I believe even your ſelves are unwilling: Hear whether you like my Propoſal, I'll put ye into two Mantles I have here, and making Holes to breathe and eat through, will place you amongſt my other Goods for Baggage; next morning I allarm the whole Ship, crying out, my ſervants, fearing a greater puniſhment, in the night jumpt into the Sea; that when the Ship made to land, I might carry you off for Baggage.

Very well, ſaid I, but do you deſign to tye us as Stocks, within which Nature does not labour to be freed; or as thoſe that

that uſe to ſneeze and ſnore? Or, becauſe I once ſucceeded in a like deceit? But ſuppoſe we cou'd hold out a day ſo ty'd up, what ſhall we do if we're put to't longer? Will the thoughts of a quiet life without cares, or of our adverſe fortune entertain us moſt? our very Cloaths long bound up will rot upon our backs: Can we, d'ye think, that are young, and not inur'd to labour, endure to be clad like Statues, and wear our cords as inſenſibly? Since we are yet to ſeek a way of eſcape, for no Propoſal has been made without an objection; ſee what I have thought on: The ſtudious *Eumolpus*, I preſume, never goes unfurniſht with Ink; is there a better Expedient, than waſhing our hands, face, and hair, with that, to appear like *Æthiopian* Slaves? when without wringing our Limbs, we can't but be merry, to act a Cheat, that ſo neatly impoſes on our enemies?

And why wou'd not you have us Circumcis'd too, interrupted *Gito*, that we may appear like *Jews*; and have our Ears bor'd, to perſwade them we came from *Arabia*? and why did not you adviſe our Faces to be Chalk'd as well as Ink'd, that we might paſs for *Frenchmen*, as if our Colour would make ſuch a mighty Alteration?

teration? Has a Foreigner but one mark of diſtinction? Can you think any body ſo ignorant to miſtake you for one, by that ſign only? Grant our dawb'd faces wou'd keep their Colour: Suppoſe it wou'd not waſh off, nor our Cloaths ſtick to the Ink, how can we imitate their black ſwollen Lips? the ſhort curl of their hair? the ſeams on their foreheads? their circular way of treading? their ſplay feet? or the mode of their Beards? an artificial Colour rather ſtains than alters the body; but, if you'll be rul'd by a madman, let's cover our heads, and jump into the Sea.

Nor Heaven nor Man, cry'd *Eumolpus*, cou'd ſuffer ye make ſo ill an end; rather purſue this advice: My Slave, as you may imagin by the Razor, is a piece of a Barber; let him ſhave not only your Heads, but, as a mark of greater puniſhment, your Eye-brows too, and I'll finiſh your diſguiſe with an Inſcription on your Foreheads, that you may appear as Slaves branded for ſome extraordinary Villany: Thus the ſame Letters will at once divert their ſuſpicion, and conceal your Countenances under the mask of puniſhment.

We lik'd the advice, and haſten'd the execution, when ſtealing to the ſide of the

the Veſſel, we committed our Heads and Eye-brows to the Barber: *Eumolpus* in the mean time fill'd our Fore-heads with great Letters, and very liberally diſpenc'd the known marks of Fugitives through the other parts of our Faces; one of the Paſſengers, eaſing his o're-charg'd ſtomach o're the ſide of the Ship, by the Moon perceiving the reflection of a Barber buſie at ſo unſeaſonable a time, and, curſing the Omen that he thought preſag'd a Shipwrack, ran to his Hammock; upon which we diſſembled the ſame, but indeed had an equal though different concern; and the noiſe over, we ſpent the reſt of the night without reſting much.

'The next day *Eumolpus*, when he 'found *Tryphæna* was ſtirring, went to vi-'ſit *Lycas*; and after he had talk'd with 'him about the happy Voyage he hop'd 'from the clearneſs of the Heavens, *Lycas*, 'turning to *Tryphæna*, Methoughts, ſaid he, about midnight the Viſion of *Priapus* appear'd to me, and told me, he had lately brought into my Ship *Eucolpius* that I ſought for: *Tryphæna* was ſtartl'd, And you'd ſwear we ſlept together, reply'd ſhe, for methoughts the Image of

Neptune

Neptune having ſtruck his Trident thrice againſt the *Bajæ*, told me that in *Lycas*'s Ship I ſhou'd meet my *Gito*.

Hence proceeds, ſaid *Eumolpus*, interrupting 'em, that Veneration I pay the Divine *Epicurus*, who ſo wittily has diſcovered ſuch illuſions.

When in a Dream preſented to our view,
Thoſe airy Forms appear ſo like the true;
Nor Heaven nor Hell the fancy'd Viſions ſends,
But every breaſt its own deluſion lends:
For when ſoft ſleep the body wraps in eaſe,
And from th' unactive maſs our fancy frees,
Whatever 'tis in which we take delight,
And think of moſt by day, we dream at night.
Thus he, the now ſackt City juſtly fear'd,
Who all around had death and ruin ſhar'd.
From fancy'd darts believes a darkned sky,
And Troops retreating in confuſion fly:
There the ſad Funeral pomp of Kings; here
Conſcious Plains, half drown'd in blood, appear.
He that by day has nois'd it at the Bar,
Of Knaves and Fools now ſees the great reſort,
And to meet juſtice vainly fears in Court.
Miſers amidſt their heaps are raiſing new,
And think they oft their old hid treaſure view.
And Huntſmen the imagin'd Chace purſue.

The

The Merchant dreams of Wrecks, the Ship wou'd
ſave,
Or now, by ſinking it, himſelf preſerve.
The Miſtreſs to her diſtant lover writes;
And, as awake, with flames and darts indites:
The Goodwife dreaming of her Stallion's charms,
Oft ſeeks the pleaſure in her Cuckold's arms.
Dogs on full cry, in ſleep, the Hare purſue,
And hapleſs wretches their old griefs renew.

But *Lycas*, when he had thank'd his Stars for their care of him, That we may not ſeem, ſaid he, to condemn the Divine Powers, what hinders but we ſearch the Veſſel?

Upon which one *Æſius*, the Paſſenger that had diſcover'd us by our reflection in the water, cry'd out, theſe are the men that were ſhav'd by Moon-ſhine to night. Heaven avert the Omen! I thought the Ceremony of cutting the Nails and Hair, was never perform'd but as a ſolemn Sacrifice to appeaſe a Storm.

Is't ſo, ſays *Lycas*, in a great heat, did any in the Ship offer to ſhave themſelves, and at midnight too? bring 'em quickly hither, that I may know who they are that

that deſerve to die a ſacrifice for our ſafety.

'Twas I, quoth *Eumolpus*, commanded it, not wiſhing ill to the Ship, but eaſe to my ſelf; for they are my Slaves, and having long ſtaring hairs, I order'd the uncomely ſight to be taken away; not only that I might not ſeem to make a Priſon of the Ship; but that the mark of their Villany might more plainly appear; and to let you know how richly they deſerve the puniſhment; among other Rogueries, they rob'd me of a conſiderable ſum of Money, and ſpent it with all the luxury of rich Debauches, on a Trull that was at both their ſervices, whom I catcht them with laſt night. In ſhort, they yet ſmell of the Wine they profuſely gave themſelves with my Money.

Lycas, that the offenders might attone for their crime, order'd each of them forty ſtripes; we were immediately brought to the place of Execution; where the enrag'd Seamen ſet upon us with Ropes-ends, and try'd to offer our blood a ſacrifice for their ſafety. I bore three ſtripes very Heroically. *Gito*, who had not ſo much paſſive valour at the firſt blow, ſet up ſuch an out-cry that the known ſound of his voice reach'd *Tryphæna*'s ear; who

in great diſorder attended with her Maids, that were all like her ſelf ſurpriz'd at the voice, run to the ſufferer.

Gito's admirable beauty had ſoften'd their rage, and ſeem'd without ſpeaking to intreat their favour; when the Maids unanimouſly cry'd out, 'tis *Gito*, 'tis *Gito*; hold your barbarous hands, help Madam, 'tis *Gito!*

Tryphæna to their cry inclin'd her Ears, that already had anticipated her belief, and with eager haſt flew to the Boy.

Upon which *Lycas* that knew me very well, as much ſatisfied as he had heard my voice, ran to me, and taking my other parts on content, with a laſcivious diligence directed his eyes and hands to my Codpiece, where ſatisfy'd by good tokens, your ſervant *Eucolpus*, ſays he, 'twill be no wonder how *Euryclea* that nurs'd *Ulyſſes*, at his return after twenty years abſence, ſhou'd know him by a ſcar in his forehead, when 'tis conſider'd, the moſt diſcreet *Lycas*, not beholden to the marks of any ſeen part of the body, ſo judiciouſly diſcover'd me by the moſt hid: *Tryphæna*, having cheated her ſelf into a belief that thoſe marks of ſlavery we wore on our foreheads were real, wept; and began in a low voice, to inquire what Priſon

ſon cou'd ſtop us in our Rambles; or whoſe ſo cruel hands cou'd finiſh ſuch a puniſhment without reluctancy. I confeſs, added ſhe, they deſerve ſome puniſhment with whom their Maſters are ſo juſtly angry.

Lycas was in a great heat at *Tryphæna*'s tenderneſs. And thou fooliſh Woman, ſaid he, can you believe, thoſe marks were cut before the Ink was laid? We ſhould be too happy were thoſe ſtains not to be rub'd off, and had juſtly been, as they deſign'd us, the ſubject of their laughter, if we had ſuffer'd our ſelves to be ſo groſly impos'd on in a ſham Inſcription.

Tryphæna, who was not yet unmindful of our former amours, wou'd have pity'd us When *Lycas*, ſtill reſenting the abuſe he received in his vitiated Wife, and the affronts at the Porch of *Hercules*'s Temple, with greater rage cry'd out, I thought you had been convinc'd *Tryphæna*, that Heaven has the care of humane affairs, when it not only brought our Enemies into our power, which they ſtrove to avoid, but reveal'd it in a viſion to us both; ſee what you'l get by pardoning them, whom Heaven it ſelf has brought to puniſhment, for my part, I am not naturally ſo cruel, but am afraid the judgment

I ſhou'd prevent from juſtly falling upon, others, may light on my own head.

This ſuperſtitious Harangue, turn'd *Tryphæna* from hindring our puniſhment to haſten its execution. When ſhe began afreſh as highly to reſent the former affronts that was offer'd her, as *Lycas* did the repute of his modeſty that he had loſt in the peoples eſteem.

'When *Lycas* found *Tryphæna* was with 'himſelf eagerly inclin'd to revenge, he or-'der'd to increaſe our puniſhments, which 'when *Eumolpus* perceiv'd, he endeavour'd 'to mitigate after this manner.

'I pity the wretches, ſaid he, that lie 'at your mercy.——*Lycas*, they implore your compaſſion, and chooſing me as a man not altogether unknown to 'em to perform the office, deſire to be reconcil'd to them they once held moſt dear. Can you believe, 'twas by accident they fell into your hands, when all Paſſengers make it their chief buſineſs to enquire to whoſe care they are to truſt themſelves? When you are ſatisfied of their intentions, can you be ſo barbarous to continue your revenge, but ſuffer free born men to go uninjur'd where they have deſign'd. Even barbarous and implacable Maſters allay their cruelty when their Slaves repent; and

and all give quarter to the Enemy that ſurrenders himſelf. What can you, or will you deſire more? you have at your feet repenting Supplicants; they're Gentlemen, and men of worth; and what's more prevailing than both, were once careſs'd as your deareſt Friends. Had they rob'd you of your Money, or betray'd your truſt, by *Hercules* the puniſhment they've inflicted on themſelves might have ſatisfied your rage; don't you ſee the marks of Slaves on their Faces; who, though free, to attone their injuries to you, preſcrib'd themſelves.

To avoid confuſion, interrupted *Lycas*, give me a reaſon for all particulars as I ſhall ask you; and firſt, if they came with deſign to ſurrender themſelves, why did they cut off their hair? for all Diſguiſes are aſſum'd rather to deceive than ſatisfie the injur'd.

Next, if they expected to ingratiate themſelves by their Embaſſadour, why have you endeavoured in every thing, to conceal them you were to ſpeak for? whence it plainly appears, 'twas by accident the offenders were brought to puniſhment, and that you have us'd this Artifice to divert our ſuſpicion.

Sure you thought to raiſe our envy, by ringing in our ears, that they were Gentlemen, and Men of Worth; but have a care their cauſe don't ſuffer by your impudence; what ſhou'd the injur'd do when the guilty come to 'em to be puniſht? and if they were my friends, they deſerve to be more ſeverely treated; for he that wrongs a ſtranger is call'd a Rogue, but he that ſerves a Friend ſo, is little leſs than a Parricide.

I am ſencible, ſaid *Eumolpus*, anſwering this dreadful Harangue, that nothing cou'd happen to theſe unhappy Young men more unfortunate, than the cutting their hair off at midnight, which is the only argument that may perſwade you to miſtake their voluntary coming here, for accidental; but I ſhall as candidly endeavour to undeceive you, as it was innocently acted: before they imbarkt they had deſigns to eaſe their heads of that, as troubleſome as uſeleſs weight, but the unexpected wind that haſten'd us on board, made 'em defer it; nor did they ſuſpect it to be of any moment where 'twas done, being equally ignorant of the ill Omen, and Cuſtoms of Mariners.

What

What advantage, reply'd *Lycas*, cou'd they propoſe to themſelves by the loſs of their hair? unleſs they thought baldneſs might ſooner raiſe our compaſſion: Or can you believe I wou'd be ſatisfy'd in your relation? when addreſſing himſelf to me, What Poyſon, ſaid he, thou Villain has eat your hair off? To what God have your Sacrilegious hands offer'd it?

The fear of puniſhment ſtruck me ſpeechleſs; nor cou'd I find any thing to urge in my defence againſt ſo plain an accuſation. Then the confuſion I was in, my disfigur'd face, with the equal baldneſs of my Head and Eye-brows, gave a ridiculous air to every thing I ſaid or did; but when they wip'd us with a wet Spunge, the Letters melting into one, ſpread o're our Faces ſuch a ſooty cloud that turn'd *Lycas*'s rage to a perfect loathing. *Eumolpus* cou'd not endure to ſee free-born men againſt all Law and Juſtice ſo abus'd, and returning their threats with blows, not only was our advocate but Champion too. He was ſeconded by his Man, and two or three ſick Paſſengers appear'd our Friends, that ſerv'd rather to encourage us, than encreaſe our force.

Upon which I was ſo far from begging pardon, that without any reſpect I held my Fiſts at *Tryphæna*, and plainly told her ſhe ſhou'd feel me, if her lecherous Ladiſhip, who only in the Ship deſerv'd to be puniſht, was not content to decline her pretentions to *Gito*.

The Angry *Lycas* was all rage at my impudence; and very impatient of revenge when he found, without any concern for my own cauſe, I only ſtood up for anothers.

Nor was *Tryphæna* leſs diſturb'd at my contempt of her; at what time every one in the Veſſel chooſe his ſide, and put himſelf in a poſture of defence.

On our ſide *Eumolpus*'s Slave diſtributed the Inſtruments of his Trade, and reſerv'd a Razor to defend his own perſon; on the other, *Tryphæna* and her Attendance advanc'd, arm'd with nothing but their Nails and Tongues; which laſt ſupply'd the want of Drums in their Army; when the Pilot, crying out, threaten'd he wou'd leave the Ship to the mercy of the waves if they continu'd the buſtle rais'd about the luſt of two or three Vagabonds.

This did not in the leaſt retard the fight; they preſſing for revenge, we for our

our lives: In ſhort, many fell half dead on both ſides; others withdrew, as from greater Armies, to be dreſt of their Wounds; yet this damps not the rage of either ſide.

Then the bold *Gito* drawing out that part of him, *Tryphæna* moſt admird, clapt a bloody Razor to't, and threaten'd to cut away the cauſe of all our Misfortunes. But *Tryphæna* did not faintly ſend to prevent ſo cruel an act: I often offer'd at my Throat too, but with as little deſign to kill my ſelf as *Gito* to do what he threatned: He the more boldly handl'd his becauſe he knew it to be the ſame blunt Razor he had us'd before; which made *Tryphæna* very apprehenſive of his Tragick intentions.

Upon this, both ſides drew up their ranks, when the Pilot perceiving how Commical a War it was, with much ado was perſwaded to let *Tryphæna* diſpatch an Herauld to capitulate: Articles immediately according to the Cuſtom of Countries being mutually agreed off on both ſides; *Tryphæna* ſnatcht an Olive-branch, the Enſign of Peace, that ſtuck to the Image of Proſperity pictur'd in the Ship, and holding it in the midſt of us, thus addreſt her ſelf.

What

What fury did theſe ſudden broils engage,
How have theſe guiltleſs hands deſerv'd the rage?
No Paris *a ſtoln Dame to* Troy *conveys,*
No Witch Medea *here her Brother ſlays:*
But ſlighted love muſt needs reſenting be:
And midſt the waves who is the raging he
Now rob'd of Arms that can attempt my fate?
By whom is ſimple death ſo little thought?
Let not your murderous rage out ſtorm the Seas,
And dangers of the angry waves increaſe.

When in a great heat *Tryphæna* had thus ſaid, both Armies ſtood ſtill a while, and reviving the Treaty of Peace, put a ſtop to the War. Our Captain *Eumolpus* prudently us'd the occaſion of her repentance, and having firſt ſeverely chaſtiz'd *Lycas*, ſign'd the Articles: Which were as follow.

Tryphæna, You do from the bottom of your heart, as you are in perfect mind, promiſe never to complain of any injury you have receiv'd from *Gito*; nor mention, upbraid him with, or ſtudy to revenge directly or indirectly any action of his before this day; and to prevent your forcing him to an unwilling compliance, be it further agreed, that you never kiſs, coll, or bring him to a cloſer hug,

hug, without the forfeiture of 100 Denarii: And for better ſecurity, that you always pay your Mony, before you have your Ware.

Item, You *Lycas*, from the bottom of your heart, as you are in perfect mind; do promiſe never to reproach, or inſultingly treat *Eucolpius*, either in Words, or Geſtures: And that you never offer at his Breeches, but, on the forfeiture of 200 Denarij for each time you abuſe him, behind his back.

Conditions thus agreed on, we laid down our Arms: And, leaſt my grudge might ſtill remain, wipe off the memory of all things paſt, in repeated Kiſſes.

All Quarrels expir'd in univerſal ſhouts, and a ſumptuous Banquet that follow'd, ſpread equal Mirth through the whole Company: The Veſſel rung with Songs, the Enſigns of their Joy: And the occaſion of a ſudden Calm, gave other diverſions: Here a little Artiſt bob'd for Fiſh, that riſing, ſeem'd with haſte to meet their ruin: There another draws the unwilling Prey, that he had betray'd on the Hook, with an inviting Bait: When looking up, we ſaw Sea-Birds ſitting on the Sail-Yard, about which, one skill'd in that Art, having plac'd Lime-Twigs,

Twigs, made 'em his booty. Their downy Feathers, the Air whirl'd about: The other, the Sea vainly toſt too and fro.

Now *Lycas* began to be friends with me: And *Tryphæna*, as a Mark of her Love, threw the bottom of her Wine upon *Gito:* At what time, *Eumolpus*, quite Drunk, aim'd at Rallery on thoſe that were Bald and Branded; till having ſpent his life-leſs Stock, he return'd to his Verſes; and deſigning an Elegy on the loſs of Hair, thus began.

Natures chief Ornament, the Hair is loſt,
Thoſe vernal Locks, feel Winters blaſt:
Now the Bald Temples mourn their Baniſh'd ſhade,
And Briſtles ſhine o'th' Sun-burnt Head.
The Joys, deceitful Nature does firſt pay
Our Age, it ſnatches firſt away.
Unhappy Mortal, that but now
The lovely grace of Hair, did'ſt know:
Bright as the Sun's, or Cynthia's *Beams,*
Now worſe than Braſs, and only ſeems
Like th' Muſhroons, that in Gardens ſprings.
From ſporting Girls, you'll frighted run,
And that Death will the ſooner come:
Know that part of your Head is gone.

He

He wou'd have condemn'd us to hear more, and I believe worſe than the former; if an Attendant of *Tryphæna*, had not diſturb'd him: Who taking *Gito* aſide, dreſs'd him up in her Miſtreſſes Tower; and to reſtore him perfectly to his former Figure, drawing falſe Eyebrows out of her Patch-Box, plac'd 'em ſo exactly, Nature might have miſtaken 'em for her own work.

At the ſight of the true *Gito*, *Tryphæna* wept for joy: Who, not before, cou'd hug him with ſo real a ſatisfaction.

I was glad to ſee his loſs ſo well repair'd: Yet, often hid my Head, as ſenſible I appear'd with no common deformity, whom even *Lycas* thought not worth ſpeaking to: But 'twas not long e're the ſame Maid came to my relief, and calling me aſide, dreſs'd me in a Peruke no leſs agreeable: For being of Golden Locks, it rather improv'd my Complexion.

But, *Eumolpus*, our Advocate, and Reconciler, to Entertain the Company, and keep up the Mirth; began to be pleaſant on the inconſtancy of Women: How forward they were to Love, how ſoon ye forgot their Sparks: And that no woman was ſo Chaſt, but her untry'd Luſt,

Luſt, might be rais'd to a Fury: Nor wou'd he bring inſtances from ancient Tragedies, or Perſonages celebrated to Antiquity: But Entertain us, if we wou'd pleaſe to hear, with a Story within the Circle of his own Memory: upon which the Eyes and Ears of all were devoted to him: Who thus began.

There was at *Epheſus* a Lady, of ſo Celebrated virtue, that the Women of Neighbouring Nations came to join their admiration with that of her own Country: This Lady at the death of her Husband not content with tearing her Hair, or beating her Breaſt, thoſe common expreſſions of grief; but following him into the Vault, where the Body plac'd in a Monument, ſhe, after the *Grecian* Cuſtom, watch'd the Corps, and whole Nights and Days continu'd weeping; the perſwaſions of Parents nor Relations cou'd divert her grief, or make her take any thing to preſerve life: The publick Officers at laſt, ſhe guarding the Body for 'em, left the Vault; and lamented by all for ſo ſingular an example of grief, liv'd thus five days without Eating.

All left her but a faithful Maid, who with tears ſupply'd her afflicted Lady, and as often as the Lamp they had by, began

began to expire, renew'd the light; by this time ſhe became the talk of the whole Town; and all degrees of Men confeſt, ſhe was the only true example of Love and Chaſtity.

In the mean time there happening a Trial of Criminals, the Condemn'd were order'd to be Crucify'd near the Vault in which the Lady was weeping o're the Corps of her late Husband. The Soldier that guarded the Bodies leſt any might be taken from the Croſs and bury'd, the night after obſerv'd a light in the Vault, and hearing the Groans of ſome afflicted perſon, preſt with a curioſity common to Mankind, he deſired to know, who, or what it was? Upon which he enter'd the Vault, and ſeeing a very beautiful Woman, amaz'd at firſt, he fancy'd 'twas a ſpirit, but viewing the dead Body, and conſidering her tears and torn face, he ſoon gueſt, as it was, that the Lady cou'd not bear the loſs of her Husband: he brings his Supper with him into the Vault, and began to perſwade the mournful Lady not to continue her unneceſſary grief, nor with vain complaints conſume her health: That death was common to all Men; and many other things he told her, that uſe to reſtore afflicted perſons

to

to that calmneſs they before enjoy'd: But ſhe mov'd anew at the comfort a ſtranger offer'd, redoubl'd her grief, and tearing her Hair, caſt it on the Body that lay before her.

The Soldier however did not withdraw, but with the like invitations offer'd her ſomewhat to eat, till her Maid o'recome, I preſume, by the pleaſing ſcent of the Wine, no longer cou'd reſiſt the Soldier's Courteſie. When refreſht with the Entertainment, ſhe began to join her perſwaſions to win her Lady; and what advantage, began ſhe, wou'd you reap in ſtarving your ſelf? in burying your ſelf alive? What wou'd it ſignifie to anticipate your fate?

D'ye think departed Souls will value it?

Will you, Madam, in ſpite of Fate, revive your Husband? Or will you ſhake off theſe vain complaints, the marks of our Sex's weakneſs, and enjoy the World while you may? The very Body that lyes there might make you envy life.

We don't unwillingly obey when we're commanded to eat or live. The Lady now dry with ſo long faſting, ſuffer'd her ſelf to be o'recome; nor was leſs pleas'd with her Entertainment, than her Maid that firſt ſurrender'd. *You know with what thoughts*

thoughts encouraging meats inſpire young perſons. With the ſame Charms our Souldier had won her to be in love with life, he addreſt himſelf as a Lover; nor did his perſon appear leſs agreeable to the chaſte Lady, than his converſation; and the Maid, to raiſe her opinion of him, thus apply'd her ſelf:

And arm'd with pleaſing love dare you ingage,
E're you conſider in whoſe Tents you are?

To make ſhort: nor even in this cou'd the Lady deny him any thing: Thus our victorious Souldier ſucceeded in both; ſhe receiv'd his Imbraces; not only that night they ſtruck up the bargain, but the next and third day: Having ſhut the door of the Vault, that if any of her acquaintance or ſtrangers had come out of curioſity to ſee her, they might have believ'd the moſt chaſt of all Women, had expir'd on the body of her Husband. Our Souldier was ſo taken with his beautiful Miſtreſs, and the privacy of injoying her, that the little Money he was Maſter of, he laid out for her Entertainment, and, as ſoon as 'twas night, convey'd it into the Vault.

In the mean time the Relations of one of the Malefactors, finding the Body unguarded, drew it from the Croſs and bury'd it. The Souldier thus rob'd while he was in the Vault, the next day, when he perceiv'd one of the Bodies gone, dreading the puniſhment, he told the Lady what had happen'd; and, added that with his Sword he wou'd prevent the Judges Sentence; if ſo be ſhe wou'd pleaſe to give him Burial, and make that place at once the fatal Monument of a Lover and a Husband.

The Lady, not leſs merciful than chaſt; Nor wou'd Heaven allow, ſaid ſhe, that I ſhou'd at once feel the loſs of the only two in the world I held moſt dear; I'd rather hang up the dead Body of the one, than be the wicked inſtrument of the other's death. Upon which ſhe order'd her Husband's Body to be taken out of the Coffin, and fixt to the Croſs, in the room of that which was wanting: Our Souldier purſued the directions of the diſcreet Lady, and the next day the people wonder'd for what reaſon that Body was hung on the Croſs.

The Seamen were pleas'd with the Story. *Tryphæna* not a little aſham'd, lovingly apply'd her Cheek to *Gito's*, and hid

hid her bluſhes; but *Lycas* wore an air of diſpleaſure, and knitting his brows, ſaid he, If the Governour had been a juſt man, he ought to have reſtor'd the Husbands Body to his Monument, and hung the Womans on the Croſs. I don't doubt it made him reflect on his own Wife, and the whole Scene of our Luſt when we rob'd his Veſſel. But the Articles he agreed to, oblig'd him not to complain; and the mirth that ingag'd us gave him no opportunity to vent his Rage.

Tryphæna entertain'd her ſelf in *Gito's* Arms, preſſing oft his Neck with eager Kiſſes, and oft diſpoſing his new Ornament, to make it appear more agreeable to his Face.

At this I was not a little out of humour, and impatient of our new League, cou'd neither eat nor drink any thing; but with ſide-looks wiſht a thouſand Curſes on them both; every kiſs and every look ſhe gave him, wounded me. Nor did I yet know whether I had more reaſon to repent the loſs of my Miſtreſs, or my Comrade; he having rob'd me of her; and ſhe deluded him from my arms: Both were worſe than death to me. And to compleat my miſery, neither *Tryphæna* ſpoke to me as her acquaintance, and

once grateful Lover; nor did *Gito* think me worth drinking to; or what's the leaſt he cou'd, common diſcourſe with him: I believe he was tender of the new return of her favours, and afraid to give her another occaſion to fall out with him: Grief forc'd a flood of Tears from my Eyes, and I ſtifl'd my Complaints, till I was ready to expire.

When *Lycas* perceiv'd how well, tho' in this trouble, my yellow Ornament became me, he was inflam'd afreſh; and viewing me with Lovers eyes, addreſſed himſelf as ſuch, when laying aſide the haughty brow of a Maſter, he put on the tender complacency of a Friend: but his endeavours were fruitleſs. At laſt meeting with an intire repulſe, his love turning to a fury, he endeavour'd to raviſh the favours he cou'd not win by intreaty; at what time *Tryphæna* unexpectedly came in, and obſerving his wantonneſs; in the greateſt confuſion he hid his head, and ran from her.

Upon which the more luſtful *Tryphæna* askt, and made me tell her, what thoſe wanton Careſſes meant; ſhe was inſpired with new heat at the relation; and mindful of our old Amours, offer'd to revive our former Commerce; but worn off

off my legs with thoſe Employments, I gave her invitations, but an ill return; yet ſhe with all the deſires of a woman tranſported by her paſſion, threw her arms about me, and ſo cloſely lockt me in her Imbraces, I was forc'd to cry out; one of her Maids came in at the noiſe, and eaſily believing I wou'd force from her the favours I had deny'd her Miſtreſs, ruſht between, and loos'd the Bands: *Tryphæna* meeting with ſuch a repulſe, and even raging with deſire, took it more grievous at my hands, and with threats at her going off, flew to *Lycas*; not only to raiſe his reſentments againſt me, but join with him in purſuit of revenge.

By the way obſerve, I had formerly been well receiv'd by this Attendant of *Tryphæna*, when I maintain'd a Commerce with her Miſtreſs, upon that ſcore ſhe reſented my converſe with *Tryphæna*, and deeply ſighing, made me eager to know the occaſion; when ſhe, ſtepping back, thus began, If you had any ſparks of the Gentleman in you, you'd value her no more than a common Proſtitute; if you were a man you wou'd not deſcend to ſuch a Jakes; theſe thoughts not a little diſturb'd her; but I was aſham'd of nothing more, than that *Eumolpus*, ſuſpe-

cting the occaſion, ſhou'd in his next Verſes make our ſuppos'd quarrel the ſubject of his Drollery; and leſt my care to avoid it ſhou'd prove one means of diſcovering it.

When I was contriving how to prevent his ſuſpicion, *Eumolpus* himſelf came in, already acquainted with what was done; for *Tryphæna* had communicated her grief to *Gito*, and endeavour'd at his coſt to compenſate the injury I had offer'd her. Upon which *Eumolpus* was on fire, and the more, becauſe her wantonneſs was an open breach of the Articles ſhe had ſign'd.

When the old Doctor ſaw me, pitying my misfortune, he deſir'd to know the whole Scene from my ſelf; I freely told him of the Gameſomeneſs of the lewd *Lycas*, and *Tryphæna*'s luſtful aſſault, that he was already well inform'd of; upon which, in a ſolemn Oath, he ſwore to vindicate our cauſe, and that Heaven was too juſt to ſuffer ſo many Crimes to go unpuniſht.

While we were thus ingag'd, a Storm aroſe; new thick Clouds, and th' inrag'd flood eclypſt the day, the Seamen fly to their Poſts as faſt as fear cou'd make 'em: and, pulling down the Sails, leave the Veſſel to the mercy of the Tempeſt; for

for the uncertain winds made them hopeleſs of any direct courſe; nor did the Pilot know which way to ſteer; ſometimes the unguided Ship was forc'd on the Coaſt of *Sicily*, often by contrary Winds 'twas toſt near *Italy*; and what was more dangerous than all, on a ſudden the gathering Clouds ſpread ſuch horrid darkneſs all around, that the Pilot cou'd not ſee over the Fore-caſtle; upon which all deſpair'd of ſafety; when *Lycas* threw himſelf before me, and lifting up his trembling hands, I beſeech you *Encolpius*, began he, aſſiſt the diſtreſs'd, that is reſtore the Sacred Veſt and Timbrel you took from the Image of the Goddeſs *Iſis*; be merciful as you are wont. At what time a Whirl-wind ſnatcht him up, and threw him howling midſt the flood, and ſoon a ſpiteful wave juſt ſhew'd him us, and drew him back again.

Tryphæna, haſtily taken up by her faithful Attendants, and plac'd with her chief Goods in the Skiff, avoided a moſt certain death.

I, lockt in *Gito*'s Arms, not without tears, cry'd out, And this we have merited of Heaven, that only Death ſhould joyn us; but even now I fear Fortune will be againſt it; for ſee the Waves

threaten to o'return the Veſſel; and now the Tempeſt comes to burſt the lov'd bands that unite us; therefore if you really love *Encolpius*, let's kiſs while we may, and ſnatch this laſt joy even in ſpite of our approaching Fate.

When I had thus ſaid, *Gito* threw off his Mantle, and getting under mine, thruſt his Head out at top to reach my Lips; but that the moſt malicious Wave might not raviſh us aſunder, he girt himſelf to me with the Thong that bound his Wallet; and 'tis ſome comfort, ſaid he, to think that by this the Sea will bear us the longer e're it can divorce us from each others Arms. Or, if in compaſſion it ſhou'd throw us on the ſame Shore, either the next that paſſes by wou'd give us a Monument of Stones, that by the common Laws of Humanity he wou'd caſt upon us; or at leaſt the angry Waves, that ſeem to conſpire our ſeparation, wou'd unwittingly bury us in one grave, with the ſand their rage wou'd vomit up. I was ſatisfy'd with my Chain, and, as on my Death-bed, did now contentedly expect the coming hour.

In the mean time the Tempeſt, acting the Decrees of Fate, had rent all the Rigging from the Veſſel; no Maſt, no Rud-

der

der left, not a Rope or Plank, but an awkard ſhapeleſs body of a Ship toſt up and down the flood.

The Fiſher-men that inhabited the Sea-ſide, expecting a Booty, in all haſte put out with their Boats; but when they ſaw thoſe in the Veſſel that cou'd defend their own; they chang'd their deſign of pillaging to ſuccouring.

After a ſalute on both ſides, unwonted Murmurs, like that of ſome Beaſt, labouring to get out, proceeded from beneath the Maſters Cabin; upon which, following the ſound, we found *Eumolpus* ſitting alone, and in his hand a large Scroll of Paper that he was filling, even to the Margent, with Verſes; we all were amaz'd to ſee a man amuſe himſelf with Poetry, at a time when he had reaſon to think each minute wou'd be his laſt, and having drawn him, making a great noiſe, from his hole, we endeavour'd to recover him from his Frenzy; but he was in ſuch a heat to be diſturb'd, that, 'S death, ſaid he, let me make an end of this Couplet, it finiſhes the Poem; on which I took hold of the Mad-man, and order'd the ſtill murmuring Poet to be hall'd on Shore.

When with ſome trouble we had got him on Shore, we very penſively enter'd one

one of the Fiſhermen's Huts, and howe're we feaſted on our Meats the Sea had corrupted, we had no comfortable night of 't.

The next day, as we were propoſing how to beſtow our ſelves, we diſcover'd an Human Body floating on a little Wave that made to Shore: I ſtood ſtill concern'd, and began with more diligence to ſee, if what was preſented to our view were real.

When finding it to be a mans; and who knows, I cry'd out, but this Wretch's Wife, in ſome part of the World, ſecure at home, may expect his coming; or perhaps a Son, ignorant of the fatal Storm, may wait the wiſht arrival of his Father; who with ſo many Kiſſes ſeal'd his unwilling parting: Theſe are our great deſigns! vain Mortals ſwell with promiſing hopes, yet there's the iſſue of them all! ſee the mighty Nothing how it's toſt!

When I had thus bemoan'd the Wretch, as one unknown, the Sea caſt caſt him on Land with his face, not much disfigur'd, toward Heaven; upon which I made up to it, and eaſily knew that the but now terrible and implacable *Lycas* was lying at my feet.

I could

I could not reſtrain my Tears; but, beating my Breaſt, Now where's, ſaid I, your Rage? where your unruly Paſſions? now you're expos'd a prey to Fiſh and Beaſts; and the poor Shipwrackt wretch, with all his boaſted power, now has not one Plank of the great Ship he proudly call'd his own. After this, let Mortals flatter themſelves with Golden Dreams; let the weary Miſer heap up ill-got Wealth for many years; 'twas but yeſterday this lifeleſs thing was priding in its Riches, and had fixt the very day he thought to return. How ſhort, alas! lyes the poor wretch of his deſign! but 'tis not the Sea only we ſhould fear: one the Wars deceive; another by ſome accidental ruin, even at the Altar, meets a Grave; a third by a fall in running anticipates his arrival to the Goal; eating oft kills the Greedy; and Abſtinence the Temperate. If we rightly conſider it, in this Sea of Life we may be Shipwrackt every where; but we vainly lament the want of Burial to a wretch that's drown'd; as if it concern'd the periſhing Carcaſs, whether Flames, Worms, or Fiſhes were its *Canibals*. Whatever way you are conſum'd, the end of all's the ſame. But Fiſh, they object, will tear their Bodies; as if their Teeth

Teeth were leſs gentle than the Flames; a puniſhment that we believe is the higheſt we can inflict on Slaves that have provok'd us; therefore what madneſs is't to trouble our lives with the cares of our Burial after we're dead; when the beſt of us may meet the Fate he vainly ſtrives with ſo much diligence to avoid?

After theſe Reflections, we perform'd the laſt office for the dead, and, tho' his Enemies, honour'd him with a Funeral Pile; but while *Eumolpus* was making an Epitaph, his Eyes roam'd here and there, to find an Image that might raiſe his Fancy.

When we had willingly acquitted our ſelves of this piece of Humanity to *Lycas*, we purſu'd our deſign'd Journey, and all in a ſweat ſoon reacht the head of a neighbouring Hill, from whence we diſcovered a Town ſeated on the top of a high Mountain; we did not know it, till a Shepherd inform'd us 'twas *Crotona*; the moſt ancient and once moſt flouriſhing City of *Italy*; when we enquir'd of him what ſort of People inhabited this renown'd place, and what kinds of Commerce they chiefly maintain'd, ſince they were impoveriſh'd by ſo many Wars?

Gentle-

Gentlemen, ſaid he, if you have deſigns of Trading, you muſt go another way; but if you're of the admir'd ſort of Men, that have the thriving qualifications of Lying and Cheating, you're in the direct path to buſineſs; for in this City no Learning flouriſheth; Eloquence has not a room here; Temperance, Good Manners, nor any Virtue can meet a reward; aſſure your ſelves of finding but two ſorts of Men, and they are the Cheated, and thoſe that Cheat. A Father takes no care of his Children, becauſe the having of Heirs is ſuch a mark of Infamy, that he who is known in that Circumſtance, dares not appear at any publick Game or Show, is deny'd all publick Priviledges, and only herds among thoſe that all Men piſs upon. But ſingle Men, who have no tyes of Nature that oblige the diſpoſal of their Wealth, are carreſs'd by all, and have the greateſt Honours confer'd on 'em; they're the only Valorous, the only Brave; nay, and only innocent too. You're going to a City, added he, like a Field in a Plague-time, where you can obſerve nothing but one Man devouring another, as Crows dead Carcaſſes.

The prudent *Eumolpus*, at a thing ſo ſurprizingly new, began to be thoughtful, and confeſt that way to riches did not diſpleaſe him. I believ'd it the effect of a Poetick Gaiety, that had not left his years: When, I wiſh, continu'd he, I cou'd maintain a greater figure, as well in Habit as Attendants, 'twou'd give a better colour to my pretences: By *Hercules*, I'd throw by the Wallet, and ſoon advance all our Fortunes.

Promiſing therefore to ſupply his wants, we have with us, ſaid I, the Sacred Veſt of *Iſis*, and all the Booty we made at *Lycurgus*'s Village; and you have given me ſuch hopes, *Eumolpus*, added I, that were the Goddeſs her ſelf in my power, I'd pawn her for Money to carry on the deſign.

Upon which, ſaid *Eumolpus*, why delay we the bringing of our hands in uſe? and if you like the Propoſal let me be call'd your Maſter.

None e're condemn'd a project that was no charge to him; therefore to be true to his intereſt, we engag'd in an Oath before we wou'd diſcover the Cheat to ſuffer ten thouſand Racks; and thus like free-born Gladiators ſelling our Liberty, we Religiouſly devoted both Soul and Body to our new Maſter. After

After the Solemn Ceremonies of our Oath were ended; like Slaves, at a diſtance, we ſalute the Maſter of our own making. When beginning to exerciſe his Authority, he commanded us to report that our ancient Lord (meaning him) griev'd at the loſs of a Son, who was a great Orator and comfort to his age, was unhappily forc'd to quit the place of his Abode, leſt the daily ſalutes of thoſe that expected Preferment under him, or Viſits of his Companions, might be the continual occaſions of Tears; and the late Shipwrack had added to his grief, having loſt to the value of twenty thouſand Crowns; tho' he was not ſo much concern'd at the loſs of his Money, as of his large Retinue; that, he fear'd, would make them not proportion their thoughts to his greatneſs; and to add, that our Lord had Mortgages almoſt on half the Eſtates in *Africa*, and mighty Sums at uſe on Perſonal Security; and cou'd raiſe of his own Gladiators, diſperſt about *Numidia*, a Force able to Plunder *Carthage*.

After this, that his Actions might agree with his condition, 'twas concluded neceſſary to wear an air of diſcontent; that he ſhould with a ſtately ſtiffneſs,

neſs, like Quality, often Cough, and ſpit about the Room; that his words might come the more faintly from him; that in the eye of the world he ſhou'd refuſe to eat or drink; ever talking of Riches, and ſometimes, to confirm their belief, ſhou'd break into theſe words; Strange that ſuch or ſuch a Seat ſhou'd diſappoint my expectation, that us'd to be bleſt with ſo large an increaſe! And that nothing might be wanting to compleat the humour, as often as he had occaſion to call any of us, he ſhou'd uſe one name for another; that it might eaſily appear how mindful the Lord was even of thoſe Servants he had left in *Africk*.

Matters thus order'd, having, as all that wou'd thrive in the world, implor'd the aſſiſtance of Heaven, we began our march, but both *Gito* did not like his new ſlavery, and *Eumolpus*'s hir'd Servant, bearing moſt of our Baggage, in a little time beginning to be uneaſie in his ſervice, wou'd often reſt his burden; and with ten thouſand wry looks, and as many curſes for our going ſo faſt, at laſt ſwore he would either leave his charge, or go quite away with't. 'S death, ſaid he, d'ye think I'm a Pack-horſe, or a Dray, that you load me thus? I was hir'd for a Man, not a Horſe;

Horſe; nor am I leſs a Gentleman by birth, than any of you all; tho' my Father left me in a mean condition. Nor content with reproaches, but getting before us, he lift up one Leg, and, venting his Choler at the wrong end, fill'd our Noſtrils with a beaſtly ſcent.

Gito mockt his humour, and for every crack he gave, return'd the like, that one ill-ſcent might ſtiffle another.

But even here *Eumolpus* returning to his old humour: Young men, began he, this Poetry deceives many; for not only every one that is able to give a Verſe its numbers, and ſpin out his feeble ſence in a long train of words, has the vanity to think himſelf inſpir'd; but Pleaders at the Bar, when they wou'd give themſelves a looſe from buſineſs, apply themſelves to Poetry, as an Entertainment without trouble; believing it eaſier to compile a Poem than maintain a Controverſie, adorn'd with a few florid Sentences. But neither will a generous Spirit affect the empty ſound of words; nor can a mind, unleſs enricht with Learning, be deliver'd of a birth of Poetry; there muſt be the purity of Language, no Porterly expreſſion, or meanneſs, as I may call it, of words is to be admitted; but a ſtile per-

fectly above the common, and with *Horace*,——

Scorn the Unletter'd Herd,
And drive 'em from you.

Beſides, you muſt be ſtrictly diligent, that your Expreſſions appear of a piece with the Body of the Diſcourſe, and your Colours ſo laid, that each may contribute to the beauty of the whole. *Greece* has given us a *Homer* and the *Lyricks* for Examples; *Rome* a *Virgil* and an *Horace*; the purity of whoſe Language is ſo happily correct, others either never ſaw the path that leads to Poetry, or ſeeing, were afraid to tread it. To deſcribe the Civil Wars of *Rome* wou'd be a Maſter-piece, the unletter'd head that offers at it, will ſink beneath the weight of ſo great a work; for to relate paſt Actions, is not ſo much the buſineſs of a Poet, as an Hiſtorian; the boundleſs Genius of a Poet ſtrikes through all Mazes, introduces Gods, and puts the invention on the rack for Poetick Ornaments; that it may rather ſeem a Prophetick fury, than a ſtrict relation, with witneſſes of meer truth. As for example, this rapture, tho' I have not given it the laſt hand.

Now

Now Rome *reign'd Empreſs o're the Van-*
quiſh'd Ball,
As far as Earth and Seas, obey'd by all:
Uneaſie yet, with more deſires ſhe's curſt,
And boundleſs, as her Empire, is her thirſt.
In Burden'd Veſſels now they travell'd o're
The furrow'd deep to Seas unknown before:
And any hidden part of Land or Sea,
That Gold afforded, was an Enemy.
Thus Fate the Seeds of Civil fury rais'd,
When great in wealth no common pleaſure pleas'd.
Delights more out of faſhion by the Town:
Th'Souldier's Scarlet now from Spain *muſt come;*
The Purple of the Sea contemn'd is grown.
India *with Silks,* Africk *with Precious Stone,*
Arabia *with its Spices hither come,*
And with their Ruin raiſe the pride of Rome.
But other Spoils, deſtructive to her Peace,
Rome's *ruin bode, and future ills encreaſe:*
Through Lybian *Deſarts are wild Monſters*
chac'd,
And the remoteſt parts of Africk *trac'd:*
Woere the Unweildy Elephant that's ta'en,
For fatal value of his Tooth is ſlain.
Uncommon Tygers are imported here,
And led Triumphant in the Theatre;

Where, while devouring Jaws on Men they try,
The People Clap to see their Fellows die.
But Oh! who can without a blush relate
The horrid scene of their approaching Fate?
When Persian *Customs, fashionable grown,*
Made Nature start, and her best work disown,
Male Infants are divorc'd from all that can,
By timely progress ripen into Man.
Thus Circling Nature dampt, a while restrains
Her hasty Course, and in a Pause remains;
Till working a return t'her wonted Post,
She seeks her self, and to her self is lost.
The Herd of Fops the frantick Humour take,
Each keeps a Capon, loves its mincing Gate,
Its flowing Hair, and striving all it can,
In changing Mode and Dress, t' appear a Man.
Behold the Wilder Luxury of Rome,
From Africk *Furniture, Slaves, Tables come,*
And Purple Carpets made in Africk *Loom.*
Thus their Estates run out, while all around
The Sot-companions in their Wine are drown'd;
The Souldier loads, neglected is his Sword,
With all his Spoils the dearly noble Board:
Rome's *Appetite grows witty, and what's caught*
In Sicily, *to their Boards are living brought:*
But Stomachs gorg'd, (a dearer Luxury)
Must with Expensive Sawce new hunger buy.

The

The Phaſian *Banks, the Birds all eaten, gone,*
With their forſaken Trees in ſilence moan,
And have no Muſick but the Winds alone.
In Mars's *Field no leſs a Frenzie reigns,*
Where Brib'd Aſſemblies make a Prey of Gains.
Their ſervile Votes obey the Chink of Gold,
A People and a Senate to be ſold!
The Senate's ſelf, which ſhould our Rights maintain,
From their free ſpirits, ſtoop to ſordid Gain,
The power of right by Gold corrupted dies,
And trampled Majeſty beneath it lies:
Cato's *pretence the Giddy Rout neglect,*
Yet did not him, but him they rais'd, deject:
Who, tho he won, with conſcious bluſhes ſtands,
Aſham'd o'th' Power he took from worthier hands.
O Manners, Ruin, and the People's ſhame!
He ſuffer'd not alone, the Roman *Name,*
Virtue and Honour to their Period came.
Thus wretched Rome *does her own ruin ſhare,*
At once the Merchant, and at once the Ware,
All Lands are Mortgag'd, and all Perſons bound,
And in the Uſe the Principal is drown'd.
Thus Debt's a Feaver, and like that diſeaſe,
Bred in our Bowels, by unfelt degrees
Will through our thirſty Vitals ev'ry Member ſeize.

Wild Tumults now to Arms for ſuccour call,
(For want may dare and never fear a fall.)
Waſted by Riot, Wealth's a putrid Sore,
That only Wounds can its loſt ſtrength reſtore.
What rules of Reaſon, or ſoft gentle ways,
Rome *from this Lethargy of Vice can raiſe?*
Where ſuch mild Arts can no impreſſion make,
War, Tumult, Noiſe and Fury muſt awake.
Fortune one Age with three great Chiefs ſupply'd,
Who different ways, by th' Sword that rais'd 'em, dy'd;
Craſſus's *Blood,* Aſia; Africk, Pompey's *ſhed;*
In Thankleſs Rome, *the Murder'd* Cæſar *bled.*
Thus as one Soil alone too narrow were,
Their Glorious Duſt, and great Remains to bear,
O're all the Earth their ſcatter'd ruin lyes;
Such Honours to the Mighty dead ariſe.
'Twixt Naples *and* Puteoli *there is,*
Deep in the Gaping Earth, a dark Abyſs,
Where runs the raging Black Cocytus *Stream,*
That from its Waters ſends a Sulphurous ſteam,
Which ſpreads its fury round the Blaſted Green,
O're all the fatal compaſs of its breath
No Verdant Autumn Crowns the fruitful Earth;
No blooming Woods with Vernal Songs reſound,
Nothing but Black Confuſion all around,

Where

Where lonely Rocks in diſmal quiet mourn,
Which aged Cypreſs dreadfully adorn.
Here Pluto *rais'd his head, and through a Cloud*
Of Fire and ſmoke, in this Prophetick Mood,
To Giddy Fortune ſpoke,———
All ruling Power,
You love all Change, and quit it ſoon for more;
You never like what too ſecurely ſtands;
Does Rome *not tire your faint ſupporting hands?*
How can you longer bear the ſinking Frame,
The Roman *Youth now hate the* Roman *Name.*
See all around Luxuriant Trophies lye,
And their encreaſing Wealth new ills ſupply.
Golden aſpiring Piles here Heav'n invade,
There on the Sea encroaching Bounds are made.
Where Fields contriving as from Waters ſprung,
Inverted Nature's injur'd Laws they wrong.
So deep the Caverns in the Earth ſome make,
They threat my Empire, and my Regions ſhake;
While to low Quarries others ſink for Stone;
And Hollow Rocks beneath their fury groan.
Proud with the hopes to ſee another day,
M' infernal Subjects 'gin to diſobey:
Fortune be kind, ſtill I'le their fury dare,
Turn all your Smiles, and ſtir up Rome *to war,*
And a new Colony of Souls prepare.

Our ſooty Lips this Age no blood have taſte,
With thirſt Tiſiphone's *dry Throat does waſt.*
Since Sylla's *Sword let out the Purple flood,*
And guilty Earth grew fruitful from the blood.
The black grim God did thus to Fortune ſay,
Reaching her hand, the yielding Earth gave way;
The fickle Goddeſs, thus returning, ſaid,
Father, by all beneath this Earth obey'd,
If dangerous Truths may be with ſafety told,
My thoughts with yours a juſt proportion hold:
No leſs a rage this willing breaſt inſpires,
Nor am I preſt with leſs inflam'd deſires;
I hate the Bleſſings that to Rome *I lent,*
And of my Bounty, now abus'd, repent:
Thus the proud height of Rome's *aſpiring Wall,*
By the ſame dreadful God 'twas rais'd, ſhall fall.
Their Blood I'll offer as a Sacrifice,
T' appeaſe the Ghoſt of their departed Vice.
I already ſee Pharſalian *Armies ſlain,*
The Funeral Piles of Theſſaly *and* Spain:
Ægypt *and* Libya's *Groans methinks I hear,*
The diſmal ſound of arms now ſtrikes my ear,
An Actian *Sea-fight, and retreating fear.*
Make wide the entrance of your thirſty Soil,
New ſpirits muſt i'th' mighty Harveſt toil;

Charon's

Charon's *too narrow Boat can ne're convey,*
Scarce a whole Fleet will waft the Souls away;
Pale Furies be with the vaſt ruin Crown'd,
And fill'd with Blood, remangle every Wound.
The Univerſal Fabrick of the World,
Rent and divided, to your Empire's hurl'd.
She ſcarce had ſpoke; e're from a Cloud there flyes
A blaſting flame, that burſting ſhake the Skyes;
At Jove's *avenging Thunder, to his Hell,*
From the clos'd Earth, affrighted Pluto *fell.*
When ſoon the angry Gods their Omens ſhow,
That bode deſtruction and approaching woe:
Aſtoniſhment ſurpriz'd the darkned Sun,
As if the War already were begun;
Approaching Ills the conſcious Cynthia *knew,*
And bluſhing, from impiety withdrew.
With hideous noiſe the falling Mountains cleave;
And ſtreams repulſt their uſual courſes leave.
Ingaging Armies in the Clouds appear,
And Trumpets raiſing Mars *himſelf to War.*
Now Ætna's *flames with an uſual roar*
Vomit huge Bolts of Thunder in the Air,
Amidſt the Tombs and Bones without their Urns,
Portending Spirits ſend up diſmal groans:

A Comet's ſeen with Stars unknown before,
And Jove *deſcending in a Bloody ſhow'r:*
The God theſe Wonders did in ſhort unfold,
Cæſar *their Ills no longer ſhou'd with-hold.*
Impatient of revenge, quit Gallick *Jars,*
And draw his conquering Sword for Civil Wars.
In Cloudy Alps, where the divided Rock
To cunning Grecians *did its Nerves unlock,*
Altars devoted to Alcides *ſmoke.*
The Temple with eternal Ice is Crown'd,
Whoſe milky top ſo far in Clouds is drown'd;
You'd think its Shoulders in the Heavens bound.
Not the warm rays of a Meridian Sun,
Or the hot Southern Winds can melt it down.
So fixt with Ice and Snows it did appear,
That its aſpiring top the Globe might bear.
Here Conquering Cæſar *leads his joyful Bands,*
And on the proudeſt Cliff conſid'ring ſtands.
The diſtant Plains of Italy *ſurveys,*
And, Hands and Voice to Heaven directed, ſays,
Almighty Jove *and you,* Saturnia, *found,*
Safe by my arms, oft with my Triumphs Crown'd,
Witneſs theſe Arms unwillingly I wear,
Unwillingly I come to wage this War,
Compell'd by injuries too great to bear.

Baniſht

Baniſht my Country, while I make the Flood,
That laves the Rhine, *run Purple all with blood.*
While the Gauls, *ripe our* Rome *to re-invade,*
I force to skulk behind their Alps, afraid:
By Conquering my Baniſhment's ſecur'd.
Are ſixty Triumphs not to be endur'd?
A German *Conqueſt reckon'd ſuch a fault?*
By whom is Glory ſuch a Monſter thought?
Or who the vile ſupporters of this War?
A foreign Spawn, a Mobb in Arms appear,
At once Rome's *ſcandal, and at once her care.*
No ſlaviſh Soul ſhall bind this Arm with Chains,
And unreveng'd triumph it o're the Plains.
Bold with ſucceſs ſtill to new Conqueſts lead,
Come, my Companions, thus my Cauſe I'le plead,
The Sword ſhall plead our cauſe, for to us all
Does equal guilt, and equal danger, call:
Oblig'd by you I conquer'd, not alone.
Since to be puniſht is the Victor's Crown,
Fortune invokt begin the offer'd War,
My Cauſe is pleaded when you bravely dare,
With ſuch an Army, who ſucceſs can fear.
Thus Cæſar *ſpoke: from the propitious ſky*
Deſcending Eagles, boding Victory,
Drive the ſlow winds before 'em as they Fly.

From

From the left ſide of a dark Wood proceed
Unwonted crys, which dying, flames ſuccced.
The Sun-beams with unuſual brightneſs riſe,
And ſpread new Glories round the gilded Skies.
New fir'd with Omens of the promis'd day,
Cæſar o're untrod Mountains leads the way;
Where th' Frozen Earth o're-clad with Ice and Snows,
At firſt not yielding to their Horſes blows,
A dreadful quiet in dull ſtiffneſs ſhows.
But when their trembling Hoofs had burſt the Chain,
And ſoften'd milky Clouds of hardned rain;
So quick the melted Snows to Rivers run,
That ſoon a deluge from the Mountains ſprung.
But thus you'd think 'twere done by Fates decrees,
For the Flood ſtopt, and Billows riſing Freeze,
And yielding Waves but now are Rocks of Ice.
The ſlippery paſſage now their feet betray,
When ſoon in miſerable heaps o'th' way,
Men, Horſes, Arms, in wild confuſion lay.
Now pregnant Clouds with whirling blaſts are torn,
And, burſting, are deliver'd of a Storm:

Large

Large ſtones of Hail *the troubl'd Heavens ſhoot,*
That by tempeſtuous winds are whirl'd about;
So thick it pours, whole Clouds of Snow and Hail,
Like Frozen Billows, on their Armour fall:
The Earth lay vanquiſht under mighty Snow,
An Icy damp the vanquiſht Heavens know,
And vanquiſht Waters now no longer flow.
Thus all but Cæſar *yield; on his huge Lance*
The Hero leaning, did ſecure advance.
Alcmena's *Son did leſs ſecurely ruſh,*
From the proud height of riſing Caucaſus;
Or Jove *himſelf, when down the ſteep he preſt*
Thoſe Sons of Earth, that durſt his Heaven moleſt.
While raging Cæſar *ſcales th' aſpiring height,*
Big with the news, Fame takes before her flight;
And from Mount Palatine *approaching ills,*
To frighted Rome, *thus dreadfully ſhe tells:*
A numerous Fleet is riding o're the Main,
The melted Alps *are hid with* Cæſar's *Train.*
That reeking from a German *Conqueſt come,*
And with a like deſtruction threaten Rome.
Now Arms, Blood, Death, and diſmal Scenes of War,
Are to their Eyes preſented by their fear;
With dreadful thoughts of coming War poſſeſt,
A wilder tumult raigns in every breaſt.

This

This flys by Land, and that the Sea prefers,
And thinks his native ſoil leſs ſafe appears,
The Souldier truſts the Fortune of the VVars.
Preſt by their Fate, thus as they fear they run.
'Midſt theſe diſorders, through th'abandon'd Town:
A moving ſight, wild tumuls here and there,
Follow the blind impulſes of their fear.
Vanquiſht by rumour all, prepar'd for flight,
Their much lamented Habitations quit:
Trembling, this takes his Children in his Arms,
And that protects his Guardian Gods from harms.
Scar'd from their homes, unwillingly they go,
And in their wiſhes ſtab the abſent Foe.
Some bear their Wives, amidſt ten thouſand fears,
In ſad imbrace; and ſome their aged Sires:
The tender Youth, unus'd to Burdens, bear
Only that with 'em for which moſt they fear:
Some leſs diſcreet, ſtrive to bear all away,
And only for the Foes prepare the Prey.
So in a Storm when no Sea-arts avail
To guide the Ship with any certain ſail;
Some bind the ſhatter'd Maſt, with thoughts ſecure,
Others are ſwiming t'ward the peaceful ſhore;
While with full ſails kind Fortune theſe implore.

But

But why do we of ſuch ſmall fears complain,
With both the Conſuls greater Pompey *ran,*
That Aſia *aw'd, in dire* Hydaſpes *grown*
The only Rock, its Pyrates ſplit upon;
Whoſe third Triumph o're Earth made Jove *afraid,*
Proud with ſucceſs he'd next his Heaven invade:
To whom the Ocean yielding honours gave,
And rougher Boſpherus *humbly ſtill'd his wave.*
Yet he, of Empires and of Men the ſhame,
Quitting the honour of a Ruler's name,
Meanly at once abandon'd Rome *and Fame.*
Now this to Heaven it ſelf does fears impart,
And the mild train of quiet Gods depart;
Frighted with Wars they quit the impious World,
And leave Mankind in wild confuſion hurl'd.
Fair Peace, as leader of the Goodly Train,
Beating her Snowy Arms, did firſt complain:
A wreath of Olives bound her drooping head,
And to Hell's dark inſatiate Realms ſhe fled.
Juſtice and Faith on her attending went,
And mournful Concord with her Garment rent.
On th' other ſide from Hell's wide gaping Jaws,
A Train of dire Inhabitants aroſe:
Dreadful Erinnys, *fierce* Bellona *there,*
Fraud, and Megæra *arm'd with brands of fire,*
And th' Gaſtly Image of pale death appear:

Diſorder'd

Diſorder'd Rage from all her Fetters freed,
Proudly 'midſt theſe lifts her diſtracted head,
And her backt face with bloody Helmet hid.
On her left arm a Target old and worn,
Pierc'd with innumerable Darts was born,
And brands of fire ſupported in her right,
The impious World with flames and ruin threat.
The Gods deſcending, leave their ſtill abode,
And the Stars wondring miſs their uſual Load;
For all the Inhabitants of Heaven come,
Chooſing their ſides, with factious fury down.
For Cæſar *firſt* Dione *does appear,*
Pallas *and* Mars *with his huge brandiſht Spear;*
Phæbe *and* Phæbus *too for* Cæſar *came,*
And with Cyllenius, *to fill the Train,*
Alcides *went, in all his acts the ſame.*
The Trumpets ſound, when from the Stygian *ſhade*
Wild Diſcord raiſes her diſorder'd head;
From whoſe ſwoln Eyes there ran a briny flood,
And Blood congeal'd o're all her Viſage ſtood;
Her hideous rows of Brazen Teeth were furr'd,
A filthy Gore there iſſu'd from her tongue,
With Snaky Locks her Guarded head was hung;
Rent and divided did her Garb betray
The Image of the Breaſt on which it lay;
And brandiſht Flames her trembling hand obey.

Thus

Thus from Hell's deeps she past with dire design,
Up to the top of Noble Appennine,
From whose proud height she all the World de-
scri'd.
Earth, Seas, and Armies march on every side,
And bursting out at length, with fury cry'd,
Let murderous rage the World to Arms inspire,
That every Nation may appear a fire:
No age or sex shall from the War be free,
Nor subtle Fear be a security.
The Earth it self shall tremble, and the shock
Make Mountains cleft against each other knock.
Marcellus *guide the Laws,* Curio *the Crowd,*
Let Lentulus *inspire the Warlike God.*
But why is't Cæsar *such slow measures takes?*
Not scale the Walls? Nor force th'aspiring Gates,
Nor to the Town, nor to the Treasure makes?
At Rome, *if* Pompey *fears th' approaching Foe,*
Let him to fatal Epidamnum *go:*
Fill all its Plains with blood. Thus discord said,
And impious earth her black Decrees obey'd.

When *Eumolpus*, with his usual freedom, had deliver'd himself of this, we arrived at *Crotona*; where having refresht our selves in a little Inn we took up at, the

next day, designing an Enlargement of our House and Fortune, we fell into the company of some Parasitical *Corbacchio's*; who immediately enquir'd what we were, and whence we came? When, according to our contrivance, prudently advancing our Characters, we told the credulous Parasites whence we came, and who we were. Upon which, immediately all their Fortunes were at *Eumolpus*'s Feet; and each, to ingratiate himself into his favour, strove to exceed the rest in presenting him.

While this Flood of Fortune was for a long time flowing on us, *Eumolpus*, 'midst his happiness, having lost the memory of his former condition, so boasted his Interest, that he affirm'd, none in *Crotona* cou'd resist his desires; and that what e're Crime any of us shou'd act, he had Friends enough to wipe off the Guilt.

But, tho' our daily increasing Riches, left my pamper'd body no desire unsatisfy'd; and tho' I flatter'd my self into an opinion that ill Fortune had taken her last leave of me, yet not only the thoughts of my present condition, but the means of getting to't, wou'd oft break in upon my Joys, and bitter all the

the ſweet. And what, ſaid I to my ſelf, if ſome one, wiſer than the reſt, ſhou'd diſpatch a Meſſenger for *Africk*; ſhou'd not we ſoon be diſcover'd? What if the Slave *Eumolpus*, pickt up, glutted with his preſent happineſs, ſhou'd betray us to his Companions, and maliciouſly diſcover the whole Cheat? we ſhould then be put upon the ſtrole again, and be oblig'd with ſhame to renew our former beggery. Heavens, how ill it fares with wicked lives! they ever expect the puniſhment they deſerve.

'Going out full of theſe thoughts to di-'vert my concern, I reſolv'd on a Walk, 'but I had ſcarce got into a publick one, 'e're a pretty Girl made up to me, and 'calling me *Polyænus*, told me her Lady 'wou'd be proud of an opportunity to 'ſpeak with me.

'You're miſtaken, Sweet heart, return'd 'I, in a little heat, I'm but a Servant, of 'another Country too, and not worthy 'of ſo great a favour.

No Sir, ſaid ſhe, I have commands to you; but becauſe you know what you can do, you're proud; and if a Lady wou'd receive a favour from you, I ſee ſhe muſt buy it: For to what end are all thoſe allurements, forſooth? the Curl'd

Hair, the Complexion advanc'd by a Waſh, and the wanton roll of your Eyes, the ſtudy'd Air of your Gate? unleſs by ſhowing your Parts, to invite a Purchaſer? For my part I am neither a Witch, nor a Conjurer, yet can gueſs at a Man by his Phyſiognomy. And when I find a Spark walking, I know his Contemplation. To be ſhort, Sir, if ſo be you are one of them that ſell their Ware, I'll procure you a Merchant; but if you're a Courteous Lender, confer the benefit. As for your being a Servant, and below, as you ſay, ſuch a favour, it increaſes the flames of her that's dying for you. 'Tis the wild Extravagance of ſome Women to be in love with Filth, nor can be rais'd to an appetite, but by the Charms forſooth of ſome Slave or Lacquy; ſome can be pleas'd with nothing but the ſtrutting of a Prize-fighter with a Hackt-face, and a Red Ribbon in his Shirt: Or an Actor betray'd to proſtitute himſelf on th' Stage, by the vanity of ſhowing his pretty Shapes there; of this ſort is my Lady; who indeed, added ſhe, prefers the paultry Lover of the Upper Gallery, with his dirty Face, and Oaken Staff, to all the fine Gentlemen of the Boxes, with their Patches, Gunpowder-ſpots, and Tooth-

pickers,

pickers. When pleas'd with the humour of her Talk, I beſeech you, Child, ſaid I, are you the ſhe that's ſo in love with my perſon? Upon which the Maid fell into a fit of Laughing. I wou'd not return'd ſhe, have you ſo extreamly flatter your ſelf, I never yet truckl'd to a Waiter, nor will *Venus* allow I ſhou'd imbrace a Gibbet. You muſt addreſs your ſelf to Ladies that kiſs the Enſigns of Slavery; be aſſur'd that I, though a Servant, have too fine a taſt to converſe with any below a Knight. I was amaz'd at the relation of ſuch unequal paſſions, and thought it miraculous to find a Servant, with the ſcornful pride of a Lady, and a Lady with the humility of a Servant.

Our pleaſant Diſcourſe continuing, I deſir'd her to bring her Lady: ſhe readily conſented, and taking hold of her Petticoats, tript it into a Lawrel Labyrinth, that border'd on the Walk; 'twas not long e're ſhe uſher'd her Lady to me; a Beauty excelling even the flattery of Painters; words can't expreſs ſo perfect a Creature; whatever I ſhou'd ſay of her wou'd fall ſhort of what ſhe was. Her Hair ſpread all o're her Shoulders, and ſeem'd in eaſie Curls to wanton in

the Air. Her Forehead oval, and that naturally inclin'd the Hair to its advantage. The proportion of her Eye-brows was moſt correct. Her Eyes eclypſt the Glory of the brighteſt Star. Her Noſe had an eaſie turn, and Mouth was ſuch *Praxiletes* believ'd *Venus* had. Then her Chin, her Neck, her Arms, and Feet, gently girt with Embroider'd Sandals, to whoſe whiteneſs the *Parian* Marble wou'd ſerve but as a foil. 'Twas then I began to deſpiſe my old Miſtreſs *Doris*. And thus broke out:

Sure amorous Jove's *a holy tale above;*
With fancy'd arts that wait upon his love,
When we are bleſt with ſuch a charm as this,
And be no Rival of our happineſs:
How well the Bull wou'd now the God become:
Or his Grey-hairs to be transform'd to Down?
Here's Danae's *ſelf, a touch from her wou'd fire,*
And make the God in Liquid joys expire.

She was pleas'd, and ſmil'd with ſuch an air, that, ſhe ſeem'd like the Moon in all her Glories breaking through a Cloud; when addreſſing her ſelf, her pretty Fingers humouring the turn of her Voice, If a fine

a fine Woman, and that but this year, has been acquainted with a Man, ſaid ſhe, may deſerve your love, let me commend a Miſtreſs to you. I am ſenſible you have a Comrade already, nor have I thought it below me to inquire it: But why not a Miſtreſs too? I enter the Liſt on the ſame bottom with your Comrade; nor do I deſire to engroſs all the Careſſes; only think me deſerving, and confer them as you pleaſe.

Let me beſeech you, Madam, return'd I, by all thoſe *Cupids* in your Face and Meen, not to ſcorn to admit a ſtranger into the number of your Admirers. You'l find him moſt Religious, if you accept his Devotions, and that you ſhou'd not ſuſpect I believe the way to this Heaven, unlike all others, may be trod Gratis, I preſent you with my Comrade.

What? ſaid ſhe, do you give him without whom you cou'd not live? On whoſe lips your very Being hangs? Whom you ſo love, as I cou'd you. Her words were attended with ſuce a Grace at their delivery, and the ſweet ſound ſo charm'd the yielding air, you wou'd have ſworn ſome Syren had been breathing Melodies. Thus rapt with every thing ſo amazing, and fancying a Glory

ſhin'd in every part, I ventur'd to enquire what name the Goddeſs own'd? My Maid, I perceive, ſaid ſhe, has not inform'd you, I am call'd *Circe*; I would not have you believe, tho' I bear that name, that I derive my original from *Apollo*; nor that my Mother, while ſhe lay in the God's Imbraces, held the fiery Steeds: Yet I ſhall know enough of Heaven, if Fate will give you to my Arms. And who knows the dark Decrees? Therefore come, my Dear, and Crown my Wiſhes. Nor need you fear any Malicious diſturber of our Joys. Your Comrade is far enough from hence.

Upon which, ſhe threw her Downy Arms about me, and led me to a Plat of Ground, the Pride of Nature, deckt with a gay variety of every pleaſing object.

On Ida's *top, when* Jove *his Nymph careſt,*
And Lawleſs heat in open view expreſt:
His Mother Earth in all her Charms was ſeen.
The Roſe, the Violet, the ſweet Jeſſamin,
And the fair Lilly ſmiling on the Green.
Such was the Plat on which my Venus *lay,*
But ſecret our love, more Glorious the Day,
When all around was bright, and as the Nymph
as Gay.

Here

Here we prepar'd for Battel, and through ten thouſand Kiſſes preſt to a cloſer engagement; but a ſudden weakneſs rob'd me of my arms. Thus cheated in her expectation, ſhe highly reſenting it, askt whether her Lips, her Breath, or ſome ill ſcent of any part of her, offended me? Or if none of thoſe, whether I fear'd *Gito*?

I was ſo aſham'd of my ſelf, that if there was any ſpark of the Man left in me, I loſt it. And finding every part of me feeble, and as it were lifeleſs: I beſeech you, Madam, ſaid I, don't triumph o're my miſery: I'm ſurely bewitcht.

'So ſlight an excuſe cou'd not allay her 'reſentment, but giving me a diſdainful 'glance, ſhe turn'd to her Maid, and, I prithee *Cryſis*, ſaid ſhe, be free with me, don't flatter your Miſtreſs, Is there any thing misbecoming or ungentile about me? Or have I us'd Art to hide any natural deformity? I don't know how you've dreſt me to day.

Upon which, e're *Chryſis* cou'd make a return, ſhe ſnatcht a Pocket-glaſs from her, and after ſhe had practis'd all her Looks, to try if any appear'd leſs charming than before, ſhe took hold of her Petti-

Petticoats that were a little rumpl'd with lying on, and immediately ran to a Neighbouring Temple dedicated to *Venus*.

I could not tell what to ſay or do, but as if I had ſeen a Viſion, at laſt began with horror to conſider whether I had been rob'd of any real joy.

So when a Dream our wandring Eyes betrays,
And to our ſide ſome hidden Gold conveys;
Our buſie hands th' inviting Treaſure ſeize,
And hide in guilty folds the fancy'd prize.
Sweating we fear leſt any conſcious ſpy,
Might ſearch our boſom, and the theft deſcry.
But with our ſleep when all our joys are o're,
And minds reſtor'd to what they were before,
Concern'd, we wiſh the fancy'd Loſs regain'd,
And with the Image ſtill are entertain'd.

'This misfortune might make me juſtly 'think it not only a true Viſion, but 'real Witchcraft; for I had ſo long loſt 'my ſtrength I cou'd not riſe: my mind 'at laſt, a little freed, began by degrees to 'recover its vigour, upon which I went 'to my Lodging, and diſſembling a faint-'neſs, lay down on the bed. A little after '*Gito*, being inform'd I was ill, came to me 'much

'much troubl'd;but to allay his concern,
'I told him Iwas only a little weary, and
'had a mind for a Nap. Several things I
'talkt to him of, but not a word of my
'laſt adventure,for I was afraid becauſe I
'knew he envy'd every one that had a
'Charm for me,and to prevent his ſuſpi-
'cion, throwing my Arms about him, I
'endeavour'd to give a proof of my love;
'but diſappointed of the expectation I had
'rais'd him to, he roſe very angry from
'my ſide,and accuſing my weakneſs, and
'ſtrange behaviour to him,told me that
'of late he had found my chief favours
'were beſtow'd in anothers Arms.

'My Love to you, *Gito*, ſaid I, has
'ever been the ſame, but now my Dan-
'cing-days ſubmit to reaſon.

Therefore, ſaid he, Laughing at me, in the name of *Socrates*, I thank you, becauſe like him, you propoſe to love me: *Alcibiades*, *Encolpius*, did not riſe a Virgin from that Philoſopher's ſide.

Then added I, believe me, *Gito*, I hardly know I've any thing of Man about me, now uſeleſs lyes the terrible part, where once I was *Achilles*.

When he found how unfit I was to confer the Favours he wanted, and to prevent a ſuſpicion of his privacy with me,

me, he jumpt up and ran to another part of the Houſe.

He was hardly gone, e're *Chryſis* enter'd my Chamber, and gave me a Billet from her Miſtreſs, in which I found this written:

HAD I rais'd my expectation, I might deceiv'd, complain; now I'm oblig'd to your impotence, that has made me ſenſible how much too long I have trifl'd with miſtaken hopes of pleaſure. Tell me, Sir, how you deſign to beſtow your ſelf, and whether you dare raſhly venture home on your own Legs? for no Phyſician ever allow'd it cou'd be done without ſtrength. Let me adviſe your tender years to beware of a Palſie: I never ſaw any body in ſuch danger before. On my Conſcience you are juſt going! and ſhou'd the ſame rude Chillneſs ſeize your other parts, I might be ſoon, alas! put upon the ſevere trial of weeping at your Funeral. But if you would not ſuſpect me of being ſincere, tho' my reſentment can't equal the injury, yet I ſhall not envy the Cure of a weak unhappy Wretch. If you wou'd recover your ſtrength, ask *Gito*, or rather not ask him for't.—I can aſſure a return of your

your vigour if you cou'd ſleep three nights alone: As to my ſelf I am not in the leaſt apprehenſive of appearing to another leſs Charming than I have to you. I am told neither my Glaſs nor report does flatter me. Farewell, if you can.

When *Chryſis* found I had read the reproach, this is the cuſtom, Sir, ſaid ſhe, and chiefly of this City, where the Women are skill'd in Magick-charms, enough to make the Moon confeſs their power; therefore the recovery of any uſeful Inſtrument of Love becomes their care; 'tis only writing ſome ſoft tender things to my Lady, and you make her happy in a kind return. For 'tis confeſt, ſince her Diſappointment, ſhe has not been her ſelf; I readily conſented, and calling for Paper, thus addreſt my ſelf:

'TIS confeſt, Madam, I have often ſinned, for I'm not only a Man, but a very young one, yet never left the Field ſo diſhonourably before. You have at your Feet a confeſſing Criminal, that deſerves whatever you inflict: I have cut a Throat, betray'd my Country, committed Sacrilege; if a puniſhment for any of theſe will ſerve, I am ready to receive

receive ſentence. If you fancy my death, I wait you with my Sword; but if a beating will content you, I fly naked to your Arms. Only remember, that 'twas not the Workman, but his Inſtruments that fail'd: I was ready to engage, but wanted Arms. Who rob'd me of them, I know not; perhaps my eager mind outrun my body; or while with an unhappy haſte I aim'd at all; I was cheated with abortive joys. I only know I don't know what I've done: You bid me fear a Palſie, as if the Diſeaſe cou'd do greater that has already rob'd me of that, by which I ſhou'd have purchas'd you. All I have to ſay for my ſelf, is this, that I will certainly pay with intereſt the Arrears of Love, if you allow me time to repair my misfortune.

Having ſent back *Chryſis* with this Anſwer, to encourage my jaded Body, after the Bath and Strengthning Oyles, had a little rais'd me, I apply'd my ſelf to provocation-meats, ſuch as ſtrong Broths and Eggs, uſing Wine very moderately; upon which to ſettle my ſelf, I took a little Walk, and returning to my Chamber, ſlept that night without *Gito*; ſo great was my care to acquit my ſelf honourably

nourably with my Miſtreſs, that I was afraid he might have tempted my conſtancy, by tickling my ſide.

The next day riſing without prejudice, either to my body or ſpirits, I went, tho' I fear'd the place was ominous, to the ſame Walk, and expected *Chryſis* to conduct me to her Miſtreſs; I had not been long there, e're ſhe came to me, and with her a little Old Woman. After ſhe had ſaluted me, What, my nice Sir *Courtly*, ſaid ſhe, does your Stomach begin to come to you?

At what time, the Old Woman, drawing from her boſome, a wreath of many colours, bound my Neck; and having mixt ſpittle and duſt, ſhe dipt her finger in't, and markt my Fore-head, whether I wou'd or not.

When this part of the Charm was over, ſhe made me ſpit thrice, and as often preſt to my boſome Enchanted Stones, that ſhe had wrapt in purple; after which, ſhe began to examin my Breeches, when quick as thought, the ſwelling Inhabitant obey'd her power, and gave her above two hands-full: She, was all joy; and d'ye ſee, my *Chryſis*, ſaid ſhe, d'ye ſee what a Hare *I have ſtarted, for another to have the pleaſure of the Chace.* Never

Never deſpair; Priapus *I invoke*
To help the parts that make his Altars ſmoke.

'After this, the Old Woman preſented 'me to *Chryſis*; who was very glad ſhe 'had recover'd her Miſtreſs's Treaſure; 'and therefore haſtning to her, ſhe con-'ducted me to a moſt pleaſant retreat, 'deckt with all that Nature cou'd pro-'duce to pleaſe the ſight.

Where lofty Plains o're-ſpread a Summer ſhade,
And well trimm'd Pines their ſhaking tops diſ-
play'd,
Where Daphne *'midſt the Cyprus crown'd her*
Head.
Near theſe, a circling River gently flows,
And rolls the Pebbles as it murmuring goes.
A place deſign'd for Love, the Nightingale
And other wing'd Inhabitants can tell.
That on each Buſh ſalute the coming day,
And in their Orgyes ſing its hours away.

She was in an undreſs, reclining on a flowry bank, and diverting her ſelf with a Myrtle Branch; as ſoon as I appear'd, ſhe bluſht, as mindful of her diſappointment:

Chryſis,

Chryſis, very prudently withdrew, and when we were left together, I approacht the Temptation; at what time, ſhe skreen'd my face with the Myrtle, and as if there had been a wall between us, becoming more bold; what, my chill'd Spark, began ſhe, have you brought all your ſelf to day?

Do you ask, Madam, I return'd, rather than try? and throwing my ſelf to her, that with open Arms was eager to receive me, we kiſt a little Age away; when giving the ſignal to prepare for other Joys, ſhe drew me to a more cloſe Imbrace; and now, our murmuring Kiſſes their ſweet fury tell; now, our twining Limbs, try'd every fold of Love; now, lockt in each others Arms, our Bodies and our Souls are join'd: But even here, alas! even amidſt theſe ſweet beginnings, a ſuddain chillneſs preſt upon my Joys, and made me leave 'em not compleat.

Circe, enrag'd to be ſo affronted, had recourſe to Revenge, and calling the Grooms that belong'd to the Houſe, made them give me a warming; nor was ſhe ſatisfi'd with this, but calling all the Servant-Wenches, and meaneſt of the Houſe, ſhe made 'em ſpit upon me. I hid my

Head as well as I cou'd, and, without begging pardon, for I knew what I had deſerv'd, am turn'd out of doors, with a large Retinue of kicks and ſpittle: *Proſelenos*, the Old Woman was turn'd out too, and *Chryſis* beaten; and the whole Family wondering with themſelves, enquir'd the Cauſe of their Lady's diſorder.

I hid my bruizes as well as I cou'd, leſt my Rival *Eumolpus* might ſport with my ſhame, or *Gito* be concern'd at it; therefore, as the only way to diſguiſe my Misfortune, I began to diſſemble Sickneſs, and having got in Bed, to revenge my ſelf of that part of me, that had been the Cauſe of all my Misfortunes; when taking hold of it,

With dreadful Steel, the part I wou'd have lopt,
Thrice from my trembling Hand the Razor dropt.
Now, what I might before, I cou'd not do,
For cold as Ice the fearful Thing withdrew;
And ſhrunk behind a wrinckled Canopy,
Hiding his Head from my Revenge and me.
Thus, by his fear, I'm baulkt of my deſign,
When I in words more killing vent my ſpleen.

At

At what time, raiſing my ſelf on the Bed, in this or the like manner, I reproacht the ſullen impotent: With what face can you look up, thou ſhame of Heaven and Man? that can'ſt not be ſeriouſly mention'd. Have I deſerv'd from you, when rais'd within ſight of Heavens of Joys, to be ſtruck down to the loweſt Hell? To have a ſcandal fixt on the very prime and vigour of my Years, and to be reduc'd to the weakneſs of an Old Man? I beſeech you, Sir, give me an Epitaph on my departed vigour; tho' in a great heat I had thus ſaid,

He ſtill continu'd looking on the ground,
Nor more, at this had rais'd his guilty Head,
Than th' drooping Poppy on its tender ſtalk.

Nor when I had done, did I leſs repent of my ridiculous Paſſion, and with a conſcious bluſh, began to think, how unaccountable it was, that forgetting all ſhame, I ſhou'd contend with that part of me, that all Men of Sence, reckon not worth their thoughts. A little after, relapſing to my former humour: But what's the Crime, began I, if by a Natural complaint I was eas'd of my grief?

or how is it, that we blame our Stomachs or Bellies, when 'tis our Heads that are diſtemper'd? Did not *Ulyſſes* beat his breaſt, as if that had diſturb'd him? And don't we ſee the Actors puniſh their Eyes, as if they heard the Tragick Scene? Thoſe that have the Gout in their Legs, Swear at them: Thoſe that have it in their Fingers, do ſo by them: Thoſe that have ſore Eyes, are angry with their Eyes.

Why do ye ſtrickt-liv'd Cato's *of the Age,*
At my familiar lines ſo gravely rage?
In meaſures looſly plain, blunt Satyr flows,
Which all the People ſo ſincerely ſhows.
For whoſe a Stranger to the Joys of Love?
Who, can't the thoughts of ſuch ſoft Pleaſures move?
Such Epicurus *own'd the chiefeſt bliſs,*
And ſuch Lives the Gods themſelves poſſeſs.

There's nothing more deceitful than a ridiculous Opinion, nor more ridiculous, than an affected Gravity. After this, I call'd *Gito* to me; and tell me, ſaid I, but ſincerely, whether *Aſcyltos*, when he took you from me, purſu'd the injury that Night, or was Chaſtly content

tent to lye alone? The Boy with his finger at his Eyes, took a ſolemn Oath, that he had no incivility offer'd him by *Aſcyltos*.

This drove me to my Wits end, nor did I well know what to ſay: For why, I conſider'd, ſhou'd I think of the twice miſchievous accident that lately befell me? At laſt, I did what I cou'd to recover my vigour; and willing to invoke the aſſiſtance of the Gods, I went out to pay my Devotions to *Priapus*, and as wretched as I was, did not deſpair, but kneeling at the entry of the Chamber, thus beſeecht the God:

Bacchus *and* Nymphs *delight, O mighty God!*
Whom Cynthia *gave to Rule the blooming wood.*
Lesbos *and verdant* Thaſos *thee adore,*
And Lydians, *in looſe flowing Dreſs implore,*
And raiſe devoted Temples to thy Power.
Thou Dryard's *Joy, and* Bacchus's *Guardian, bear*
My conſcious Prayer, with an attentive Ear.
My Hands with guiltleſs Blood I never ſtain'd,
Or Sacrilegiouſly the Gods Propham'd.
To feeble me, reſtoring Bleſſings ſend,
I did not thee, with my whole ſelf offend.

Who Sins thro' weakneſs is leſs guilty thought,
Be pacify'd, and ſpare a Venial Fault.
On me, when Fate ſhall ſmiling Gifts beſtow,
I'll not ungrateful to thy Godhead go.
A deſtin'd Goat ſhall on thy Altar lye,
And the horn'd Parent of my Flock ſhall dye.
A ſucking Pig appeaſe thy injur'd Shrine,
And hallow'd Bowls o're-flow with generous Wine.
Then thrice thy frantick Votaries ſhall round
Thy Temple Dance, with Youth and Garlands crown'd,
In Holy Drunkenneſs thy Orgies ſound.

While I was thus at Prayers, an Old Woman, with her hair about her Eyes, and disfigur'd with a mournful Habit, coming in, diſturb'd my Devotions; when taking hold of me, ſhe drew me all fear out of the entry; and what Hag, ſaid ſhe, has devour'd your Manhood? Or what Ominous Carcaſs have you ſtumbl'd over in your Nightly walks? You have not acquitted your ſelf above a Boy; but faint, weak, and like a Horſe o're-charg'd in a ſteep, tyr'd, have loſt your toyl and ſweat; nor content to ſin alone, but you have unreveng'd againſt me, provokt the offended Gods.

When

When leading me, obedient to all her Commands, a ſecond time to the Cell of a Neighbouring Prieſteſs of *Priapus*; ſhe threw me upon the Bed, and taking up a ſtick that faſtned the door, reveng'd her ſelf on me, that very patiently receiv'd her fury: and at the firſt ſtroak, if the breaking of the ſtick had not leſſned its force, ſhe might have broke my Head and Arm.

I groan'd, and hiding with my Arm my Head, in a flood of Tears lean'd on the Pillow: Nor did ſhe then, leſs troubled, ſit on the Bed, and began in a ſhrill voice to blame her Age, till the Prieſteſs came in upon us; and what, ſaid ſhe, do you do in my Chappel, as if ſome Funeral had lately been, rather than a Holy-day, in which, even the mournful are merry.

Alas, my *Enothea!* ſaid ſhe, this Youth was born under an ill Star; for neither Boy nor Maid can raiſe him to a perfect Appetite; you ne're beheld a more unhappy Man: In his Garden, the weak *Willow*, not the luſty *Cedar* grows; in ſhort, you may gueſs what he is, that cou'd riſe Unbleſt from *Circe's* Bed.

Upon this, *Enothea* fixt her ſelf between us, and moving her Head a while;

I, ſaid ſhe, am the only one that can give a Remedy for that Diſeaſe; and not to delay it, let him ſleep with me to Night; and next Morning, Examine how vigorous I ſhall have made him.

All Natures Works my Magick Powers obey,
The blooming Earth ſhall wither and decay,
And when I pleaſe, agen be freſh and gay.
From rugged Rocks, I make ſweet waters flow,
And raging Billows to me humbly bow.
With Rivers, Winds, when I command, obey,
And at my feet, their Fans contracted lay,
Tygers and Dragons too, my Will obey.
But theſe are ſmall, when of my Magick Verſe,
Deſcending Cynthia *does the power confeſs.*
When my Commands, make trembling Phœbus *Reign,*
His fiery Steeds, their Journey back again.
Such power have Charms, by whoſe prevailing aid
The fury of the raging Bulls was laid.
The Heaven-born Circe, *with her Magick Song,*
Ulyſſes's *Men, did into Monſters turn.*
Proteus, *with this aſſum'd, what ſhape he wou'd.*
I, who this Art ſo long have underſtood,
Can ſend proud Ida's *top into the Main,*
And make the billows bear it up again.

I ſhook with fear at ſuch a Romantick Promiſe, and began more intentively to view the Old Woman: Upon which, ſhe cry'd out, O *Enothea*, be as good as your word; when, carefully wiping her Hands, ſhe lay down on the Bed, and half ſmother'd me with Kiſſes.

Enothea, in the middle of the Altar, plac'd a Turf-Table, which ſhe heapt with burning coals, and her old crackt Cup (for Sacrifice) repair'd with temper'd pitch; when ſhe had fixt it to the ſmoaky-wall from which ſhe took it; putting on her Habit, ſhe plac'd a Kettle by the Fire, and took down a Bag that hung near her, in which, a Bean was kept for that uſe, and a very aged piece of a Hog's Forehead, with the print of a hundred cuts out; when opening the bag, ſhe threw me a part of the Bean, and bid me carefully ſtrip it. I obey her Command, and try, without daubing my fingers, to deliver the grain from its naſty coverings; but ſhe, blaming my dulneſs, ſnatcht it from me, and skilfully tearing its shells with her Teeth, ſpit the black morſels from her, that lay like dead Flies on the ground. *How ingenious is Poverty, and what ſtrange Arts will Hunger teach?* The Prieſteſs ſeem'd ſo great a Lover

Lover of this ſort of Life, that her Humour appear'd in every thing about her, and her Hut might be truly term'd, Sacred to Poverty.

Here ſhines no glittering Ivory ſet with Gold,
No Marble covers the deluded Mold,
By its own Wealth deluded; but the Shrine
With ſimple Natural Ornaments does ſhine.
Round Cere's *Bower, but homely Willows grow,*
Earthen are all the Sacred Bowls they know.
Oſier *the Diſh, Sacred to uſe Divine:*
Both courſe and ſtain'd, the Jug that holds the Wine.
Mud mixt with ſtraw, make a defending Fort,
The Temple's brazen ſtuds, are knobs of dirt.
With Ruſh and Reed, is thatcht the Hut it ſelf,
Where, beſides what is on a ſmoaky ſhelf,
Ripe Service-Berries into Garlands bound,
And ſavory-bunches with dry'd Grapes are found.
Such a low Cottage Hecale *confin'd,*
Low was her Cottage, but ſublime her Mind.
Her bounteous Heart, a grateful Praiſe ſhall crown,
And Muſes make Immortal her Renown.

After which, ſhe taſted of the fleſh, and hanging the reſt, old as her ſelf, on the hook again; the rotten Stool on which ſhe

ſhe was mounted breaking, threw her on the fire, her fall ſplit the Kettle, and what it held put out the fire; ſhe burnt her Elbow, and all her face was hid with the aſhes that her fall had rais'd.

Thus diſturb'd, I aroſe, and Laughing, took her up; immediately, leſt any thing ſhou'd hinder the offering, ſhe ran for new fire to the Neighbourhood, and had hardly got to the door, e're I was ſet upon by three Sacred Geeſe, that daily, I believe, about that time were fed by the Old Woman; they made an hideous noiſe, and, ſurrounding me, one tears my Coat, another my Shooes, while their furious Captain made nothing of doing ſo by my Legs; till ſeeing my ſelf in danger, I began to be in earneſt, and ſnatching up one of the feet of our little Table, made the valiant Animal feel my arm'd hand; nor content with a ſlight blow or two, but reveng'd my ſelf with its death.

Such were the Birds Alcides *did ſubdue,*
That from his Conquering Arm t'ward Heaven Flew:
Such ſure the Harpyes were which Poyſon ſtrow'd,
On Cheated Phineus's *falſe deluding food.*

Loud

Loud Lamentations ſhake the trembling Air,
The Powers above the wild confuſion ſhare,
Horrours diſturb the Order of the Sky,
And frighted Stars beyond their Courſes fly.

By this time the other two had eat up the pieces of the Bean that lay ſcatter'd on the Floor, and having loſt their Leader, return'd to the Temple. When glad of the Booty, and my revenge, I heal'd the ſlight Wound in my Leg with Vinegar. But fearing the Old Womans anger, I deſign'd to make off; and taking up my Cloaths, began my march; nor had I reacht the door, e're I ſaw *Enothea* bringing in her hand an Earthen Pot fill'd with Fire; upon which I retreated, and throwing down my Cloaths, fixt my ſelf in the Entry, as if I were impatiently expecting her coming.

Enothea, entring, plac'd the Fire, that with broken Sticks ſhe had got together, and having heapt more Wood upon thoſe, began to excuſe her ſtay, that her Friend wou'd not let her go before ſhe had, againſt the Laws of Drinking, taken off three Healths together. When looking about her, What, ſaid ſhe, have you been doing in my abſence? Where's the Bean?

I,

I, who thought I had behav'd my ſelf very honourably, told her the whole fight; and to end her grief, for the loſs of the Bean, preſented the Gooſe: when I ſhew'd the Gooſe, the Old Woman ſet up ſuch an out-cry, that you wou'd have thought the Geeſe were re-entring the place.

In confuſion and amaz'd, at ſo ſtrange a humour, I askt the meaning of her paſſion? or why ſhe pity'd the Gooſe rather than me.

But wringing her hands, you wicked Wretch, ſaid ſhe, d'ye ſpeak too? D'ye know what you've done? You've kill'd the Gods delight, a Gooſe the pleaſure of all Matrons: And, leſt you shou'd think your ſelf innocent, if a Magiſtrate shou'd hear of it, you'd be hang'd. You have defil'd with blood my Cell, that to this day had been inviolate. You have done that, for which, if anv's ſo malicious, he may expel me my Office.

She ſaid, and trembling, rends her aged Hairs,
And both her Cheeks with wilder fury tears:
Sad murmurs from her troubl'd breaſt ariſe,
A Shower of tears there iſſu'd from her eyes.

And

And down her face a rapid deluge run,
Such as is ſeen, when a Hills froſty Crown,
By warm Favonius *is melted down.*

Upon which, I beſeech you, ſaid I, don't grieve, I'll recompence the loſs of your Gooſe with an Oſtrich.

While amaz'd I ſpoke, ſhe ſat down on the Bed, lamented her loſs; at what time *Proſelenas* came in with the Sacrifice, and viewing the murder'd Gooſe, and enquiring the cauſe, began very earneſtly to cry and pity me, as it had been a Father, not a Gooſe I had ſlain. But tired with this ſtuff, I beſeech ye, ſaid I, tell me, tho' it had been a Man I kill'd, won't Gold wipe off the Guilt? See here are two Pieces of Gold: with theſe you may purchaſe Gods as well as Geeſe.

Which, when *Enothea* beheld, Pardon me, Young Man, ſaid she, I am only concern'd for your ſafety, which is an argument of Love, not Hatred; therefore we'll take what care we can to prevent a diſcovery: You have nothing to do, but intreat the Gods to forgive the Sin.

Who e're has Money may ſecurely ſail,
On all things with all-mighty Gold prevail.

May

May Danae *wed, or Rival amo'rous* Jove,
And make her Father Pandar to his Love.
May be a Poet, Preacher, Lawyer too:
And bawling win the cauſe he does not know:
And up to Cato's *Fame for wiſdom grow.*
Wealth without Law will gain at Bar renown,
How e're the caſe appears, the cauſe is won,
Every rich Lawyer is a Littleton.
In ſhort of all you wiſh you are poſſeſt,
All things prevent the Wealthy man's requeſt,
For Jove *himſelf 's the Treaſure of his Cheſt.*

While my thoughts were thus engag'd, ſhe plac'd a Cup of Wine under my hands, and having cleans'd my prophane extended fingers with ſacred Leeks and Parſley, threw into the Wine, with ſome Ejaculation, Hazel-Nuts, and as they ſunk or ſwam gave her judgment; but I well knew the empty rotten ones wou'd ſwim, and thoſe of entire Kernels go to the bottom.

When applying her ſelf to the Gooſe, from its open'd Breaſt, ſhe drew a luſty Liver, and then told me my future Fortune. But that no mark of the Murder might be left, ſhe fixt the rent Gooſe to a Spit, which, as ſhe ſaid, she had for-

ten'd a little before, as ſenſible it was to die.

In the mean time the Wine went briskly round, and now the Old Women gladly devour the Gooſe, they ſo lately lamented; when they had pickt its Bones, *Enothea* half drunk, turn'd to me; and now, ſaid she, I'll finish the Charm that recovers your ſtrength: When drawing out a Leathern Enſign of *Priapus*, She dipt it in a medley of Oyl, ſmall Pepper, and the bruis'd ſeed of Nettles, and began by degrees to direct its paſſage through my hinder parts; with this mixture ſhe barbarouſly ſprinkl'd my Manhood; and with the juice of *Creſſes* and *Suthernwood* waſhing the Plat around it, began with a bunch of Green Nettle, to ſtrike gently all the Vale below my Navel. Upon which jumping from her, to avoid the ſting, I made off. The Old Women in a great rage purſu'd me, and, tho' drunk with Wine, and their more hot deſires, took the right way; and follow'd me through two or three Villages, crying ſtop Thief; but with my hands all bloody, in the haſty flight, I got off.

When I got home, to eaſe my wearied Limbs, I went to Bed, but the thoughts of

my misfortunes would not let me sleep; when considering how unparallel'd a Wretch I was, I cry'd out, Did my ever cruel Fortune want the afflictions of love to make me more miserable? O unhappiness! Fortune and Love conspire my ruin. Severer love spares me no way, or loving, or belov'd, a Wretch: *Chrysis* adores me, and is ever giving me occasions to address: She, that when she brought me to her Mistress, despis'd me for my mean habit as one beneath her desires; that very *Chrysis* that so scorn'd my former fortune, pursues this even with the hazard of her own; and swore, when she first discover'd to me the violence of her love, that she wou'd be ever true to me. But *Circe's* in possession of my heart, I value none but her; and indeed who wears such Charms? Compar'd to her, what was *Ariadne* or *Lyda*? what *Helen*, or even *Venus*? *Paris* himself the Umpire of the wanton Nymphs, if with these eyes he had seen her contending for the Golden Apple, wou'd have given both his *Helen*, and the Goddesses for her. If I might be admitted to kiss her sweet lips again, or once more press her divinely rising Breasts, perhaps my vigour wou'd revive, which now I believe lyes

oppreſt by Witchcraft. I ſhou'd diſpence with my reproaches, ſhou'd forget that I was beat; eſteem my being turn'd out of doors, a ſport; ſo I might be again happy in her favour.

Theſe thoughts and the Image of the beautiful *Circes* ſo rais'd my mind, that I oft, as if my love was in my arms, with a great deal of fruitleſs ardor hug'd the Bed-cloaths, till out of patience with the laſting affliction I began to reproach my impotence; yet recovering my preſence of mind, I flew for comfort to the misfortunes of ancient Hero's, and thus broke out:

Not only me th' avenging Gods purſue,
Oft they their anger on their Hero's threw;
By Juno's *rage* Alcides *Heaven bore,*
And Pelia's *injur'd* Juno *knew before.*
Leomedon *Heaven's dire reſentments felt,*
And Telephus's *blood waſht out his guilt.*
We cannot from the wrathful Godhead run;
Crafty Ulyſſes *cou'd not* Neptune *ſhun.*
Provokt Priapus *o're the Land and Sea,*
Has left his Helleſpont *to follow me.*

Full of anxious cares I ſpent the night: and *Gito*, inform'd that I lay at home, enter'd

ter'd my Chamber by day-break, when having paſſionately complain'd of my looſe life, he told me the Family took much notice of my behaviour, that I was ſeldom in waiting, and that perhaps the Company I kept wou'd be my ruin.

By this I underſtood he was inform'd of my Affairs; and that ſome one had been in purſuit of me; upon which I askt my *Gito* whether any body was to enquire for me? Not this day, ſaid he, but yeſterday there came a very pretty Woman, who, when ſhe had tir'd me with a long ſiftting-Diſcourſe; at laſt told me you deſerv'd to be puniſht, and ſhou'd as a Slave, if you longer complain'd.

This ſo ſenſibly touch'd me, that I began afreſh to reproach Fortune: Nor had I done, e're *Chryſis* came in, and wildly throwing her Arms about me: Now, ſaid ſhe, I'll hold my wiſh, you're my Love, my Joy; nor may you think to quench this flame, but by a more cloſe embrace.

I was much diſturb'd at *Chryſi*'s Wantonneſs, and gave her fair Language, to

get rid of her; for I was very apprehenſive of the danger of *Eumolpus*'s hearing it, ſince his Good Fortune had made him ſo proud. I did therefore what I could to appeaſe her rage; I diſſembl'd love, whiſper'd ſoft things, and in ſhort manag'd it ſo like a Lover, that ſhe believ'd me one. I made her underſtand in what danger we both were, if ſhe ſhou'd be found with me in that place, and that our Lord *Eumolpus* puniſht the leaſt offence. Upon which ſhe immediately made out, and the more haſtily, becauſe ſhe ſaw *Gito* returning, who had left me a little before ſhe came.

She was ſcarce out, when on a ſudden one of the Slaves came to me, and told me that our Lord ſo highly reſented my two days abſence, that unleſs, as he adviſed me, I invented a good excuſe to allay his heat, I ſhou'd certainly be puniſh'd.

Gito perceiving how concern'd I was, ſpoke not a word of the Woman, but adviſ'd me to behave my ſelf merrily to *Eumolpus*, rather than ſerious. I purſu'd the counſel, and put on ſo pleaſant a face

a face that he receiv'd me in Drollery, without the grave ſtiffneſs of a Maſter: He was pleaſant on the ſucceſs of my Amours: Prais'd my Meen and Wit that was ſo agreeable to the Ladies: and I'm no ſtranger, ſaid he, to your love of a very beautiful Lady. But now, *Encolpius*, that rightly manag'd, may turn to our advantage; therefore do you Perſonate the Lover, I'll continue the Character I've begun.

He was yet ſpeaking, when there enter'd the Room a very Venerable Matron, her Name *Philumene*, who by the well manag'd Virtues of her Sex had often got great Booties, and now grown old, and paſt her blooming years, ſhe'd thruſt her Son and Daughter upon childleſs Old-men, and thus continue her device. She therefore comes to *Eumolpus*, and addreſſing, commends her Children to his Conduct, that her ſelf, and all her hopes ſhe committed to his wiſdom: that he was the only one in this world that with uſeful Precepts cou'd daily inform the minds of young people. In ſhort, that ſhe wou'd leave her Children there, to hear his Wiſdom, which was

the only portion ſhe cou'd give them: Nor was ſhe worſe than her word; and leaving a very beautiful Girl, with her little Brother, went out with pretence to pay Heaven publick thanks in the Temple for what ſhe had receiv'd. *Eumolpus* to whom my ſelf ſeem'd but a Boy, immediately invited the Girl to ſacrifice to *Priapus*; but having publickly reported himſelf to be Gouty and feeble, it might endanger his fortune to alter his Character. Therefore to maintain his pretence, he intreated the Girl to favour his weakneſs by getting uppermoſt; the Boy he order'd to get under the Bed, that placing his hands on the Ground, with his Body he might move him up and down. He unwillingly obey'd; and now in a juſt motion keeps time with his Siſter above. But when the buſineſs was coming to an iſſue, *Eumolpus* loudly call'd to the Boy to quicken his ſtrokes; and thus plac'd between his Miſtreſs, and the Boy, unconcern'd enjoy'd an eaſie luxury at others toil and ſin. *Eumolpus* pleas'd with the conceit, often repeated his humour. And I too, fearing my Virtues might ruſt by diſuſe, while the Boy was admiring his Siſters moving

moving Engine, advanc'd to try whether he would be a Patient in Love. The diſcreet Youth did not reject the invitation, but my adverſe fortune ſtill attended me.

I was not ſo concern'd at this as the former; for a little after my ſtrength return'd, and finding my ſelf more vigorous, I cry'd out, the courteous Gods are greater that have made me whole again. For *Mercury*, that conveys and reconveys our ſouls, by his favours has reſtor'd what his anger had ſeiz'd: now I ſhall be in as great eſteem as *Proteſilaus* or any of the Antients. Upon which taking up my Cloaths, I ſhew'd my whole ſelf to *Eumolpus*, he ſtartl'd at firſt, but ſoon, to confirm his belief, with both hands chaf'd the mighty favour of the Gods.

This great bleſſing making us merry, we laugh'd at *Philumene*'s cunning, and her Childrens experience in the art, which wou'd profit 'em little with us; for to no other end were they left, but to be Heirs to what we had. When reflecting on this ſordid manner of deceiving childleſs age, I took occaſion to conſider the condition

of our preſent fortune, and told *Eumolpus* that the deceivers might be deceiv'd, that therefore all our actions ſhou'd be of a piece with the Character we bore. That *Socrates*, the wiſeſt of Men, us'd to boaſt he never ſaw a Tavern, nor ever had been in the common company that frequents ſuch places. That nothing was more convenient than a diſcreet behaviour. All theſe are truths; nor ſhou'd any ſort of Men, added I, more expect the ſudden aſſaults of ill fortune, than thoſe that covet what's other Mens. But how ſhould Pick-Pockets live, unleſs, by ſome well order'd trick, to draw Fools together, they get imployment? As Fiſh are taken with what they really eat; ſo Men are to be cheated with ſomething that's ſolid, not empty hopes; thus the People of this Country have hitherto receiv'd us very nobly: but when they find the arrival of no Ship from *Africk*, laden, as you told 'em, with Riches, and your Retinue; the impatient deceivers will leſſen their bounty; therefore, or I'm miſtaken, or Fortune begins to repent her Favours.

I have thought of a means, ſaid *Eumolpus*, to make our deceivers continue their

their care of us. And drawing his Will out of his Purſe, thus read the laſt lines of it.

All that have Legacies in this my laſt Will and Teſtament, my freed Men excepted, receives 'em on theſe conditions, that they divide my Body, and eat it before the People. And that they may not think it an unjuſt demand, let them know, that to this day 'tis the cuſtom of many Countries, that the Relations of the Dead devour the Carcaſs; and for that reaſon they often quarrel with their ſick Kindred, becauſe they ſpoil their fleſh by lingring in a Diſeaſe. I only inſtance this to my Friends, that they may not refuſe to perform my Will; but with the ſame ſincerity they wiſht well to my Soul, they might devour my Body.

When he had read the chief Articles, ſome that were more intimately acquainted with him, enter'd the Chamber, and viewing the Will, earneſtly intreated him to impart the contents of it; he readily conſented and read the whole. But when they heard the neceſſity of eating his Carcaſs, they ſeem'd much concern'd at

at the ſtrange Propoſal; but their inſatiate love of the Money made 'em ſtifle their paſſion, and his Perſon was ſo awful to 'em, they durſt not complain. But one of 'em, *Gorgias* by name, briskly told him he was willing to accept the conditions, ſo he might not wait for the Body.

To this *Eumolpus*, I'm not in the leaſt apprehenſive of your performance, nor that your ſtomach wou'd refuſe the task, when to recompence one diſtaſteful minute you promiſe ages of Luxury. 'Tis but ſhutting your Eyes, and ſuppoſing inſtead of Man's fleſh you were eating an hundred *Seſterces*. Some Sawce may be added to vary the taſt; for no fleſh pleaſes alone, but is prepar'd by art to commend it to the Stomach. If you deſire inſtances of this kind to make ye approve my advice; the *Saguntines* when they were beſieg'd by *Hannibal*, eat Humane Bodies, without the hopes of an Eſtate for doing it. The *Petavii* reduc'd to the laſt extremity did the like; nor had they further hopes in this Banquet than to ſatisfie Nature. When *Scipio* took *Numantia*, Mothers were found with their Children

Children half eaten in their Arms. But since the thoughts only of eating Man's flesh create the loathing; 'tis but resolving, and you gain the Mighty Legacies I leave you.

Eumolpus recounted these shameless inhumanities with so much confusion, that his Parasites began to suspect him, and more nearly considering our words and actions, their jealousie encreas'd with their observation, and they believ'd us perfect Cheats. Upon which those who had receiv'd us most nobly, resolv'd to seize us, and justly take their revenge; but *Chrysis*, privy to all Stratagems, gave me notice of their designs; the frightful news so struck me, that I made off with *Gito* immediately, and left *Eumolpus* to the mercy of his Enemies; and in a few days we heard the *Crotonians* raging, that that old Rascal shou'd live so long at such a sumptuous rate on the publick charge, sacrific'd him the *Massilian* way. Whenever the *Massilians* were visited with a Plague, some one of the poorest of the people, for the sake of being well fed a whole year at the publick charge, wou'd offer himself a Sacrifice to appease the Gods: He after his year was up, drest in Holy Wreaths,

Wreath and Sacred Garment, was led about the City with Invocations on the Gods, that all the ſins of the Nation might be puniſht in him; and ſo was thrown from a Precipice.

F I N I S.

ERRATA In the Second Part.

PAge. 18 *verſe* 11. for *our ruine*, read *their ruin* p. 33. *line.* 4. for *ſo in a Sheeps hide, extended*, r. *in a Sheeps hide ſo extended.* p. 37 *l.* 11. for *rude and neglected*, r. *rude neglected.* p. 40 *l.* 17. for *deſire life*, r. *envy life.* p. 42. *l.* 22. for *into a Long-Boat*, r. *into the Long-Boat.* p. 44. *l.* 21. for *ſo neatly* r. *ſo nearly.* P. 53. *l.* 14. for *preſcribid*, r. *proſcrib'd.* p. 58. *v.* 2. for *deſerv'd the rage*, r. *deſerv'd your rage* p. 59. *l.* 13. for *left my grudge.* r. *leaſt any grudge.* p. 60. *v.* 11. for *Muſhroons*, r. *Muſhroon.* p. 61. *l. penult.* for *ye forgot*, r. *they forgot.* p. 83. *v.* 11. for *more out of faſhon*, r. *wore out of faſhion.* p. 89. *v.* 8. for *ſhake* r. *ſhook.* p. 94. *v.* 19. for *the Foes* r. *the Foe.* p. 102. *l.* 7. for Praxiletes, r. Praxiteles. p. 116. *v.* 1. for *why do ye*, r. *why do the.* *v* 4. for *which all the People do*, r. *and all the People do.*

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